CORONET

[redacted]

SEPTEMBER

Linda Hutchings
aspiring star, p. 75

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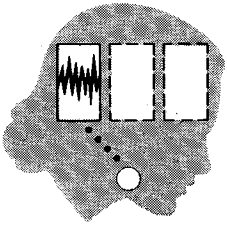

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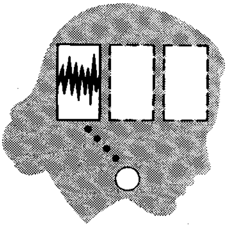

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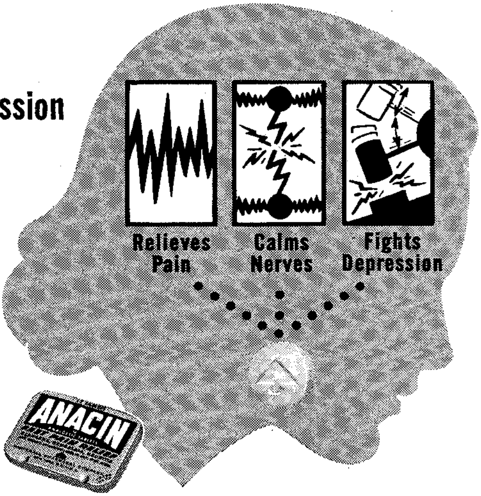

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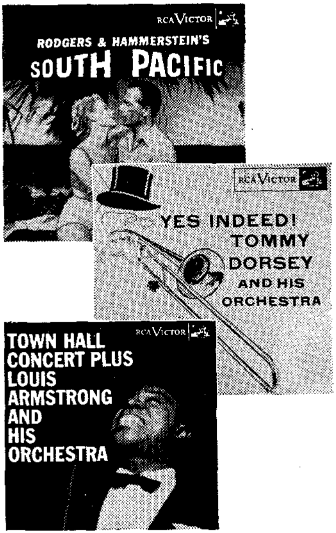
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Dear Reader:

Pietro di Donato: man of two crafts.

PIETRO DI DONATO ("My People, My Place," p. 34) has the weather-worn face and sinewy hands of a bricklayer and the sensitivity and way with words of a writer. This is not surprising, since bricklaying and writing have been the twin cornerstones of his life. Born in West Hoboken, New Jersey, in 1911, he started laying bricks at age 12. His father, also a bricklayer, perished in the collapse of a building, and young Pietro had to help support his four brothers and three sisters. Toiling at his craft until his middle 20s, di Donato became interested in writing after reading realists such as Zola and Dostoevsky. "I had begun to react to my father's death," he says, "and wanted to write a document of rebellion." He wrote it as a long short-story titled "Christ in Concrete." Esquire bought it, and its publication created such a sensation that di Donato expanded the material into a novel in 1939. It sold over a million copies; and Pietro di Donato, the bricklayer, was transformed into a celebrity almost before he could wash the mortar from his hands. Lionized by the literati, in demand as a lecturer and writer, he earned about $100,000. "But," di Donato recalls today, "I spent all my money on material madness—fancy restaurants, women, clothes, big cars."

His new-found friends soon deserted him, and during the next ten years he wrote a few short stories, and wandered around the country, earning a living as best he could. Finally he returned for a visit to West Hoboken, where his people, the Italian immigrants of whom he had written with such emotion, welcomed him back to their simple life of hard work, good food, wine, play and prayer. "They respected me for the deftness of my trowel, for the good wall I could build," he says. "They couldn't understand why I should get my head all mixed up writing books." Today, di Donato works as a bricklayer in the Hoboken area and lives in Setauket, Long Island, with his wife, Helen, sons Peter, 13, and Richard, 9, and step-daughter Harriet, 20. Between jobs he found time to write a new novel entitled "This Woman," for which he and his publishers, Ballantine Books, have high hopes; "But whatever happens," he says with a smile, "I can still lay bricks when I have to."

The Editors

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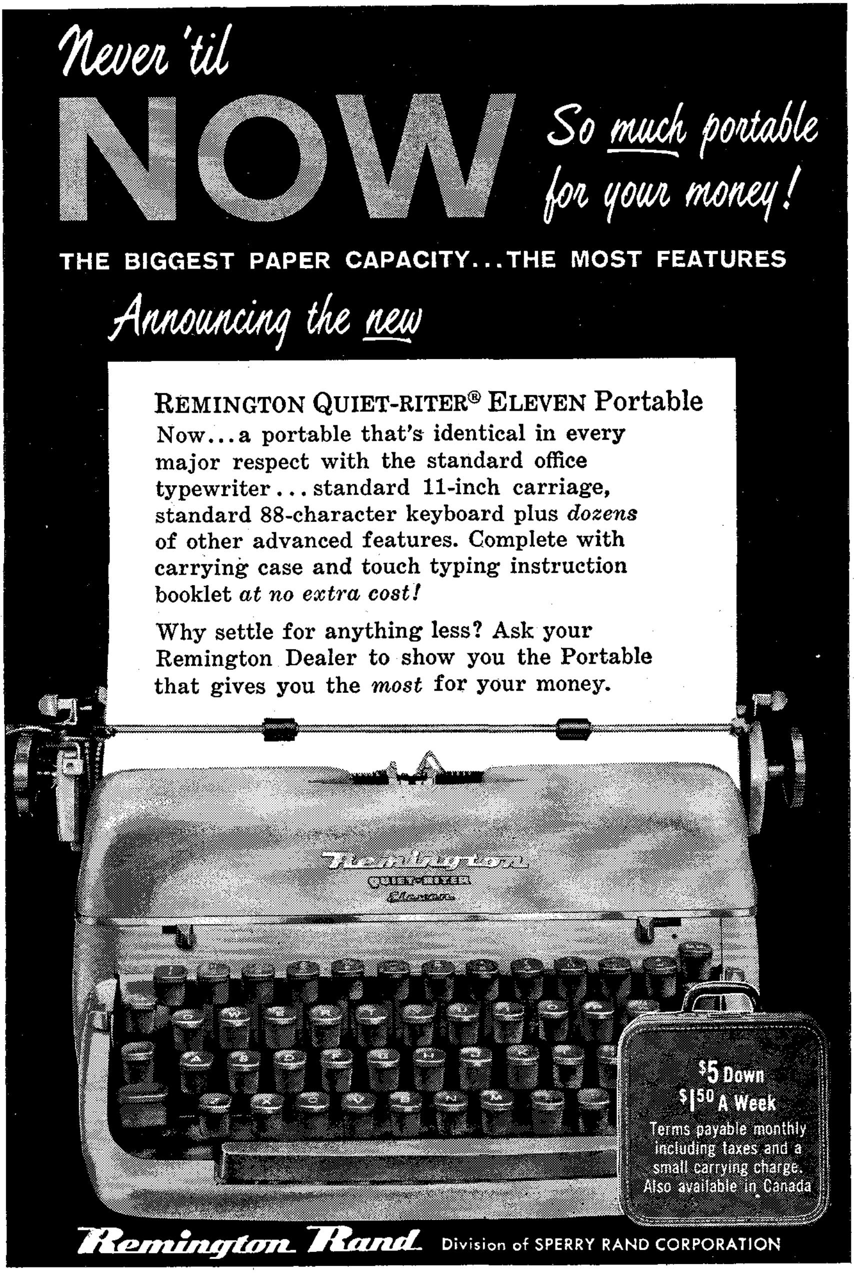

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Cover ...LINDA HUTCHINGS, photographed by DAVID SUTTON

Just Imagine! MY STORY IN THIS MAGAZINE . . . . .

He didn't even kiss

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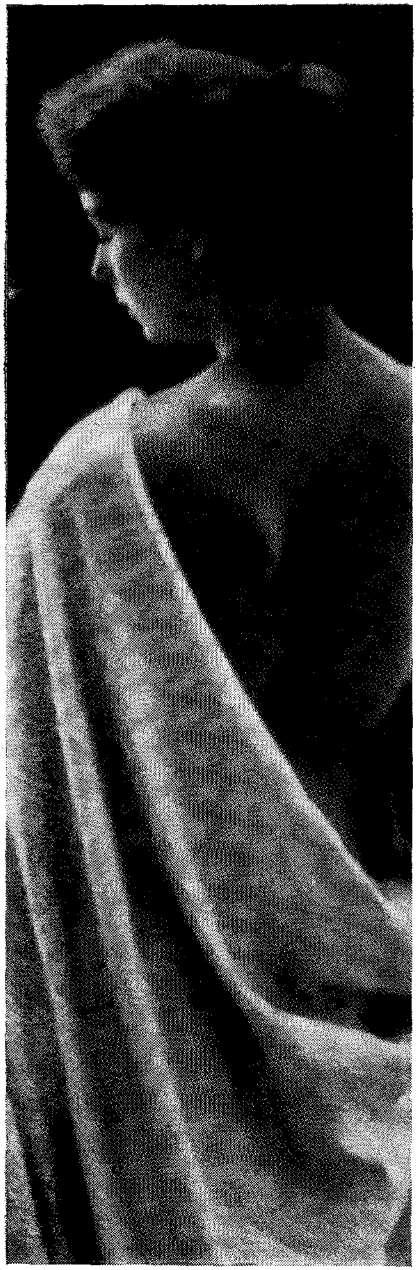
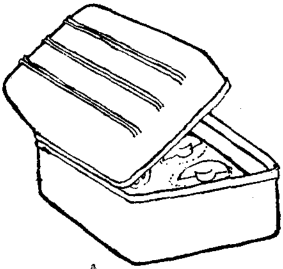


Photo: Phillip March

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in CORONET.

Lois Cristy tells



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Users report results . . . Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania writes: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California says: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46" to 37½", waistline from 33" to 26"." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

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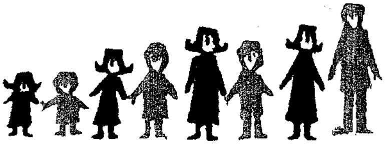
VERTICAL VIEW

You can predict your child's height with simple arithmetic.

In the climb from the cradle to maturity, your child gets his fastest start during his first year—adding eight or nine inches to his birth length. Thereafter, says Dr. Edward T. Wilkes, New York University pediatrician, you can use this formula: a boy's two-year height usually doubles by the time he reaches adult height, at 18. A girl's 18-month height generally doubles when she reaches maturity, at 17.



Until he's ten, your boy passes girls by as he gets ahead upwards. But his rise doesn't last. For girls ten to 13 grow more rapidly, adding four or five inches a year. In fact, half of these young ladies will find themselves looking down on their male counterparts. The perspective shifts as the boys, who shoot up around 14, overtake them.

STEP OUT OF THE CIRCLE

Are you a supercharged worrier? Then put the habit on a constructive—instead of destructive—circuit. Because if you properly harness the energy your anxiety produces, you could well be a potential dynamo.

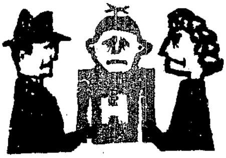
The first step is to pinpoint the problem that makes you worry, suggests Dr. Frank DePhillips, New York University Educational Psychologist. That may take real effort, for failure to recognize a *specific* problem is a major cause of bewildering anxiety. But looking your problem in the face may show it up as an illusion—and it will vanish by itself; or it will emerge clearly, minus emotional fuzz.

Now list the possible solutions. Choose the one that applies most *specifically*. Develop a plan of action—and carry it out.

A word of warning: fear of failure may make you dream up excuses not to act. If you let that happen, you'll be right back in the worry whirlpool.

TEENAGE TUMBLERS

Is your teenager typical? If so, he's probably a "master of gracious silence, barren small talk, and . . . verbal broken-field running which leads everywhere but gets nowhere," says Dr. Willard J. Hendrickson, of The University of Michigan Medical Center. He points out



who
are
the
bright
young
men
?

The degree of your success
is best measured,
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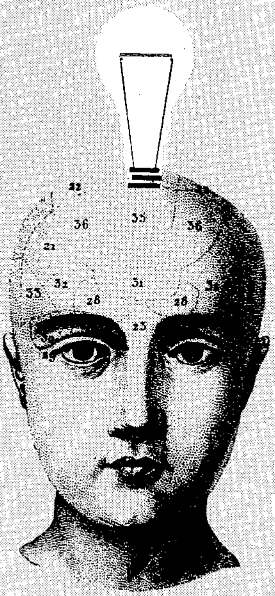
by comparing yourself
to the best
of your contemporaries . . .

In 1958,
the best of
all the bright young men
is very good indeed.
Turbulent developments—
in every aspect of our society—
have caused one of the
greatest man hunts in history,
a search for young,
qualified leaders.

Who are these leaders,
and where are they to be found?
Esquire asked
four authorities to search
their fields for the men under 36
who impress them most.
The authorities
and their fields:
Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois
(politics and government);
Dr. Paul Klopsteg,
President-elect of the
American Association
for the Advancement
of Science (science);
Dwight Mac donald
author and critic (the arts);
Robert Weaver,
President of the Bettinger Corp.,
and Pepco, Inc.,
and former President of
The Young Presidents' Association
(business and industry).

The results of their search—
52 bright young men
(and two bright young women)
will be featured in a special
12-page survey.
For purposes of comparison,
contrast—or simply entertainment
—read
the bright young men / 1958
in the September issue of Esquire
now on sale.



all about you

that the average teenager stands with one foot planted on grownup ground, and the other rooted in adolescence. To give the impression of steadiness, Junior often acts tough and rebellious, and is likely to kick hard at your attempts to discipline him.

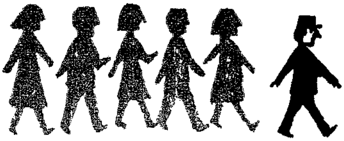
But too much freedom can cause him to fall on his face in the adult world suddenly confronting him, says Dr. Hendrickson. And you can give him a lift by raising realistic boundaries.

HANDS-OFF LEADER

Workers are more apt to lend a hand to the boss who keeps them at arm's length. So finds Prof. Fred E. Fiedler, University of Illinois psychologist, after seven years of research sponsored by the U. S. Navy.

To discover what kind of a leader makes a team pull together, Prof. Fiedler studied fraternity men, bomber crews, factory foremen, basketball teams and consumer cooperatives.

Mere approval and trust in their leader, he found, do not, by themselves, inspire a group to superlative efforts; they only imply a willingness to listen to orders. But when aloofness is coupled with other qualities of leadership, it seems to unite—and ignite—the leader's men into superaction.



In contrast, the head man who tries to be like "one of the boys" weakens his own authority—and dims his power as a guiding light.

ARE YOU WEARING A FACE?

If you feel no one understands you, it may be your own fault. For to be understood, you must be willing to reveal something about yourself. And according to Dr. Sidney M. Jourard, University of Alabama psychiatrist, most of us are exceedingly closemouthed about what we believe is ultra personal—our money problems, inner selves and physical needs.

Among the Southern college students he queried, he found that women unveiled their feelings oftener than men; that Mom is usually the closest confidante of an unmarried son or daughter; that women tell least about themselves to their boy friends, and men reveal less about their true emotions to the girls they care for than to their casual men friends.

Not even love successfully scales this human wall of reticence, Dr. Jourard discovered in another study. True, married couples disclose more about themselves to each other than they did to their parents. But not much more!

To be a more complete person, Dr. Jourard points out, you need to let others—especially someone you feel close to—see all facets of you as they really are.

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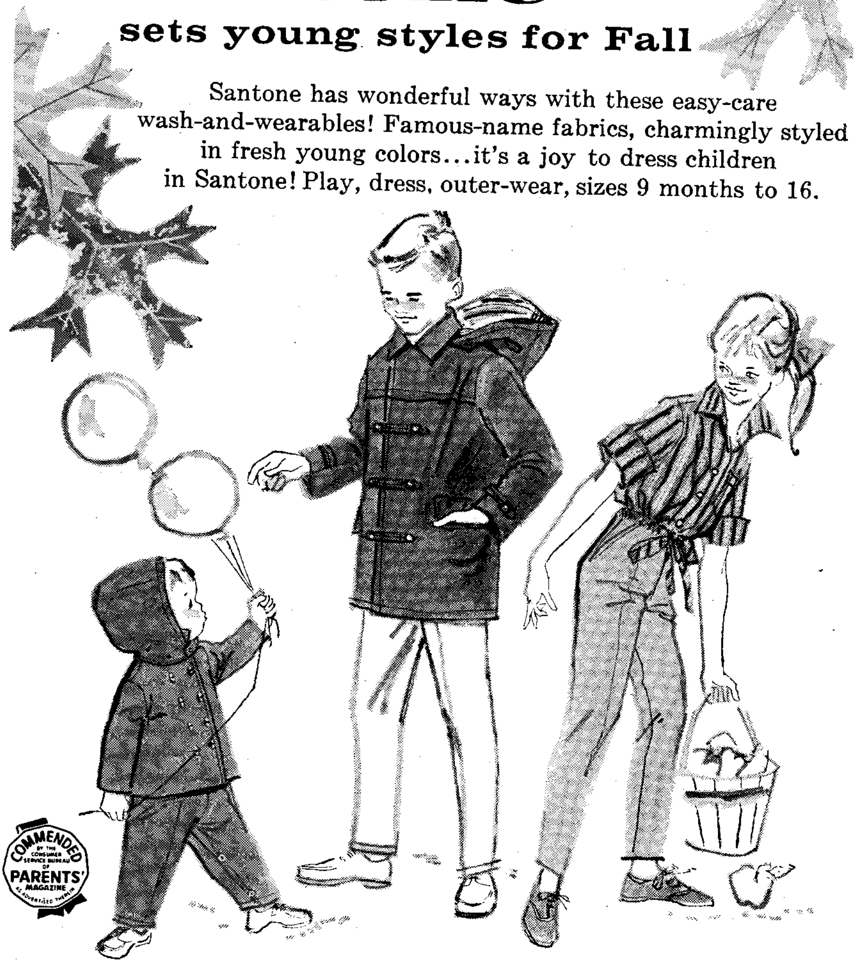

Hooded Creeper Set. Wash-and-wear Tebilized satin sheen. Caribbean, blue, maize, red; 9-24 mos. About $6.00.

Hooded Car Coat. Wash-and-wear Iridescent Tacuba by Reltex. Brown, grey, red; 8-12. About $12.00. (Also 2-7, 14-16.) Slacks. Reltex wash-and-wear flannel. Blue, oxford grey, lt. grey, tan; 6-12. About $4.00.

Blouse-On. "No-iron" Gold Stripe cotton. Blue, brown, red; 7-14. About $2.25. Slim Slacks. Wash-and-wear satin sheen. Black, tan, red, turquoise; 7-14. About $4.00.

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ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MONTH edited by Mark Nichols

MOVIES

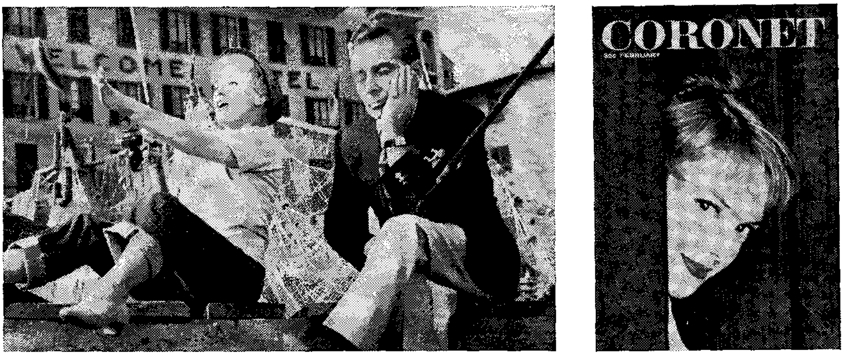
The eyes of success

FRENCH-BORN Christine Carere's startlingly serious, deep-brown eyes and ultrafeminine figure (5′1½″, 105-pound, 33½-22½-34½) give her a look of provocative innocence that is particularly suitable for her part as the young heroine of Françoise Sagan's *A Certain Smile.*

French directors first noticed the Carere eyes at a theatrical garden party in 1950. Christine, a secretarial student, had come looking for autographs. Almost before she could blink her long lashes, she was signed to a contract, and put to work playing "young girls in the throes of love" in a succession of 15 French films. Subsequently a Hollywood agent noticed Christine's eyes staring at him compellingly from a photograph in her French agent's office. Soon thereafter she was Hollywood-bound with a seven-year 20th Century-Fox contract (salary: $1,000 a week).

For a year, she studied English and posed for picture layouts. One photo (*below*) adorned CORONET's cover last February, and brought a flood of letters asking about "that girl with the beautiful eyes."

The studio claims Christine is 20 and unmarried. But she readily admits to 28 and to her marriage to French actor Philippe Nicaud last November. Since then, however, they have spent less than four weeks together. At present Christine is working as Pat Boone's love interest in the filming of a new musical, *Mardi Gras.* Born Christine de Borde, daughter of a Dijon count and a Paris department store buyer, she picked "Carere" from the telephone directory. Christine is superstitious about walking under ladders and the number 13, and detests the color green. An ardent movie fan, her favorite is *Gone With The Wind* which she sat through seven times.



Christine Carere leaped to stardom opposite Rossano Brazzi after decorating CORONET'S cover.

New Cuticura way clears bad complexion faster, better

"Full Treatment" Usually Relieves Pimples, Blackheads Within 5 Days, Many Doctors Report

Most skin medication takes weeks to work, but Cuticura relieves blackheads and pimples in a few days—and new softness, new freshness, exciting new radiance begins to appear!

For fast results get all three—get the full treatment!

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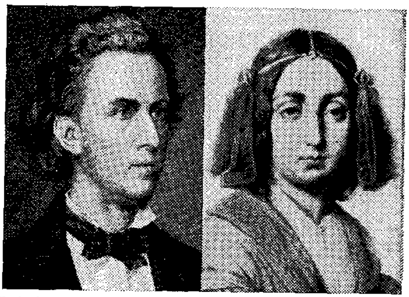
MUSIC

Magnificence from misery

A STRANGE COUPLE met in the late fall of 1838 at Perpignan, a French city not far from the Spanish border. The man, 28, was tall and slender, with silky hair and slightly aquiline nose. Though his transparent complexion indicated bad health, his bearing was straight and distinguished. The woman, whom he faced in the suite of a hotel, was six years older. Her rich brown shoulder-long hair framed a round face dominated by brilliant eyes.

The man was Frédéric Chopin, the Polish composer who had made France his homeland. As a concert pianist he was compared to—and by some rated above—the great Franz Liszt. The woman was Mme. Amandine Lucile Aurore Dupin, known to the world as George Sand. Authoress of daring novels, she had shocked even blasé Paris society by her flamboyant love affairs and unconventional manners, which included smoking cigars after dinner and wearing man's dress.

The rendezvous of these two was not accidental. Chopin and George Sand were lovers. They had met not long before, when both were still involved in other liaisons. Showering Chopin with bold, undisguised affection, George Sand had won him for her own. And in doing so she had also taken on the secondary role of mother-nurse in caring for him during the violent bronchial attacks that constantly plagued him. Perpignan was to be the starting point for a trip to sunny Majorca, where they hoped Chopin's health would be restored; also that of George Sand's ailing 16-year-old son, who was with her, along with her daughter.


Frédéric Chopin and George Sand—unhappy harmony

The Balearic island greeted them with "a sky like turquoise, a sea like lapis lazuli, mountains like emerald, air like heaven," as Chopin later wrote. But then the winter rains came. The little house in the country, primitive but lovely in the sunshine, became a miserably wet prison, isolated from the town by miles of impassable mud. Chopin had difficulty breathing and was tortured by coughing spells. The landlord turned into a tyrannical blackmailer; and the neighbors, fearful that Chopin was carrying a deadly disease, became so hostile that the composer and his strange menage were forced to leave.

They moved farther inland to an abandoned 15th-century monastery. The setting was both romantic and foreboding: dark chapels, clusters of austere cells, glades surrounded by beautiful gardens, and

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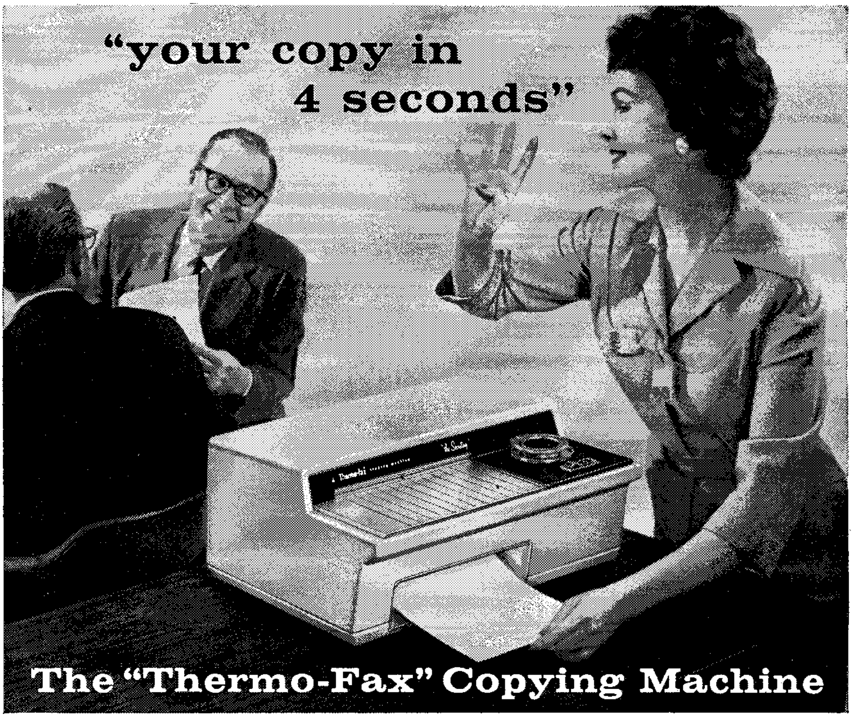
a cemetery walled in by solemn cypress trees. But the weather was foul. Mail and money failed to arrive, food was scarce. The piano shipped from Paris came weeks late, the peasants nearby became outspoken enemies of the unorthodox visitors.

Nevertheless, out of this misery arose magnificent music. One stormy day, George Sand and her son went to the town to buy food. The carriage broke down, and when they finally returned home hours late they found Chopin at the piano. Desperate from fear and the fantasies of fever, he had dreamed he was dead and felt icy drops of water falling on his chest. The rhythm—perhaps it was the rhythm of the rain on the roof—inspired the "Raindrop Prelude," one of the most beautiful of the 24 preludes written by Chopin.

Chopin's health took such a turn for the worse that he and George Sand decided to return to France. When they landed, after an agonizing journey, Chopin coughed blood. The illness of which he was to die ten years later was entering its critical stages. —Fred Berger

CORONET'S CHOICE FROM RECENT RECORDINGS

Beethoven, Quartet No. 15: Hollywood String Quartet; Capitol PAO 8424
Beethoven, Fidelio: Fischer-Dieskau, Fricsay, Bavarian State Opera; Decca DX-147
Brahms, Piano Concerto No. 2: Gilels, Reiner, Chicago Symphony; RCA Victor LM-2219
Brahms, The Sonatas for Violin and Piano: Shapiro, Berkowitz; Vanguard VRS 1009
Copland, Billy the Kid; Rodeo: Morton Gould Orch.; RCA Victor LM-2195
Debussy, La Mer; Three Nocturnes: Van Beinum, Concertgebouw Orchestra; Epic LC 3464
Gounod, Symphony No. 2; Bizet, Jeux d'Enfants: Markevitch, Lamoureux Orchestra; Decca DL 9982
The Art of the Harpsichord (Bach, Fischer): Landowska; RCA Victor LM-2194
Haydn, Symphonies Nos. 97, 99: Szell, Cleveland Orchestra; Epic LC 3455
Francescatti Plays Kreisler; Columbia ML 5255
Mozart, Beethoven, etc., Goethe Songs: Seefried; Decca DL 9974
Prokofiev, Symphony No. 5: Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML 5260
Prokofiev, Romeo and Juliet: Mitropoulos, N. Y. Philharmonic; Columbia ML 5267
Homage to Purcell: Deller, etc.; Bach Guild BG 570/71
Rachmaninoff, Piano Concerto No. 4; Ravel, Piano Concerto: Michelangeli, Gracis, Philharmonia; Angel 35567
Schubert, Symphony No. 7: Szell, Cleveland Orchestra; Epic LC 3431
Graffman Plays Schumann; RCA Victor LM-2190
Strauss Dynasty, Vienna Dances: Paulik, Vienna State; Vanguard VRS 1019/22
Presenting Tozzi (Operatic Arias): Morel, Rome Opera; RCA Victor LM-2188
Villa-Lobos, Bachianas Brasileiras Nos. 2, 5, 6, 9: De Los Angeles, Radiodiffusion Française; Angel 35547



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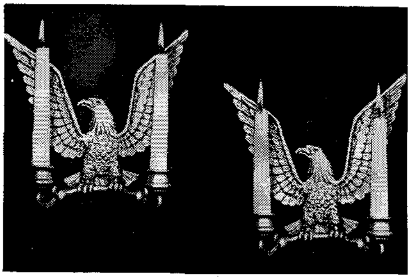
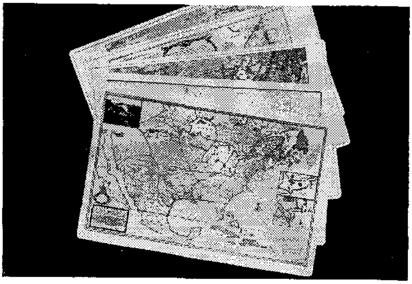
PRODUCTS ON PARADE edited by Florence Semon

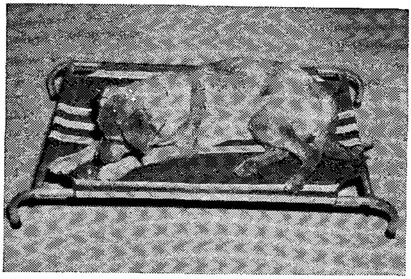


Majestic eagle sconces are effective wall decorations. Measures 10½″ wide, 9½″ high. Available in satin black or antique gold cast iron. Candle holders are detachable. $2.75 ea. or $4.95 pr. pp. Sturbridge Yankee Workshop, COR, 8 Brimfield Turnpike, Sturbridge, Mass.

Treasure hoard is unique paper weight made to look like a stack of coins. Cast in solid metal and gold-plated; measures 5″ x 3⅝″ x ¼″ high. Weighs ¾ lb. Unusual desk accessory for home or office. $2.50 pp. Trans America Gift Guild, Dept. COR, Seaford, Long Island, N.Y.



Olde Time maps reproduced on plasticized place mats are intriguing on the dinner table. Includes New England 1755, British Colonies 1771, Washington 1792 and Confederate States 1861. 4 for $1.89; 8 for $3.50pp. Western World Prod., 2611-A Tilden Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.



Dog ease bed is a place for a weary pooch to rest. Made of sturdy aluminum; stands 5″ off floor to avoid drafts. Measures 36″ x 19″. Covered in Calabana cloth which is treated to shed dirt and wash easily. $5.75 pp. Edward Greenhaus, COR, 1549 E. 17th St., Brooklyn 30, N. Y.

For additional mail order products see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper beginning on page 158

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman

Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

Doctors say that this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by *special* glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this *kind* of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

Science has discovered that a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this offensive "emotional perspiration" odor. And now it's here . . . the remarkable ingredient Perstop*—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

Use ARRID daily and you'll be amazed how quickly this new ARRID with Perstop* penetrates deep into the pores and stops this "emotional perspiration" odor. Stops it as no roll-on, spray-on, or stick could ever do.

You rub ARRID *in*—rub perspiration *out* . . . rub ARRID in—rub odor out. When the cream vanishes, you know you are safe, even when you are nervous or stimulated by emotional excitement. Doctors have proved that this new ARRID with Perstop* is actually 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested.

Remember—nothing protects you like a cream . . . and no cream protects you like ARRID with Perstop*. So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID with Perstop* to be sure. Only 43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

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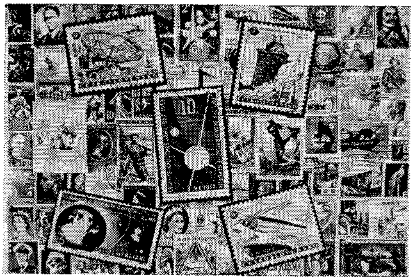
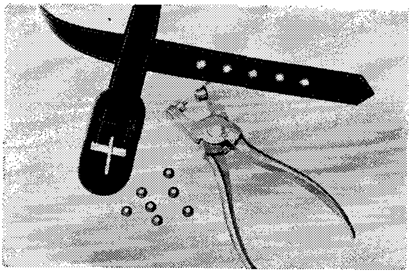
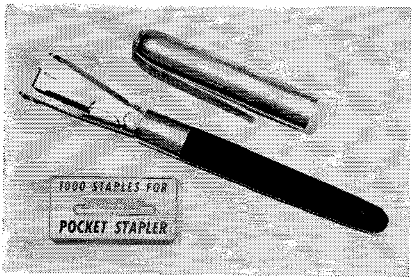


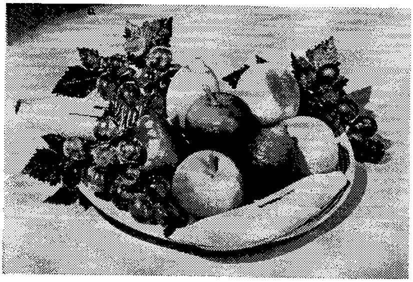
Spectacular array of genuine foreign postage stamps for a very small price. Includes new issues picturing developments of the space age, in addition to 230 stamps from 5 continents. All for only 25¢ pp. H. E. Harris & Co., Dept. C, 4455 Transit Building, Boston 17, Mass.



Now you can lengthen or shorten belts yourself. Eyelet pliers punches hole and sets eyelet in one easy operation. Made of forged nickel-plated steel. 300 brass enameled eyelets in assorted colors included. $2.98 pp. Newark Dressmaker Supply, 140-C Halsey St., Newark, N. J.



Pocket Stapler in the shape of a pen is compact enough to keep in purse, pocket or tuck away in a desk drawer. Easy to use and load, it's guaranteed against mechanical defects. Comes with 1000 staples. $2.95 pp. St. Regis Workshop, Dept. C-9, Box 22, Babylon, N. Y.



Artificial fruit of colorful vinyl looks real enough to eat and is virtually indestructible. Will not break, chip or fade. 12 pc. set includes 3 grape clusters, 2 bananas, 2 apples, lemon, lime, orange, pear and peach. $7.95 pp. Jeff Elliot, Dept. C8, Flushing 52, New York.

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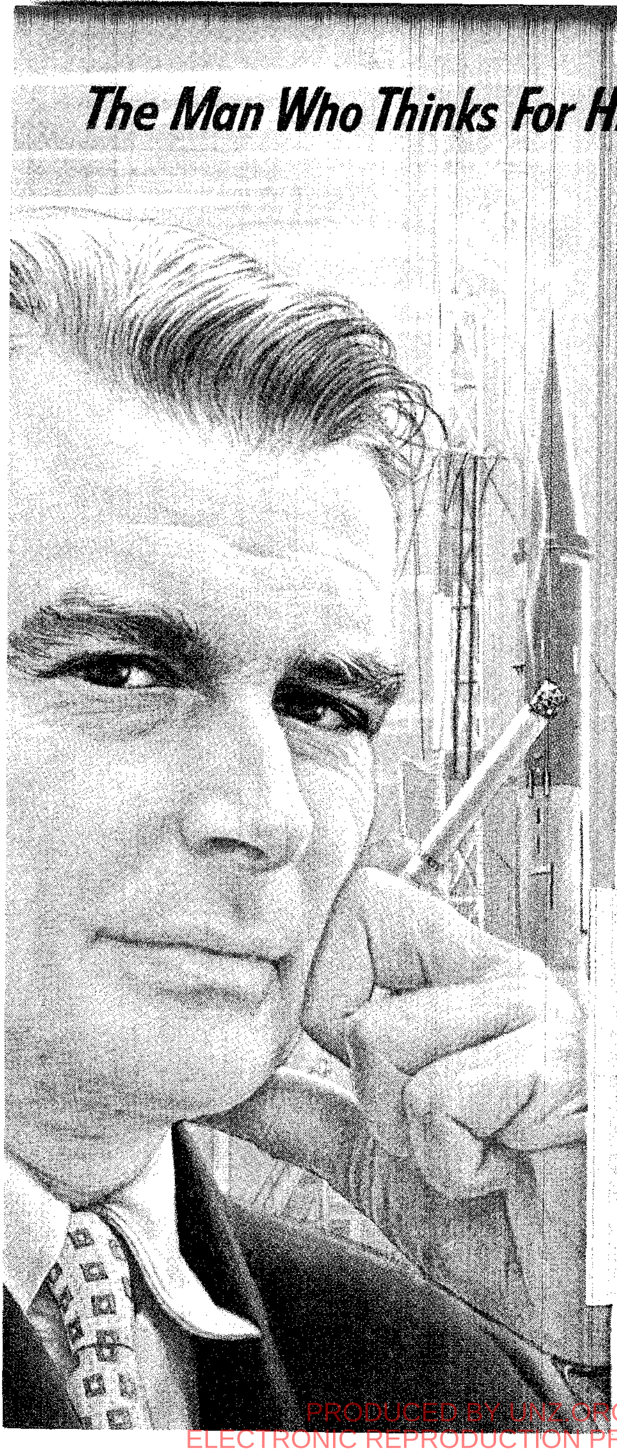

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SEPTEMBER 1958

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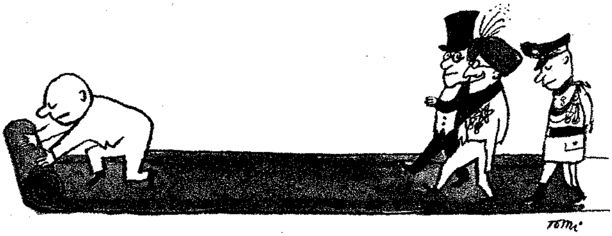


Our "striped-pants patrol" seats visiting VIPs in the lap of luxury

by PETER WYDEN

NEVER HAS PROTOCOL been more in evidence in our national capital—and more amusingly so—for never has the traffic in Very Important Persons been so heavy.

Normally, it is difficult to snicker at protocol and its practitioners, when hosts pay a $75 fee to an expert to have the guests at a dinner party seated according to precise precedence; when wives of officials automatically reserve the coveted right-rear window seat in their limousine to the ranking lady of the group; when women take formal lessons in curtsying weeks before a visiting queen arrives; and when Soviet-American relations are gauged by the sort of parties to which the Russian Ambassador is invited and the length of time he stays.

During the Eisenhower administration, over 75 top leaders of foreign powers—from Britain's Queen Elizabeth to Pakistan's Premier Huseyn Suhrawardy—journeyed to Washington. And protocol quite literally ruled every waking minute of their stays.

Top officials, and sometimes the President himself, are consulted months in advance on the minute-by-minute schedules masterminded by the Protocol Division of the State Department.

Guest lists and menus are compiled with pains normally reserved for urgent state papers. Seating arrangements for White House and State Department luncheons and dinners are "finalized" in enormous diagrams. "Dry runs" are conducted of every rehearsable occasion, including airport reception ceremonies with musical accompaniments. Name tags are fastened to receiving stands to show every dignitary where his place is.

The full compendium of arrangements resembles a Hollywood shooting script and may run 20 pages or so ("At 11:57 A.M., the wheels of the Columbine III will touch down. . . . The President will move forward to within ten feet of the stairway. . . .").

Nothing shocks a Protocol man more than unscheduled spontaneity. "Sudden" gestures, like Queen Elizabeth's visit to a suburban Washington supermarket, are carefully planned ahead. Special desires of junketing visitors—like Winston Churchill's brandy, or a hot water bottle for Britain's Queen Mother—are made known in advance through diplomatic channels.

But certain taboos are automatically observed by any Protocol man worthy of his spats. He would not dream of serving beef to Hindus, pork or alcoholic drinks to Moslems or duck to Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie whose Coptic Christian religion forbids consumption of web-footed fowl.

Washingtonians are notoriously blasé about all but their most illustrious visitors. So the Protocol people invariably schedule VIP arrivals for noon or 4 P.M. This permits their motorcades to hit downtown just when thousands of Government workers, bound for lunch or home, crowd the streets and offer a reasonable imitation of welcoming throngs.

Visiting luminaries generally wind up at Blair House and the adjoining Blair Lee House to be taken in tow by Protocol's "hostess-manager," Mrs. Victoria Geaney.

Mrs. G., who refers to her VIPs as "my guests," is one of the few federal retainers who refuses to be impressed by any crisis. She does her own marketing at 6 A.M., serves only homemade rolls and ice cream, and stands ready to whip up a state dinner at any moment.

She was not dismayed by a past president of Ecuador who breakfasted in bed on steak and turkey at 5:30 A.M.; or by "Mr. Brown," a wartime caller whose traveling companions ransacked the draperies for hidden microphones. (Mr. Brown turned out to be Russia's V. M. Molotov.)

The late President of Israel, Chaim Weizmann, momentarily stumped Mrs. Geaney. She had laid in a large supply of Jewish delicatessen items, but Mr. Weizmann wanted only eggs. So she served up the gefüllte fish and lox to a group of South Americans as hors d'oeuvres at a cocktail party.

Most visitors have been carefully coached by their own protocol experts and rarely display offense at mishaps. Extra wives of rulers practicing bigamy, for instance, normally stay home.

But, of course, there was the

frightful *gaffe* of Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson. He kept Burma's Premier U Nu waiting in his outer office. After five minutes the Burmese departed. A Protocol man arranged for Benson to call on the Premier later. U Nu, saving face, kept *him* waiting 15 minutes.

What Protocol costs the U.S. happens to be one of Washington's better-kept secrets. Vouchers for Protocol expenses are not even identified to the all-knowing Government Accounting Office. It has been estimated, however, that it costs around $2,000 a day to have a VIP in the country. Few stay longer than two weeks.

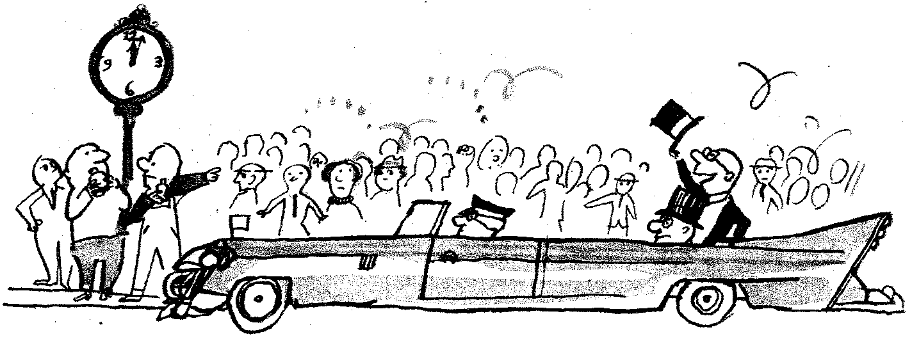
This figure does not include fixed items like maintaining the Protocol Division and the presidential guest establishments. Nor are these costs figured into the offhand guess that we spend a total of around $250,000 a year on such entertainment.

Actually, this is strictly loose change compared to outlays by less affluent nations. For instance, King Saud's flower bill for one of his Washington dinners given for our officials came to more than $10,000.

The Saud visit shattered all sorts of Protocol records. In some respects, the Protocol people did no more for him than they would for any king. Mrs. Lois Williams, the assistant ceremonial officer, inquired about Saud's musical preferences and instructed the Air Force musicians who played at the state dinners to keep their offerings light; so they played "Begin the Beguine" and "I'll See You Again." Over and over again.

When the King was handed a champagne glass to toast the President and inquired sternly what was going to be poured into it (the Koran forbids the faithful to drink liquor), bated breaths around the 110-plate banquet table turned to smiles as the waiter produced a pitcher of orange juice.

But since the Saudi entourage numbered 82 men and 300-plus pieces of baggage, including 15 trunkloads of gifts for U.S. officials, Clement E. Conger, Acting Deputy Chief of Protocol, faced a logistical problem of unprecedented dimensions. A fleet of 25 limousines was hired at $50 a day each. So great



To assure the visitor a big crowd, motorcades are timed for lunch hour and end of work day.

was the overflow of Arabs who could not be accommodated by Mrs. Geaney that a Protocol officer with a walkie-talkie had to direct their movements in the Shoreham Hotel.

NOT MANY Washington partygoers observe protocol as fervently as the ladies at one embassy dinner who did not dare go to the powder room until the ranking lady went first. Yet questions of high-level etiquette are so persistent that a corps of unofficial authorities is necessary to cope with them.

The most authoritative of these is Mrs. Carolyn Hagner Shaw, who briefs newly arrived cabinet wives about their wardrobes and calling cards and has even been consulted on the proper attire for an important corpse at an afternoon funeral.

Mrs. Shaw maintains the most complete available catalog of anyone who is, has been, or has tried to become, a member of Washington society in our lifetime. The personality information in many cases is rather comprehensive. Thus, Mrs. Shaw knows which citizens should be characterized as "B.D." (bad drunk) and which as "O.F." (old fool). The latter usually denotes a male with a chronic case of wandering hands. Her chief source of influence is a book with a green suede cover, which she publishes annually. It is "The Social List of Washington, D.C.," known as "The Green Book," and contains 7,000 names, including Washington officials, "blue bloods" and social leaders.

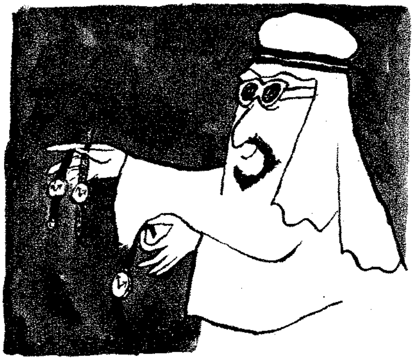
Perfect for the role of Protocol chief was the State Department's John Farr Simmons who retired last year after 40 years as a career diplomat. "Jack" Simmons was fluent in four languages. Best of all, he *looked* like a Protocol chief: six feet, three inches tall and more regal than a duke. In fact, when he conducted Queen Juliana of The Netherlands through Hollywood and introduced her to Louis B. Mayer, the movie tycoon exclaimed, "That's the fellow we've been looking for."

Simmons would get up in the middle of the night to assure the cops that an overstimulated diplomat was, indeed, entitled to diplomatic immunity. He advised ambassadors of newly accredited nations where they might look for an attractively priced embassy; escorted the Premier of Thailand to *The King and I;* and headed off many a potential diplomatic explosion.

Checking on preparations for a luncheon in honor of Turkish President Celâl Bayar, for example, Simmons was stopped short by the flowers on the table. They were arranged to simulate a fez. Recalling that the fez had been abolished in Turkey, he changed the design.

Simmons knew when to ignore protocol, too. There was the dinner shortly after President Eisenhower's election to honor outgoing Vice President Alben W. Barkley and the incoming Veep, Richard M. Nixon. The difficulty was that Nixon was no longer a Senator and had not yet been sworn in as Vice President.

Strictly speaking, he was Mr. Nixon, a citizen of Whittier, California. As such, he would have had to take his place below the most junior Congressman. The problem was laid before Simmons, who ruled



Pleased with the good time shown him in Washington, King Saud handed out watches.

at once that Messrs. Barkley and Nixon should flank the host. No complaints were heard.

Upon Simmons' retirement last year, he was replaced by Wiley T. Buchanan, Jr., a 43-year-old political appointee from Texas. The new chief, an affable millionaire, had previously served as Ambassador to Luxembourg. He inherited a smoothly running 28-man Protocol staff whose veterans care for the capital's 5,000 member diplomatic colony, including "adjusting" traffic tickets, obtaining free dog licenses and tax-free, duty-free liquor.

Gifts are another problem to Protocol people. No government employee, says the U.S. Constitution, may "without the consent of Congress, accept any present, emolument, office or title of any kind whatever, from any king, prince or foreign state."

But obviously, this provision has been often violated, especially by recipients of favors who felt that they would be offending the donors by turning down some little courtesy.

In King Saud's case, as in the case of other well-heeled foreigners, "little" courtesies were often not so little by American standards.

He gave cash gratuities of up to $500 each to his U.S. bodyguards; an Arab ceremonial sword in a jewelled scabbard to Mr. Eisenhower; an ornamental dagger to Secretary of State Dulles, and gold Swiss watches plus fancy sheik robes to three aides.

Mr. Eisenhower did with his sword what Andrew Jackson did with a gift lion, and Franklin D. Roosevelt with a leopard: he gave it away. Luckily, he had a good place for it, the Eisenhower Museum at Abilene, Kansas. Secretary Dulles and the other officials handed their loot over to the State Department "in trust." It then developed that the Department already had in custody in a big warehouse some 4,000 foreign awards and about 200 other gifts, some in storage since 1881.

The State Department now has come up with a new code of ethics to guide diplomats on gift-taking. It calls for "courtesy and good judgment" but does not draw too clear a line between the two. It deplores gifts. But it also says: "Where there is no indication of improper interest, and where refusal or return would be offensive and might injure good international relations, such a gift may be received." It adds that the gift is to be deposited with the State Department, unless it has only minor intrinsic value.

Which once again stamps protocol as an art, if not a science—necessary, perhaps, but necessarily a little inexact. ♛ ♛ ♛

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

WHEN A PRETTY and popular young schoolteacher announced her engagement, fellow teachers and pupils heaped good wishes upon her. However, she was hardly prepared for a note from one eight-year-old, which read: "Dear Miss Smith, I hope you have a happy and sexful married life. Your friend Mary."

—*Time Out*

THE MOTHER of a small boy told the school child psychiatrist: "Well, I don't know whether or not he feels insecure, but everybody else in the neighborhood certainly does!"

—*Tracks*

IN A LARGE FAMILY, the littlest boy was called "Little Man."

After his first day of school, someone asked him if he had learned anything.

"Yep," he said.

"What was it?"

"I learned my name was John."

—MRS. J. W. HASKEN

OUR LITTLE GIRL had been playing with a new boy friend in kindergarten all week, but on Friday she suddenly said to him, inspired by some TV program, no doubt, "Kenneth, please don't fall in love with me."

"But," protested the bewildered Kenneth, "*you're* the one who started it."

—PHIL HENSEL

ENDEAVORING to teach her charges to think, a third-grade teacher was asking tricky questions. "Johnny," she said, "give me an example of 'nothing'."

Unhesitatingly, Johnny answered, " 'Nothing' is a balloon with its skin off."

—*Progress News*

AS PART of our student-teacher program, I had a young lady with me for several weeks while I conducted my first-grade class.

For her last day, the class planned a farewell party and I had asked them to think of some nice things they might say to our student to show their appreciation for her help.

Later, as she made her good-byes, one little girl volunteered, "I hope next year your boys and girls will be as nice as we are."

—MRS. ROBERT BROWN

AT THE CLOSE of each school year, a fifth-grade teacher had her picture taken with her class.

One day she saw a student going through a stack of these old pictures.

"Are you looking for some of your friends?" she asked.

"No," the student answered, "I'm just trying to see which of your classes aged you the most."

—JENNIE WILSON

A YOUNGSTER taking part in a spelling bee spelled his word, had a whispered conversation with the pronouncer and made a hurried exit.

"He spelled that word right," protested one of the judges.

"I know," explained the pronouncer. "His leaving had nothing to do with spelling. He'll be back shortly." —JULIAN SCHEER (*Charlotte News*)

THE LITTLE kindergartener came home and proudly told her parents the class had learned Irving Berlin's beautiful "God Bless America." Then she proceeded to sing, in her clear little voice: "God Bless America, land that I love; stand beside her, and guide her, through the night with a light from a bulb."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

A HIGH SCHOOL girl was telling her family about her home economics class.

"Do they let you eat what you cook?" her mother asked.

"Let us?" she answered. "They *make* us." —*The Manitoba Telephone System*

THE PRINCIPAL was talking with the complaining husband of one of his teachers: "What makes you think your wife is working too hard?" he asked.

"Well, when we were going to the store yesterday, she read the grocery list to me and then asked, 'Does everybody understand?' "

—*Georgia Educators Journal*

ALTHOUGH WE failed to realize it, our small son was listening intently to his dad's account of a shiftless neighbor being arrested for not sending his children to school. Shortly afterward, he entered first grade and, unfortunately, he did not happen to like his teacher at all.

On his way home, he visited his grandparents, who asked, "Well, Jimmie, how did you like school?"

Munching a cookie, he replied sadly, "Don't like it. I only go to keep Father out of jail!"—J. W. GETCHELL

IN PREPARATION for the celebration of George Washington's Birthday, the teacher told her second-graders about the Father of Our Country's bravery, resourcefulness, honesty, sincerity, perseverance and kindness. "And now, children," she finished, "for what high position do you think such a man would be fitted?"

"Please," said a pert little miss, "I think he would make a very nice husband." —*Christian Science Monitor*

DURING A creative-writing class, I warned my students against ending sentences with prepositions. As an example, I told the World War II story about the zealous young censor who informed Winston Churchill that he had ended a sentence with a preposition. Churchill returned the paper to the young man with the notation, 'This is the kind of nonsense, up with which I will not put."

A pupil then volunteered, "My young sister produced a classic of that kind last night. She asked my mother to bring a book to read to her, specifically mentioning one book she did *not* want. Absent-mindedly, Mother brought up that one, and Sis said, 'What did you bring that book I didn't want to be read to out of up for?' "

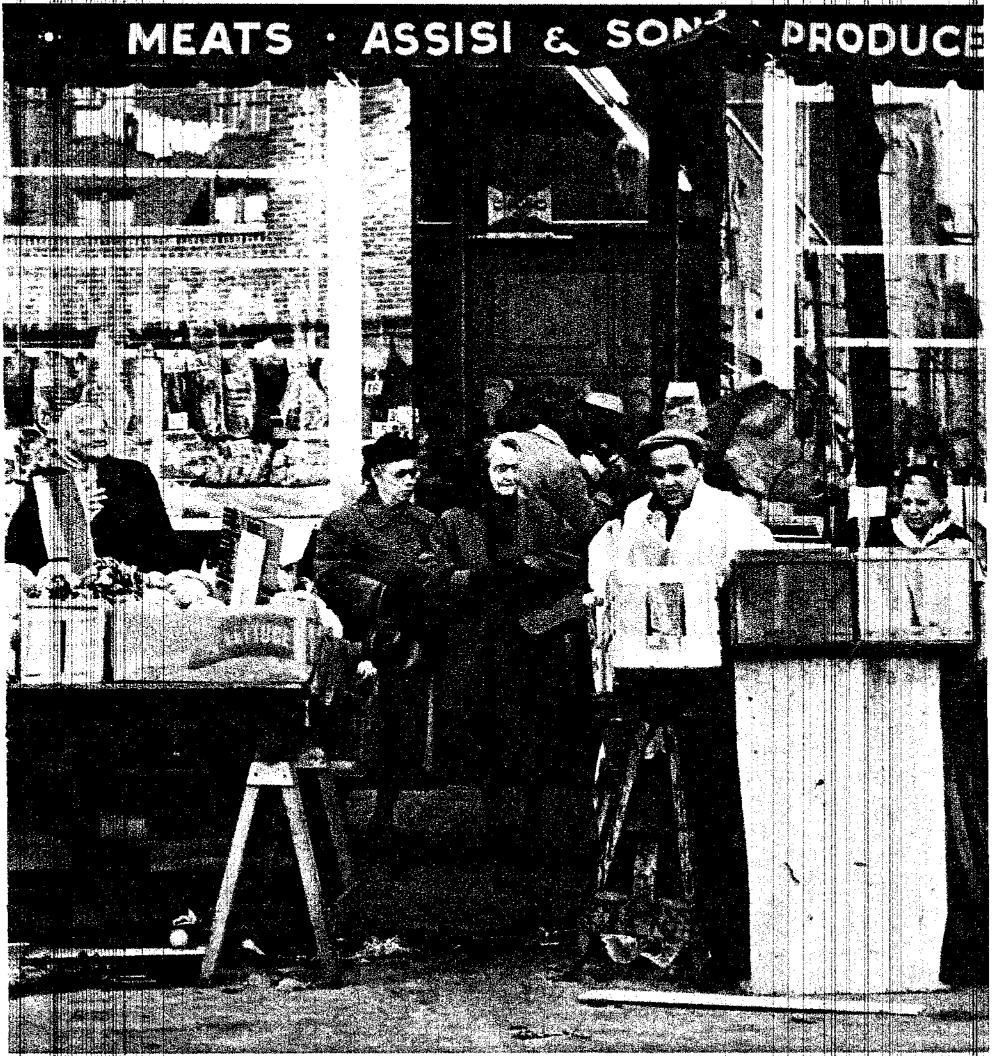
—MARGUERITE M. MCCONNELL

Author at the grave of his bricklayer father, whose death at 36 in a building collapse greatly affected his son's life and inspired his novel, "Christ in Concrete."

"My people, my place"

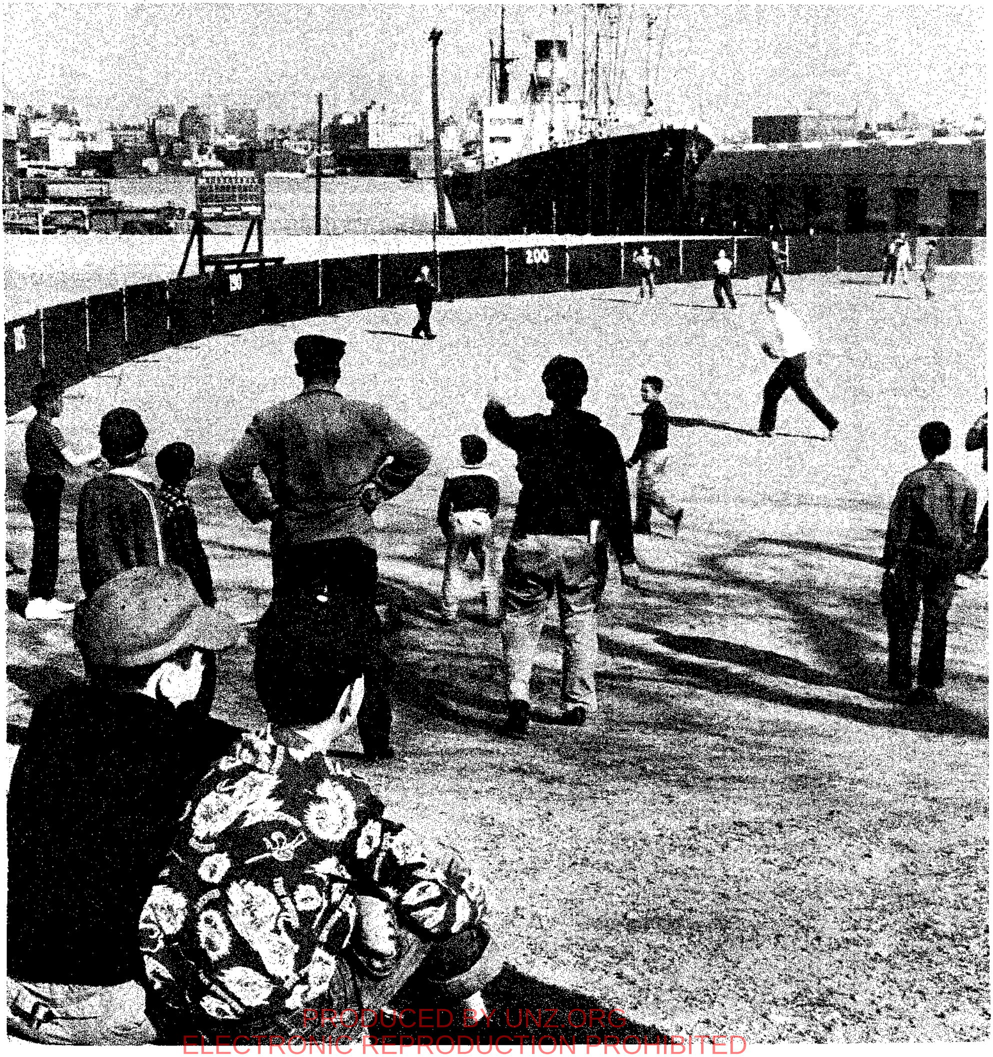
Jammed into a mile-square area, Hoboken, New Jersey, is a grimy industrial town with colorful Old World overtones of sight and sound and smell. Its 51,000 residents are mostly of Italian ancestry. And like Italians everywhere, they have a passionate love of home and their traditional way of life. Pietro di Donato — who left his old neighborhood as a 14-year-old bricklayer — expressed all this with such tremendous poignancy in a novel, "Christ in Concrete," that it became a 1939 best seller. Fame, however, brought di Donato only disillusionment; and after many turbulent years, he recently came back to Hoboken, West Hoboken and the surrounding areas to visit the scenes of his childhood and seek solace in the companionship of his beloved *paesani*. This is the story of what he found on his sentimental journey.

Text by Pietro di Donato   *Photographs by Eve Arnold*


MEATS · ASSISI & SON · PRODUCE

Our hurly-burly on the Hudson

Looking down from the Jersey Palisades, Hoboken is a level of squat, rookery roofs with parapets, kiosks, and wind-bent chimneys. Beyond is the hurly-burly waterfront and the Hudson River, on whose far shore looms the monumental majesty of New York. From dawn to dusk vehicles stream in from the Holland Tunnel, trains snake and hiss, trailer-trucks roar and multirouted buses crisscross, carrying workers to factories that perfume the air with coffee, candy, mayonnaise, soap, soot and smells beyond smelling. After school, the kids play furiously under the very noses of huge ships. At night the taverns serve pizza pie and mussels for zestful eating, and resound with endless rock 'n' roll and laughter and leather-lunged squabbling.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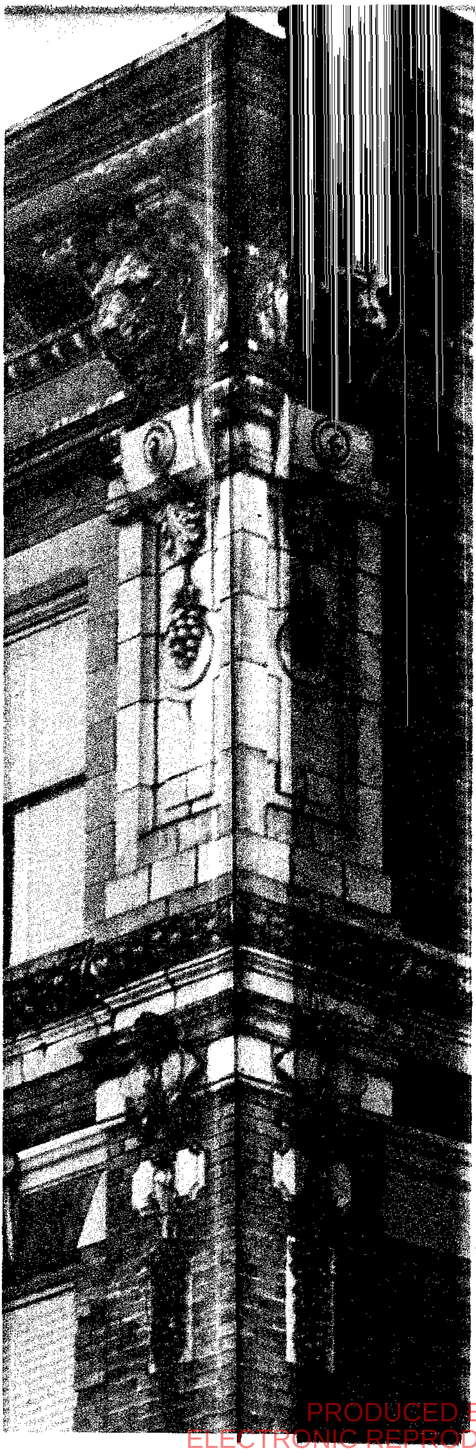
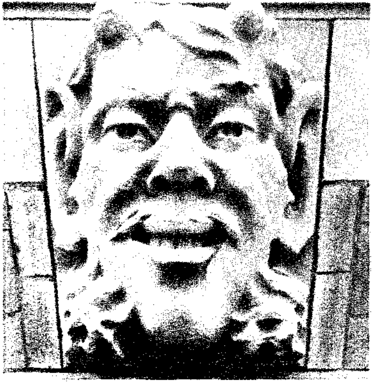
We become as children . . .

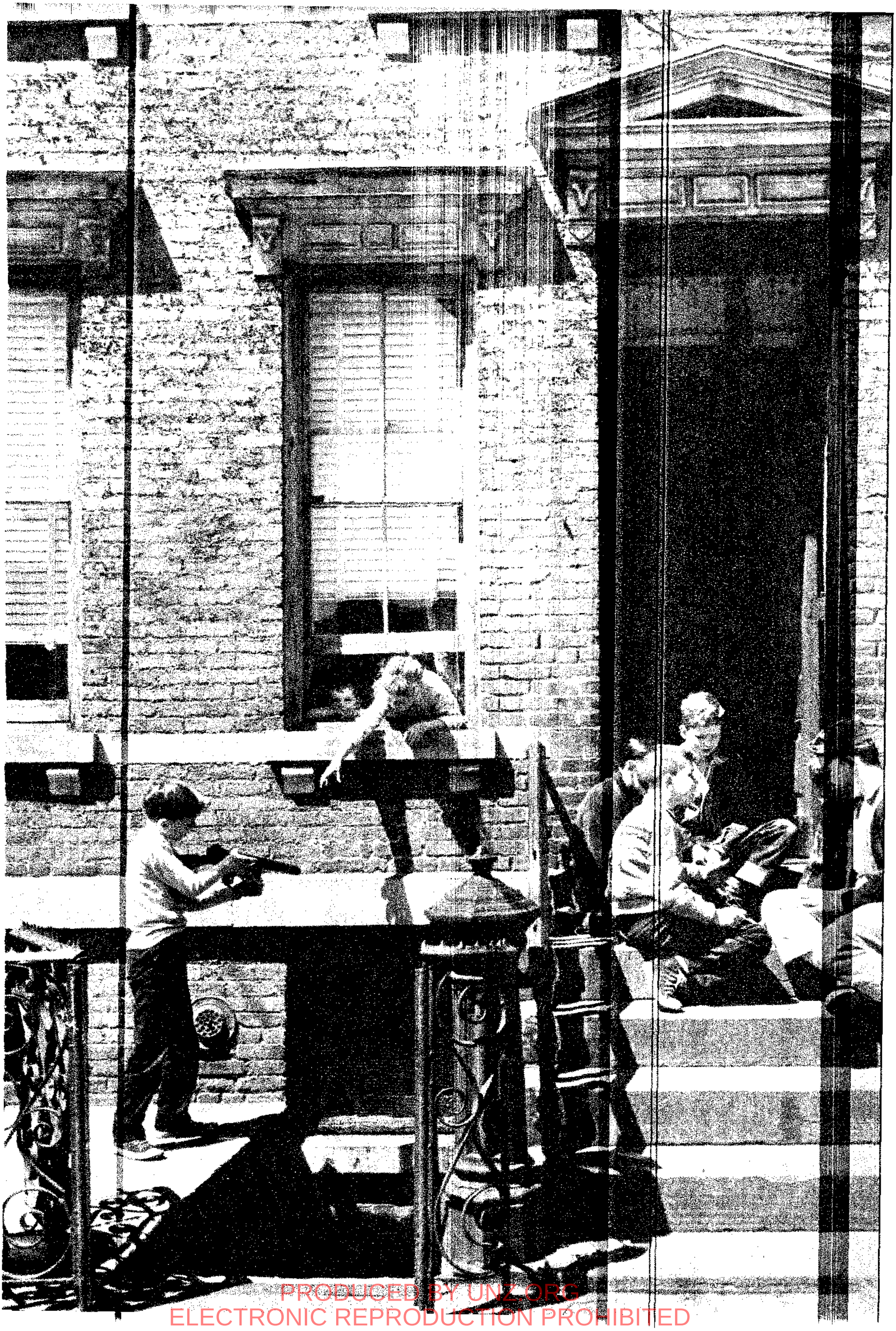
The seventh day speaks of release from bondage to job and daily cares. It tells of later rising, of leisurely dressing, of the tradition of worship at morning Mass, and, soon after, the extended garrulous eating. Then it is for the men to smoke strong cigars and idle away the hours with stories of their youth in Italy and the early immigrant days, or sit to cards and flagon, or play *boccie* ball, which is among the most ancient of turf bowling games. The *boccie* court will be outdoors beneath trees behind the bar that is only for men, and the men will drink wine between throws and vie and posture and boast and bellow. Meanwhile, the wives and daughters and matriarchs will combine chores, gossip and laughter in the kitchen, their undisputed domain.





The lore of masonry

With the other kids, I played cards, catstick, marbles, cowboys and Indians, and wrestled and had fist fights in sand lots and cellarways. The twin lions under the cornice saw me often; and they waited the long years for me to come back a humble man. I bow to the lore of fanciful masonry, my bricklaying father's once-exalted craft—the manly texture of durable wall, the good bond, the wedged brick of arch, the fretted terra cotta entablature—an ornamentation that soon will be no more with demolishing hammer. Therefore does the keystone satyr, moodily staring down from on high, keep whispering to me, "Recall thee, O sinless urgent hours, O fond dreamings distant?"



Keepers of the hearth...

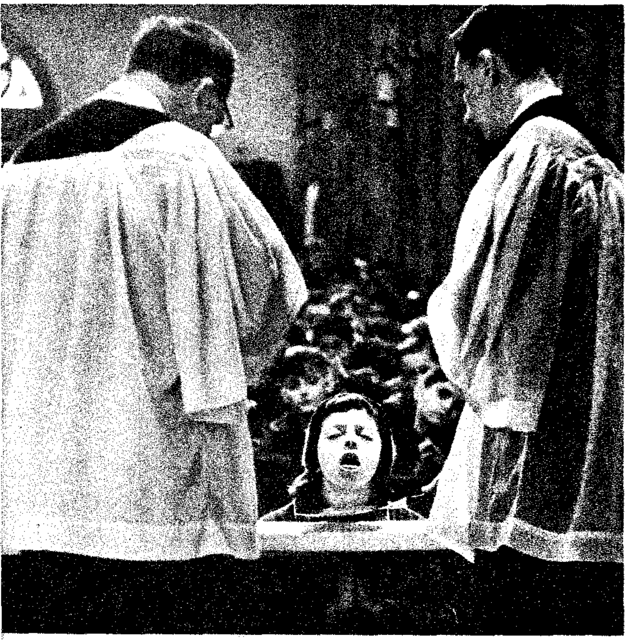
The longshoreman's day of toil is ended. Men and ships shall do and rest. Ships in their berths and men at home. The ravioli is bellied with herbs and fresh cheese and anxious for pot and stove and table. A man is affectionate and regales his woman. The unmarried children lightly tarry with friends and will come home not early. But the married son, the daughter-in-law and grandson will arrive on time to relish home cooking. These are the keepers of the hearth that shelter the future. Father and mother are as church to home, center and source of life.

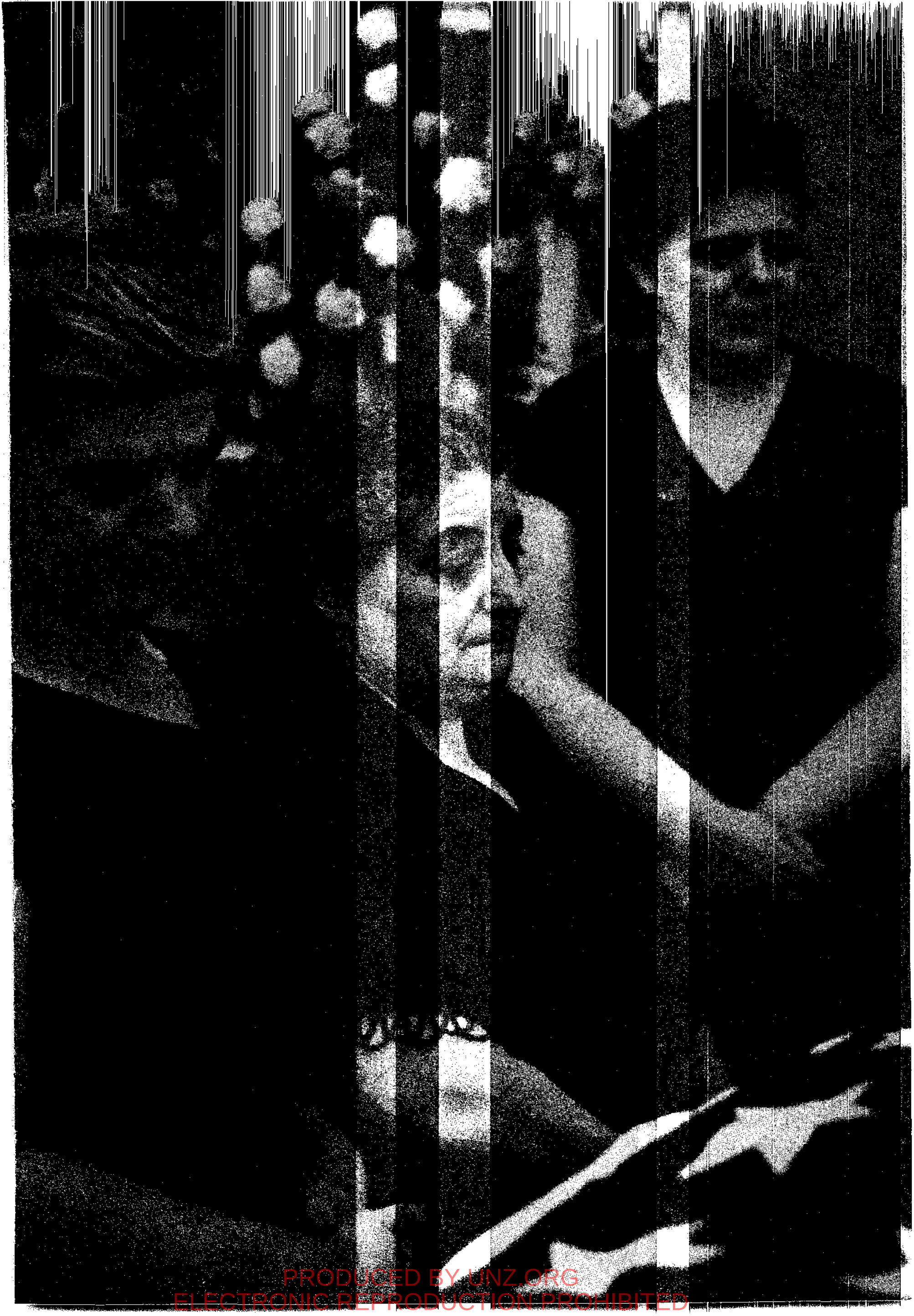
A heritage of faith and toil...

Toil and belief are more than habit and necessity. They fulfill and inspire. Love of certain trades has been handed down through families for centuries, with father and son fashioning Madonna and altar as did generations before them. Religious statuary is the sculptured shadow of inner grace—the Divine stanced in stone, precious metals, wood and plaster; the symbol whose image is reflected in the spirit, and whose eloquence succeeds when words fail. My people brought the love of the beautiful to America, and they came mostly as artisans.

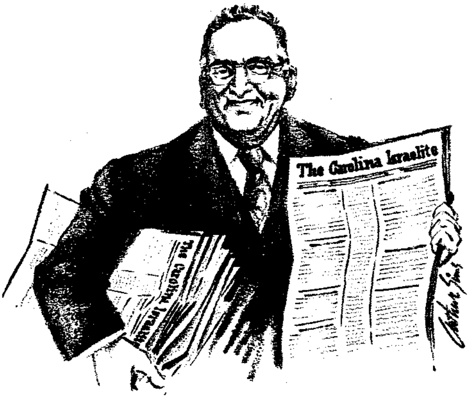
Life given and returned...

The priest has just intoned the requiem and blessed the dead. There is sighing and weeping in the chapel. Women clasp their hands in mourning and behold for the last time the peace of the patriarch who has gone to God. At the children's mass are the little living flowers in the garden of worship, with the sun illumining their faces as they receive renewal of the gift of life. We are among the living to seed, to hoe, to tend, to gather and share. Yet always we must be prepared to depart with the mystical night. For the gift is given to be relished and returned.





Sly, sharp and witty, this Dixie editor
jabs people into thinking about
public affairs by making them laugh



MAN WITH A GOLDEN NEEDLE

by Lydia Ratcliff

ONE BITTERLY COLD night last February, a gracious old frame house on Elizabeth Avenue in Charlotte, North Carolina, burned to the ground. Within a few days, its owner, whose combined office and home the house had been, received thousands of letters, telegrams and phone calls offering sympathy, help, friendship.

These heartfelt messages came from such totally diverse elements as right-wing Republicans and left-wing Democrats, Roman Catholics and Orthodox Jews, rabid segregationists and crusading integrationists, organization men and freethinkers, mill workers and Governor Luther H. Hodges himself. Editors all over the U.S. wrote editorials offering condolence. Ministers of a variety of denominations preached sermons in his behalf on the following Sunday.

The center of all this attention was Harry Golden, a newspaper publisher who has become a legend to those who have witnessed his genius. Overwhelmed by the response to his disastrous accident, he set to work, as his belongings (including a sizable chunk of his subscription list) were still smoldering, to bring out a new issue of his paper.

"Ideas," he said triumphantly, "don't burn."

Harry (nobody calls him "Mr. Golden") is a Yankee on firm Confederate ground, a Jew in a Gentile stronghold, and a radical where conservatism is never challenged. He advocates racial integration in an area where integration is anathema. Yet ministers and politicians of all religions and parties tell Harry their problems and ask for his advice.

One of Charlotte's most honored citizens, Harry is always proud to lead the St. Patrick's Day parade. Having married an Irish girl named Genevieve Gallagher 32 years ago, he is the only member of the community who knows all the lyrics to the old Irish songs.

Harry is a barrel-shaped, tousle-haired, five-and-a-half-foot, 56-year-old gadfly who turns out our nation's most extraordinary "personal" journal, *The Carolina Israelite.* Written entirely by Harry Golden, it carries no recognizable news, no pictures, puzzles or games. Though supposed to appear bimonthly, it is published only when Harry gets around to putting it together.

In it he has ridiculed, needled, satirized every pillar of society, every bulwark of tradition available. Once, when news got notably dull, the editor of the Charlotte *Observer* called Harry and asked him to write a letter-to-the-editor that would stir things up.

Next morning a letter signed "Joseph Killabendl" (killabendl means "truss" in Yiddish) appeared in the letter column demanding: "Kill all the dogs." It pointed out mercilessly how many starving children could be fed for the price of feeding the dogs, how the habits of dogs were unclean.

Within a few days, four mailbags full of venomous letters and telegrams had arrived. "I bet he hates children, too," one charged. Humane societies across the country prepared to march on "Killabendl." Things indeed were stirred up—to Harry's and the editor's delight.

Harry has gained the attention and respect of some of our best journalists, and his subscription list of more than 16,000 includes 50 U.S. Representatives and 20 Senators (including most of the Southern Senators), and two U.S. Supreme Court Justices.

Although he has repeatedly poked his own kind of fun at the overinflated "power structure" and never misses a chance to give anyone his proper comeuppance, he is only rarely resented because of it. For while his pen is a needle, his ink is not poisoned.

Last fall, Harry proved himself equal to an overwhelming challenge. The Governor, faced with the problem of dealing with the historic Supreme Court decision outlawing racial segregation in schools, called for constructive advice as to how North Carolina could maintain deep-rooted traditions and be law-abiding at the same time.

Harry became locally famous overnight—and locally cherished. In the midst of popular uproar, agonizing debate and ill feelings all around, he proposed the Golden Vertical Negro Plan. Vertical segregation, he noted, had all but vanished in the South. Negroes and whites were quite content to stand side by side at the same supermarket counters, at the same bank teller's window. It was only when they sat down side by side that hostility welled up.

In order to comply with the Supreme Court decision and maintain "horizontal" (sitting-down) segregation, Harry suggested that all seats be torn out of the schools, leaving only desks. He proposed old-fashioned stand-up bookkeeping desks to replace the regular ones, pointing out that children were not learning how to read sitting down anyway, and that perhaps standing up would help.

A few months later, Harry reported that although school boards had been reluctant to make use of his plan, seats had been ripped out of soda-fountain counters in no less than three Southern towns.

The Vertical Negro Plan (for which Harry received 100,000 requests for reprints) was followed by the Golden Out-of-Order Plan, based on an experiment conducted in a local department store. Harry had persuaded its manager to put an "Out-of-Order" sign over the "White" drinking fountain. Thirsty whites, he reported, soon began to drift toward the "Colored" fountain. Soon everybody was drinking the "segregated" water. And, six weeks later, the store was able to remove all signs—including "White" and "Colored"—permanently.

This plan could be applied to many other facilities, in other areas, he suggested.

HARRY DECIDED to call his paper *The Carolina Israelite* in an effort to avoid criticism from any who might consider it a mouthpiece of some particular group in disguise. Although it does not represent or cater to any particular group, Harry felt his choice left no room to doubt his forthright approach to would-be hecklers.

For the past 15 years, Harry has been *The Carolina Israelite* and *The Carolina Israelite* has been Harry. It records Harry's random observations on what he calls the "passing scene," which marches around the world, and goes back to the earth's creation and forward to eternity.

The 16-page paper is made up of "about a hundred ads and about a hundred editorials," as Harry puts it. He contends that it all comes out of a barrel into which he throws bits and pieces during the indefinite period between issues. When the barrel is full, he pulls out a generous handful and a new installment of *The Carolina Israelite* appears.

Titles may range from "Why Moses Has Horns" to "Where Are the Knishes of the East Side When I Was a Boy?" From "Why Mussolini Invaded Albania on Easter Sunday" to "A Plan to Solve the Problems of the White Citizens' Council." Although Harry devours books, he never looks up anything as he writes. It comes straight out of his head.

Issues are rarely on time. Once, subscribers clamored well into January for their November issues. "This one's a little late," Harry explained in a footnote when it finally appeared. "I forgot to take the copy down to the printers." One subscriber, fearful that his name was lost, sent $3 every six weeks to make sure he would get his next issue.

Harry has written over 250,000 words on his recollections of New York City's Lower East Side, where he was born of Austro-Hungarian immigrants and brought up. Soon to appear in a book entitled "Only in America," the sum of his descriptions do for the Ghetto of the early 1900s what Mark Twain did for the Mississippi River.

The vivid picture Harry paints of

what we regard nowadays as simply a slum is one of excitement, activity, hope. From his earliest years he remembers selling newspapers, handkerchiefs, "Five o'Clock Teas" (a type of cracker). Fired by a desire to "make good," he began free-lance writing in his early teens.

He went to the East Side Evening High School, and graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1923, majoring in literature. Three years later he married the pert Miss Gallagher from Pennsylvania. They have three grown sons, one a reporter in Detroit, another an instructor at Tulane University in New Orleans and the third a Cultural Art Director in Hartford, Connecticut. A fourth son died last summer after a long and tragic illness. Harry and his wife have been separated now for many years.

After turns with several New York newspapers doing writing and promotion, Harry took a job managing a hotel belonging to his brother. In 1940, he discovered Charlotte, and decided to stay forever. He worked briefly for the Charlotte *Observer*, and for the Hendersonville *Times-News* during the war; and began to raise a lonely voice in favor of tolerance and against bigotry. He soon discovered, however, that the only way to speak his mind was to found a newspaper.

He started *The Carolina Israelite* in 1942 with a staff of one secretary and an initial circulation of 800. It was necessary to take on numerous outside projects such as writing campaign speeches for Southern politicians to supplement his meager income from the newborn paper.

Seated at a cluttered, square table desk, Harry conducted his daylong business of reading, writing and chatting with his many visitors. A telephone put him in contact with any one of his several hundred friends and acquaintances; when he had a question to ask the Governor, he called the Governor. A small phonograph at his side offered anything from Yiddish folk songs to Caruso singing Verdi operas (the librettos of which he knows by heart and sings at the slightest provocation). A picture of Robert E. Lee hung over his desk.

In his new office, three secretaries, an office manager and two advertising agents now perform the mechanical duties of retyping stories, making sure every subscriber gets his copy of the paper, and soliciting advertisements. The *Israelite* brings Harry some $8,000 a year which, when combined with free-lance writing and speechmaking, adds up to a comfortable income.

As Harry chomps on an Antonio y Cleopatra cigar, his bespectacled eyes are inevitably drawn to the window next to his desk. "The greatest running story of our generation is unfolding out there," he muses. "The South is undergoing one of the greatest transformations our country has ever seen—from an agrarian way of life to an industrial way of life. And with industrialization comes great social change. The big story is here. And it's fit for satire, and nobody's doing it." Nobody, that is, except Harry.

Speaking to groups of lawyers, civic leaders, social-minded citizens across the country who pride themselves on heritage dating back several centuries, he will brag: "While the Britons were wandering around painting themselves blue and eating berries, we Jews already had diabetes." He will open a speech to an Episcopalian gathering with the flattering observation: "Episcopalians are Methodists with shoes."

Harry's truest reverence is for life. "I write about life," he remarks. "Life is a tremendous thing and it goes on all the time."

His second greatest reverence is for America; and his third for bourbon whisky, which is always at hand.

"The best is that first drink when I wake up in the morning," he gloats. "It crashes down like an avalanche, hitting bones and all."

No matter how widely people's views differ, very few lack a sense of humor. Harry is adept at dishing out criticism clothed in humor and good will; and to read him—in Charlotte, North Carolina, or in Charlotte, Michigan—is to respect him.

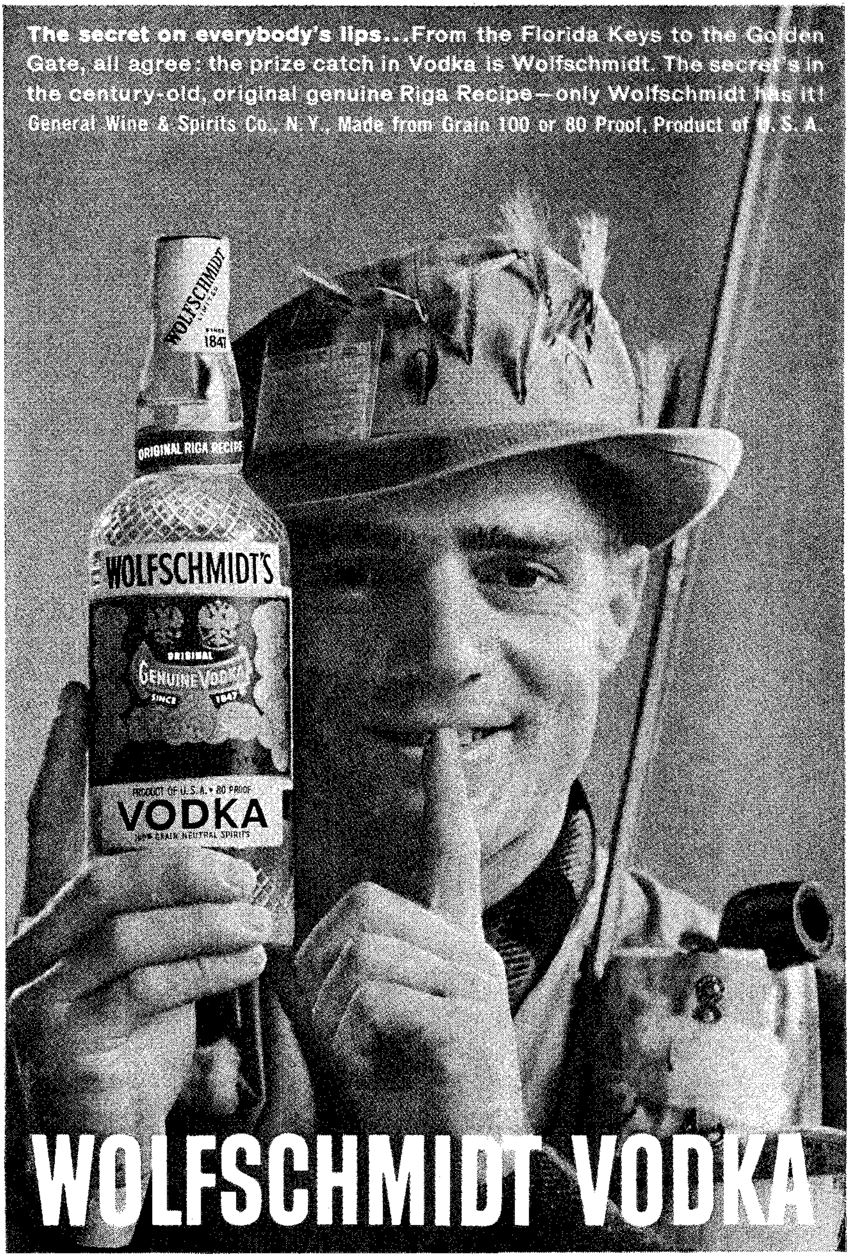
An editorial in the *Greensboro Daily News* put it this way: "If Harry Golden isn't careful, he may laugh segregation right out of existence." Kelly Alexander, president of the state chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, says: "Harry is one of the few people I know who is taking a constructive approach to this bitter issue." Kenneth Whitsett, head of the state's most uncompromising segregationist group, the Patriots of North Carolina, Inc., wrote, after Harry's fire, "You will rebuild, Harry. You and I do not agree on the race issue, but I feel better knowing that you are here and active."

In fact, Harry Golden and his *Carolina Israelite* have become, to a certain extent, the social conscience of the community. Governor Hodges once proclaimed to a gathering of newspapermen: "Harry Golden is one of the most valuable citizens of this state!"

Too Easy

HARRY HOUDINI, the master magician, amazed great audiences all over the world with his mystifying escapes from manacles, prison cells and sealed chests that were thrown into rivers. One of the few times Houdini almost was thwarted in an escape attempt occurred in a small town in Scotland. After he had been stripped, searched and manacled, an old turnkey shut him in a cell and walked away. Houdini instantly freed himself from his shackles and began to work on the cell lock. It would not open. He labored and sweated over it, but the lock resisted every effort. Finally, completely exhausted, he leaned against the door, and it swung wide open. The shrewd turnkey had not locked it.

—MILT WEISS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A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Following his father, Art, into television, Guest Quizmaster Jack Linkletter, 19, now has his own chance to do some talking . . . as m.c. of "Haggis Baggis," NBC-TV's colorcast quiz show (Mondays, 7:30-8 p.m., EDT). Many quips come from unsuspected sources; Jack asks you to name the speaker in the quotes below. Answers on pg. 143.

"says who?"

1. *"Security is when I'm very much in love with somebody extraordinary who loves me back."*
Elizabeth Taylor Shelley Winters Ava Gardner

2. *"Baloney is the unvarnished lie laid on so thick you hate it. Blarney is flattery laid on so thin you love it."*
Bishop Fulton Sheen Jackie Gleason Senator John Kennedy

3. *"America is a large, friendly dog in a very small room. Every time it wags a tail, it knocks over a chair."*
Nikita Khrushchev Konrad Adenauer Arnold Toynbee

4. *"Success is the reward of anyone who looks for trouble."*
Frank Buck John D. Rockefeller Walter Winchell

5. *"An atheist is a guy who watches a Notre-Dame-SMU football game and doesn't care who wins."*
Dwight D. Eisenhower Bing Crosby Red Barber

6. *"Epigram: a wisecrack that played Carnegie Hall."*
Jascha Heifetz Jack Benny Oscar Levant

7. *"An egghead is one who stands firmly on both feet in mid-air on both sides of the issue."*
Richard Nixon Senator Homer Ferguson John Foster Dulles

8. *"A bore is a fellow who opens his mouth and puts his feats in it."*
Henry Ford Humphrey Bogart Elsa Maxwell

9. *"There is nothing enduring in life for a woman except what she builds in a man's heart."*
Judith Anderson Dale Carnegie Elizabeth Barrett Browning

10. *"Jazz will endure just as long as people hear it through their feet instead of their brains."*
Henry Mencken Benny Goodman John Philip Sousa

11. *"A fanatic is one who can't change his mind and won't change the subject."*
Harry Truman Winston Churchill George Bernard Shaw

12. *"It is the cause, and not the death, that makes the martyr."*
Napoleon Gandhi Lord Byron

13. *"Conceit is God's gift to little men."*
Bruce Barton Billy Graham Adlai Stevenson

How to face a

Panic is your worst enemy. But if you keep calm and follow a definite

Almost any average American family today is eligible to be struck by financial lightning. Three out of five breadwinners under 45 are particularly eligible, for they are in hock for installment payments on homes, household equipment and cars equal to from 9 to 40 percent of their incomes.

Thus, not only losing a job during a period of recession, but being cut to a short work week, or merely deprived of overtime, can suddenly bring on financial crisis. Even in good times it can be brought on by sudden illness or personal disaster.

This could happen to you. And unless you know what to do, or where to turn for help, you may find yourself in real trouble before the emergency is over.

Take the case of Bill Brown and Jim Jones, neighbors in a new development of ranch-type homes on the outskirts of an industrial city. Their situation was about as similar as two people's could be. Both earned good money in the same plant. Their split levels had cost approximately the same and had been furnished on time. Each drove a late model low-priced car which was being paid for in installments.

Suddenly, and without warning, the plant went on half time. Then it closed down altogether. A year later, when it reopened, Bill Brown had no house, no car, and debts that would take him a long time to repay. Jim Jones, on the other hand, still had his house and his car; and his position debtwise was not much heavier than it had been at the beginning of the year.

How could this be?

When Bill Brown suffered the cut in his work week (as have many others this year), he could no longer meet his installment payments. His creditors began demanding their money and—*Bill Brown panicked.*

First he got a bank loan; but he could not meet those payments either. Then he borrowed from a small-loan company. (Each time he incurred additional finance fees.) Finally he borrowed from loan sharks. They charged him 50¢ a week for every $5, a true interest rate of 520 percent a year. (For-

by Sidney Margolius

financial crisis

strategy, you can hold your own. Here, an expert tells the technique

tunately, the credit union at the plant rescued him with a long-term loan.)

At that point the plant closed down. Bill applied for his unemployment compensation, but it couldn't anywhere near keep him going.

A man came out from the finance company and asked him to sign a surrender form for his car. Bill refused, and parked the car at a distance from his house to save it from seizure. One day the car was missing. He notified the police. Investigation showed that the finance company had tracked it down and a tow truck had hauled it away.

Next, his partly paid for refrigerator was seized, then a practically new living-room set. He fell behind in payments on his house and shut his eyes to notices from the bank. Finally the house was advertised for sale at public auction. With their few remaining pieces of furniture, the Browns moved in with Mrs. Brown's parents.

Neighborhood youngsters broke every window in the empty house, tore up shrubbery. The bank had the house repaired, adding these costs to its bill. The auction brought just enough to cover the bank's costs. Bill Brown got back nothing for three years of installment payments on the house, car and furniture, and was still in debt.

When Jim Jones' work week was cut, he reviewed his situation carefully, then—*Jim Jones made a plan.*

He found to his surprise that in a financial crisis such as his, assistance and advice were available from local civic organizations, from the local credit bureau, from such organizations as the Family Service Association of America, from labor and credit unions. But these organizations were helpful primarily in interceding with creditors and working out emergency budgets. Most of the things they could do for him, Jim Jones found he could do for himself. And so he worked out his own financial survival kit, which went like this:

1) Figure out fixed expenses: mortgage, car, installments.

2) Figure out what non-fixed ex-

penses can be temporarily reduced: food, insurance, medical care.

3) List any hidden assets convertible into cash; check if entitled to Government or other benefits.

4) Set up schedule of payments for creditors.

5) Get in touch with creditors.

Fixed Expenses

Mortgage: Jim Jones' largest fixed expense and potential loss was his home; and this was the situation here: foreclosure laws noticeably favor lenders. (In some states, the bank can proceed to foreclose if the mortgage is in arears 60 days.)

In actual practice, FHA and bank officials report, lenders tend to wait three or four months if your previous payment record is good, but pounce faster if you are a chronic delinquent. If you've been cut down by illness, a bank may wait as long as 12 months if you pay at least the taxes and interest. A family that shows it is trying to get work and is keeping up the property always gets more consideration.

GI mortgages are most lenient and the Veterans Administration does an outstanding job of contacting delinquents to see what the trouble is. Unlike non-GI mortgages, VA regulations require that the lender ring the warning bell twice. First, there's a "notice of default." You have three months to pay before the VA gets a "notice of intent to foreclose." After that, there's a 30-day waiting period before foreclosure action begins.

If your house is sold at auction, the lender generally bids only up to the amount of the mortgage balance, plus foreclosure expenses. Your sole chance of getting anything back is if an outsider bids more.

Time Payments: Finance companies generally hold chattel mortgages which permit them to seize your car or your household furnishings and equipment. But in practice, the chattel mortgage is mostly used as a club over you.

Stores don't like to repossess household goods because of the legal expenses and resale difficulties. Similarly, reputable auto finance companies will stretch out the payments when a man with a good credit record loses his job or is besieged by illness. (Not all finance companies, of course, are that enlightened.)

Non-Fixed Expenses

A realistic look at your non-fixed expenses will reveal many potential cost-cutters.

Food: This is your single biggest expense, commandeering over one-fourth of the average family's income. But there is considerable elasticity in a food budget. As just one example, the New York Marketing Service found plain bread can be bought for 20¢ a pound, but rolls cost as much as 75¢ a pound.

Currently, the average family spends about $8.50-$9 a week per person for food. On the basis of Government studies, it seems as though a family should be able to buy a simple but nourishing and attractive diet for $7.50-$8 a person. For best results, try to hold bills for meat, poultry and fish under one-fourth of your food bill, and under 6½ percent of your entire budget.

Insurance: It may save you

money to arrange for a lower-cost family protection policy and then cash in your old policy. This way you get your money and protect your family at a lower premium for the time being. Or you can arrange to have your policy continued on an extended or paid-up basis which will give you some continuing insurance without further cost.

Families often can make cost reductions on property and auto insurance by grouping various types in a single policy rather than buying separate policies.

Medical Care: Medical costs have jumped more than any other item in the cost of living. As one expense-restrainer, Family Service Association experts point out that nowadays most hospitals have good clinics. The stigma once attached to them has disappeared. They charge a moderate fee if you can pay.

If severed from your job, try to keep up, on your own, your Blue Cross or other group-health membership. Group plans are the lowest-cost health insurance available.

Assets and Benefits

Hidden Assets: You may have more assets you can tap than you imagine, like your life insurance cash-surrender value. But be cautious about cashing in insurance. This is an asset creditors usually can't seize. If you do cash in policies, surrender those of wife and children before you give up the breadwinner's.

In this recession, more people have been borrowing on their life insurance, the Institute of Life Insurance reports. If yours is the kind that has cash-surrender value, this is probably the lowest-cost loan you can get. Insurance companies generally charge true interest rates of 5 percent a year.

Another potential asset is your mortgage escrow account. If the bank pays your taxes and insurance, it may tend to accumulate extra funds. This enforced savings account pays you no interest. When it is larger than necessary to pay forthcoming expenses, you can instruct the bank to return the excess or give you a holiday on one or two monthly payments.

A year of low income is a favorable time to cash Government bonds rather than draw on savings accounts. When your income is down, you probably won't be liable for any income tax. Avoid drawing out cash savings just before the bank declares its interest dividend. You can get a short-term passbook loan to protect your interest dividend.

If you need to sell stocks you own, but the market is unfavorable, you can use the shares as collateral for a low-cost bank loan. In fact, the dividends earned by the shares may more than pay the interest cost of the loan.

Benefits: Some families fail to take full advantage of Government benefits designed to help them. The AFL-CIO reports, for example, that unemployed wage earners have lost thousands of dollars in unemployment benefits because of delay in applying, or ignorance of state regulations.

Every ex-serviceman ought to check state veterans' benefits (whether in a crisis or not). One of the most valuable, given by a number of states, is the partial property-tax exemption.

A cut in income also may make nonservice-disabled vets and some widows eligible for VA pensions. These are available to permanently disabled war vets, surviving dependents of World War II and Korean servicemen who had service-connected disability, and to widows of World War I vets even though their husbands had no disability at time of death. These groups are eligible if their incomes are not over $1,400 a year if single, or $2,700 with dependents.

Older workers and widows with children under 18 should never delay in applying for Social Security even if they plan to return to work when jobs loosen up, and even if they are working sporadically. You can go on and off the rolls as often as necessary. It is not widely known, but in most states you can collect Social Security in addition to unemployment compensation.

Jim Jones at this point listed his income (less taxes), and his available cash reserves. Then he worked out a new schedule of reduced payments.

If you check your installment contracts, as Jim did, you'll find some that have higher carrying charges than others. Your carrying charge on a new car, for instance, is generally a true 12 to 15 percent. This is the most desirable debt to seek to extend. But on used cars, the true rate often is 24 to 42 percent a year. This is the contract to pay off fastest.

When Jim had figured out exactly where he stood, he hurried around to negotiate with his creditors.

The secret of winning your creditors' cooperation is to get in touch with them before they get in touch with you, advises Rudolph Severa, manager of the Credit Bureau of Greater New York. He recommends that you explain why you must drag your feet, how much you expect to pay each week or month, and preferably accompany your letter or explanation with an initial payment.

If you delay contacting creditors until payments are overdue, they will be less receptive. Don't think extensions granted you are for free. You pay interest meantime.

When Jim Jones went to negotiate a stretch-out of his debts, and later when he had to seek a moratorium, he found that help is there in a financial crisis if you push the *right* panic button.

Candid Comments

WHEN YOU HELP out a man in trouble, you can be sure of one thing: he won't forget you—next time he's in trouble.

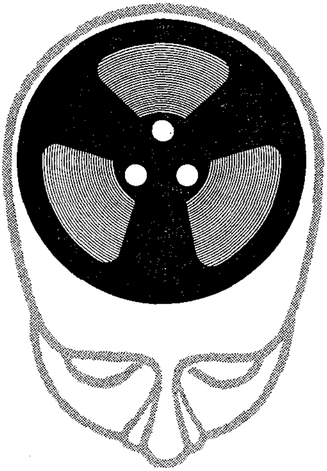
—*Illinois General News*

AN ADULT WESTERN is one in which the hero is smarter than his horse.

—*Bell Syndicate*

IF AT FIRST you don't succeed, you are running about average.

—*The Lion*



THE "TAPE RECORDER" IN YOUR BRAIN

Your memory runs on a reel 1/10-inch thick . . . electrically controlled

by **JOHN PFEIFFER**

SUPPOSE YOU COULD recall every single memory recorded in your mind. If you spent the rest of your life at the task, you would still end up with only a fraction of what you remember. The memory of a middle-aged person contains enough facts to fill about 140,000,000 issues of CORONET.

Where is all this knowledge stored? A clue to the answer was reported recently at a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences by Dr. Wilder Penfield, director of the Montreal Neurological Institute and one of the world's leading brain surgeons. He has located "a recording mechanism for patterns that form the storehouse of remembered experience" in an area of the brain whose function in mental activity has been unknown until now.

Nature has managed to pack the recalling mechanisms of memory into two layers of gray matter only a tenth of an inch or so thick—with a total surface of about 25 square inches. These layers make up part of the cortex or outer mantle covering the entire surface of the brain. Located just underneath the temples, they are known collectively as the temporal cortex. When you try to remember past experiences, electrical nerve impulses pass through these areas, causing the events to flash into your consciousness again.

By producing such impulses artificially in patients undergoing brain operations for epilepsy and other conditions, Dr. Penfield has evoked hidden memories. One of his early patients was a young secretary whom we shall call Dorothy. She was fully conscious. (Since the brain feels no pain, surgery may be conducted with a local anesthetic only.) Dr. Penfield touched a tiny point on her temporal cortex with a special electrode, a fine-wire contact which carries mild electrical currents.

To his amazement, Dorothy suddenly recalled a tune she had heard somewhere years ago and began humming part of it. She actually heard an orchestra. The memory emerged vividly, as if the reel of a submicroscopic tape recorder were unwinding in her mind.

When Dr. Penfield removed the electrode from her temporal cortex, Dorothy stopped humming abruptly. When he touched the same spot again, she hummed the same tune. But she didn't pick up from her stopping-point, she started all over again.

Apparently that mental "reel" had automatically rewound itself for another playback. And the humming progressed as long as the electrode stayed put. But each time the contact was broken and remade, Dorothy's brain played back the tune from the beginning.

Similar tests on many other patients indicate that stimulating the temporal cortex brings back our remembrances of things past; that memories are stored in the form of cerebral "tape recordings"—or "films" complete with sound track. Patients recalled sights as well as sounds. In one case, a teenage girl, Joan, felt a sharp surge of fear. She heard voices and saw an event which had taken place seven years before.

She was walking in a field. The grass was so high that it hid her two brothers walking up ahead. Suddenly an unpleasant-looking man came up behind her and said: "How would you like to get into this bag with the snakes?" Joan screamed to her brothers, and the three children ran home to tell their mother. Dr. Penfield checked this story, and found that the girl's family remembered the frightening incident.

Not only do you preserve your memories in an incredibly complete form but your mind records far more than you realize. When you visit a strange home, for instance, your eyes may wander across a bookcase. Though you can't recall the books voluntarily, the odds are that you would rattle off two or three dozen titles under hypnosis (which probes the depths of memory as effectively as electrical brain stimulation).

On the basis of his studies, Dr. Penfield has arrived at the following theory: "There is, hidden away in the brain, a record of the stream of consciousness. It seems to retain the detail of that stream as perceived during each man's waking, conscious hours. Contained in this record are all the things of which the individual was once aware; such detail as a man might expect to remember for a few minutes afterward, but which is largely lost to voluntary recall after that time."

Clearly, the centers of human memory are points of incessant activity, not all of which is organized or under your control. According to Dr. Penfield, the temporal cortex may represent the site of "the patterns which dreams are made of." In sleep, subconscious and irrational forces have relatively free play.

One of the Montreal surgeon's patients was a young pastor suffering from epileptic seizures. The attacks always came after a particular nightmare. The pastor dreamed he was in a strangely familiar house. But he was afraid to explore the house because, even in his dream, he realized he'd have an attack if he did. Yet something compelled him to open a door despite his fears. A seizure inevitably followed. Removal of part of the temporal cortex relieved the patient's disease—and put an end to his nightmare.

THIS AREA of gray matter is also concerned with peculiar illusions of memory. On rare occasions you doubtless have experienced that uncanny feeling of having lived through a current situation before. The sensation may come during a conversation with friends at an unfamiliar restaurant. You're suddenly convinced that you've been there at some previous time, with the same people sitting in the same places and saying the same words. This feeling, which has long fascinated psychologists, can be produced by stimulating the brain electrically.

Dr. Penfield has also studied certain areas of the temporal cortex which may be devoted to word-memory. You probably know the names of several thousand persons—even more, if you include the names of people you've simply read about.

Now imagine yourself at a party where someone suddenly asks you: "Have you heard of Roger Gregson?" Chances are that you will say yes-or-no within seconds. This familiar ability represents one of the most marvelous yet baffling feats of the human mind. It implies that the brain includes an indexing system far more efficient than anything man has ever devised—a way of searching through your built-in files of cerebral tape recordings and films, at lightning speeds. This same system enables you to tell immediately whether you know the meaning of specific words.

The temporal cortex is concerned with still subtler activities. It scans through our records of past experiences, compares them with things happening in the present, and interprets the results. "When you meet an old acquaintance," Dr. Penfield explains, "almost instantaneously, a mechanism of the brain is providing you with a standard of comparison. A moment earlier you could not have pictured this man. Yet now you note that his movements are slowed . . . his shoulders stooped. But his laugh, perhaps, has not changed."

Further research at the Montreal Neurological Institute reveals that once you form memories they tend to persist. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as amnesia, in the sense that you actually lose your records of former events. What may be lost is the ability to reach those records. Although your past memories are relatively permanent, doctors know that certain types of injury may prevent you from forming new memories.

Some years ago a prizefighter named Ted Lewis was felled in the first round by his opponent's tremendous left hook to the head. In his dressing room following the bout, Lewis muttered: "A guy I should have licked knocked me out in the first round." Actually Lewis had staggered to his feet after a count of nine, survived the round, and won by a knockout in the 11th round.

But that opening punch had jarred his temporal cortex, and put his memory out of commission. Throughout the rest of the fight, while he remembered everything he already knew, he temporarily lost the ability to store fresh experiences. Aware of his opponent's tactics and the advice of his seconds between rounds, he promptly forgot it all. Elderly persons often encounter similar problems. Although they can remember the past in considerable detail, recent incidents may be more elusive because of difficulties in forming new memories.

By far the greatest mystery of all, however, is how your vast stores of memory can be crammed into the compact tissues of the brain. The final answer to that question is still a long way off, but investigators at the Montreal research center and elsewhere have speculated about the problem. The brain has about ten billion nerve cells, four times more than the total population of the earth. If each cell contained the memory of just one event in your life, that still wouldn't provide sufficient storage space for all that you remember.

So the secret must lie within the cells themselves, among the protein molecules which compose living material. It may be that these molecules register the information you remember in the form of chemical codes. New experiences may somehow be "imprinted" by persisting changes in the intricate structure of such particles. The brain's tissues include some thousand billion billion protein molecules. *That* number is believed ample for the purposes of human memory.

The temporal cortex and its associated nerve centers hold the key to memory and open a new chapter in the study of the mind. And Dr. Penfield's research represents a significant first step toward understanding the brain's higher faculties.

IN OCTOBER CORONET

OUR NEED FOR FAMILY TALK

Good conversation at home—and really being able to talk with your children—is a lost art. Learn how to revive it—and bring your family closer together.

BARGAIN-BASEMENT SCHOOLS

Throughout America, plans for vital school facilities are being junked. An important article exposes the dangerous fallacy of cut-rate education.

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by Lydel Sims

QUICKSAND

nature's strange booby trap

THREE MEN were hunting near Brandywine Island on the Mississippi River not long ago. One of them brought down a duck and started across a low, swampy area to get it.

Suddenly he gave a wild yell, and his startled companions looked around to see him apparently sinking into the earth at great speed. Within not more than a minute, only his head was visible. At that point his downward progress halted.

The other two raced for a fallen tree about 30 feet long, pushed it across the sandy swampland, then dragged themselves along its trunk until they could reach him. It took an hour and a half of backbreaking work to pull him out.

The hunter had stepped into quicksand, one of our least popularly understood natural phenomena and a hazard doubly dangerous today because it is so widespread and because most people know nothing about it.

Quicksand is a word fraught with sinister meanings and vague recollections from childhood. Almost everyone has read fantastic stories—both fact and fiction—of its ability to suck victims down to a horrible death. It has been a lurid, almost supernatural, element in folklore.

In the first full-length detective novel ever written, "The Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins, an ominous theme runs like a shudder through the first portion: "Light or heavy, whatever goes into the Shivering Sand is sucked down and seen no more." Victor Hugo wrote in "Les Miserables" that any attempt a victim of quicksand makes to free himself only buries him deeper.

But while the word conjures up fearsome images in the imagination of most people, their reason attempts to reject it entirely. "Quicksand?" a normally well-informed businessman remarked. "Why, that's an old wives' tale. There's no such thing."

But there *is* such a thing, and its power to swallow up objects forever—granted the proper conditions—is awesome indeed.

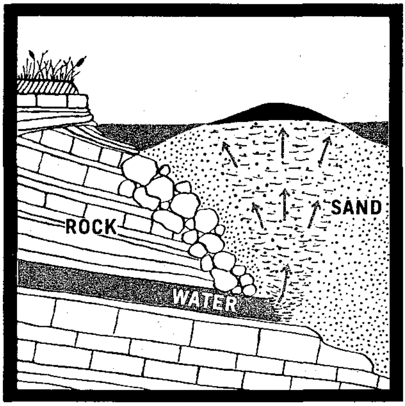
On the night of May 21, 1878, a flash flood destroyed a wooden bridge on the Kansas Pacific line at Kiowa Creek, some 30 miles east of

Denver, and the main section of a freight train plunged into the raging current.

The railroad waited for the water to run out of the normally dry creekbed, then pulled the freight cars out one by one. Finally the tender, too, was recovered. But the locomotive had vanished from sight, and workmen probed the sands of Kiowa Creek to a depth of 50 feet without finding a trace of it.

How could the sands of a normally dry creek engulf so tremendous an object? The answer lies in the true definition of quicksand, which is not a material but simply a condition.

Quicksand is not, contrary to widespread belief, a particular type of sand, nor is it merely sand mixed with water, for some combinations of sand and water provide remarkably strong support. Actually, the secret of what makes quicksand lies in the direction, force and volume of the water's flow; and Professor J. O. Osterberg of Northwestern University's Technological Institute has built a "quicksand tank" to demonstrate just what the phenomenon is and how it works.



When the upward force of water equals the downward weight of sand, its power to bear weight disappears. The result is quicksand.

The professor set up a two-foot square transparent tank with a circulation chamber in the bottom and a layer of porous stone above. On top of that, he put a quantity of ordinary sand. When water was poured on top of the sand, its ability to support weights was increased.

But when water was pumped in from below, through the circulation chamber, and rose upward through the sand, its bearing capacity began to decrease. When the upward force of the water equaled the downward weight of the sand, its capacity to support weight disappeared, the grains of sand were separated from one another, and the professor had a tank of quicksand.

Thus the locomotive sank in the sands of Kiowa Creek because underground water rose through the particles, separating them and making them "quick." If the source of the underground flood had been only ten feet deep, the locomotive would have sunk only ten feet or a little more. But the water had risen from a depth of more than 50 feet.

Quicksand presents major problems in construction work, though engineers shy away from the term because of the many vague connotations it carries. But the presence of "hydrostatic pressures" or of "loose, fine sand below critical density" *has* produced strange and terrible results.

In Providence, Rhode Island, a pump was left running over a weekend to remove quicksand from a sewer excavation. By the time workmen returned on Monday, a large area of forest nearby had sunk several feet and many large trees were uprooted.

Just how likely quicksand is to kill the unwary man or animal who steps into it cannot be determined; for, unfortunately, no Federal agency keeps any record of quicksand deaths. One Civil War historian reports that 20 men were lost in quicksand while Federal forces were building a canal during the Island No. 10 campaign. And in a recent two-year period, a helicopter operated by the New York City Police Department rescued at least four persons from quicksand off Howard Beach in Jamaica Bay. One of the victims had sunk to his neck.

The person who knows what to do is reasonably safe in quicksand, but it can be a harrowing and possibly fatal experience if proper precautions are not taken.

Contrary to fictional accounts, quicksand does not suck its victim down. It simply fails to provide support, and descent through the loose mixture of sand and water can be rapid.

People walking in the outdoors often step unawares into quicksand, for all too often there is no surface indication of its presence. But for the victim who keeps his wits, nature is on his side.

Professor Osterberg demonstrated this with his quicksand tank. Using a plastic doll named Willie, he showed that quicksand, being a mixture of sand and water, is actually denser than water itself and will act like any liquid in which a body is immersed. As soon as Willie was dropped into the quicksand, he sank until he displaced his own weight—at which point he floated with his head and shoulders above the surface.

Thus, the person who, stepping into quicksand, begins to struggle frantically to free his legs only makes matters worse. For, while quicksand will not suck its victim down, the act of pulling up a foot does create a powerful suction itself, because there is no air to take the place of the foot.

Men who have had frequent encounters with quicksand recommend that the victim throw himself backward to lie on the quicksand, like a swimmer floating. This allows the entire bulk of the body to help support itself, instead of forcing the body weight downward on the legs. The process of working the legs out of the sand must be a slow one. (Ideally, a person venturing into areas that might contain quicksand should equip himself with a long pole to aid in his escape.)

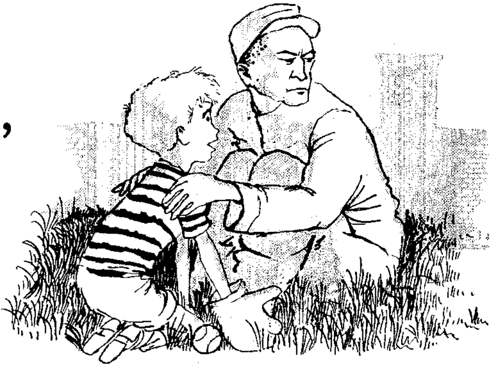
Remember that, even remaining erect, your descent *should* halt at about shoulder depth; and that if anybody has died in quicksand in recent years, no record of the case can be found.

A HOLDUP man entered a California store and ordered the clerk to hand over the contents of the cash register. He fled when she told him flatly, "I'm very sorry, but I'm off duty and the union won't let me." —*Akron Beacon Journal*

In the crisis, the bond between the boy and his wayward hero held firm as the walls around them

"My convict"

by Collie Small



AT THE AGE OF NINE, I was introduced into the concrete-and-steel world of Montana State Penitentiary in Deer Lodge, where my father was an official. My eyes were popping as he led me through the main gate, carefully locking and testing each door before opening the next. And then, suddenly, I was home, being shown my room on the top floor of a guards' dormitory between two cell blocks housing nearly 900 convicts.

Two months later my father and I moved outside to a house directly across the street from Tower Number One where my mother joined us (with some trepidation when she discovered her housekeeper was a murderess).

I liked summer Sundays best. That's when the trusties who worked in the prison office were permitted to spend their leisure time outdoors. In the morning there was always a handball game and after lunch a concert by the prison band.

But late in the afternoon, before the convicts started their melancholy walk back to the "bunkhouse" for the lockup, came the greatest thrill of all: a game of catch with one of the prisoners, preferably with Lee, a thrice-convicted safe-cracker — and the world's best second baseman. There was no mistake about it—he was my hero and, a year later, when I was all of ten, it was Lee whom I helped to "escape."

That fateful afternoon, we had been playing catch as usual, alongside the gray office building, taking special pains not to lose our one-and-only baseball in a deep excavation nearby that was piled high with lumber. My glove hand was beginning to feel sore, so Lee and I sat down on the grass to rest.

"Look, kid," he said, suddenly. "Would you do me a favor?"

Favor! There was nothing I would not have done for him. "Sure," I answered, readily.

Lee looked around furtively. Then he reached into his pocket and handed me a five-dollar bill. It never occurred to me that he was not allowed to carry money. I suppose he stole it from the department in which he worked.

"Take this to Fourth Street," he said. "Ring the bell and ask for 'Slim.' When he comes to the door say, 'Lee sent this.' He'll know what to do."

I was gone in a flash. "Slim" himself answered the door. When I gave him the money and repeated the message, he seemed to understand perfectly. From there I went home. It was almost time for dinner.

My father had just taken his place at the head of the table when the prison sirens began to wail. At the same moment, the telephone rang. Father strode across the room to the phone, listened for a moment, then calmly began issuing instructions. "Notify the state police," I heard him say. "Get in touch with the sheriffs. Don't worry, we'll find him."

He came back to the table and sat down. I looked at him quizzically.

"Your friend, Lee," he said. "He's gone."

My stomach dropped. I knew instantly I had contributed somehow to the escape, but how? In my alarm, I determined to say nothing.

That was the most tortured night of my life. As I lay in bed, baffled and sick with fright, I tried to figure out what I had done on such a simple little errand. Where had Lee gone? Would they catch him? And if they did, would he tell? Hours later, I fell into a troubled sleep.

The next morning, it took all of my courage to approach the breakfast table where my father sat, reading his paper. We exchanged perfunctory "good mornings," and I sat down as quietly as possible.

"Oh," he said, suddenly. "We found your friend last night."

"Where?" I managed, weakly.

"In the excavation next to the office," he grinned. "Somebody passed him a quart of whisky over the back fence and he drank it all. Then he fell into the hole and rolled halfway under a pile of lumber."

So that was it! I must have taken the money to a bootlegger! Now I was sure to be discovered.

"What did you do with him?" I asked as casually as I could.

"Threw him inside," my father answered. "He's working in the cleaning shop. Why?"

"I was just wondering."

From then on, I awoke each morning frozen with fear that Lee was at that very moment being broken down by relays of guards in some bare room inside the prison walls. Each night, having gotten through another day, I would say to myself, "Tomorrow. They'll make him tell tomorrow. Then I'm finished."

About ten days after the "escape" I was walking to school when I reached into the watch pocket of my trousers—where I used to keep bits of string, a spare marble, rubber bands. The trousers had just been cleaned at the shop inside the walls and there was a piece of paper in the little pocket. I drew it out and read it slowly.

"Don't worry, kid," it said. "I didn't squeal."

It was not until almost 25 years later that I told my father what had happened.

* * *

Foes call him "Mussolini,"
"clown" and "Robin Hood."
But the voters keep
electing Orville Hubbard . . .

Dearborn's madcap mayor

by Edward E. Malkin

DEARBORN, Michigan, otherwise famous as the birthplace of Henry Ford's industrial empire, boasts the most colorful, provocative and irrepressible mayor in the U.S. He is Orville L. Hubbard, a garrulous, 240-pound ex-Marine who moved into City Hall almost 17 years ago—and has been there ever since.

Alternately, Mayor Hubbard has been accused of being a municipal clown playing weird legal pranks from City Hall; a rotund Robin Hood soaking the Ford interests with taxes for the benefit of the homeowner; and a would-be Mussolini who engineers public consent to one-man rule under the forms of democracy.

His foes have tried to unseat him in one recall and nine regular elections—and failed. Commented the Detroit *Free Press* petulantly: "If Orville Hubbard is what the voters of Dearborn want, Orville Hubbard is what they got."

Nevertheless, some of those who make civic affairs their business regard "Little Orvie" Hubbard as one of the country's ablest administrators. Charles R. Adrian, Michigan State University political scientist, studied the Dearborn city government in 1955. He found it almost totally free of graft, corruption and patronage.

But regardless of their opposing views, friends and foes of Dearborn's political champ agree on one thing: he is a master at reaching the voter's heart and mind at every opportune moment.

In his campaign literature Hubbard identifies himself with everyone, but particularly the underdog. And his flair for publicity constantly produces heart-warming stories which keep his image before the voters at all times. Here are just a few stunts which have gotten newsprint mileage:

The city opened a marriage bureau where eligible men and women could get acquainted under respectable auspices.

Last year the city purchased 25 station wagons equipped with radios, stretchers, fire extinguishers, oxygen and axes, to double as police cars and as emergency fire engines.

Hubbard announced a plan to build a retirement village in Florida for Dearborn oldsters on land offered by a Florida developer.

The Mayor registered for an University of Michigan extension course. "I need anthropology so I can understand my councilmen better," he is quoted as explaining.

During World War II, it was reported that Hubbard commissioned an anti-submarine fleet of powerboats to defend Dearborn. (Dearborn is 20 miles *inland* from the nearest Great Lake.)

The Mayor's direct mail and person-to-person techniques are equally canny.

When you move into town you receive a personal letter of welcome from the Mayor signed in green ink in letters an inch high. His stationery comes in canary yellow, green and white.

During the war, he personally bade farewell to nearly every inductee at the station, and greeted many vets on their return. Nor did he ever forget to send a Mother's Day greeting to every Gold Star Mother.

His prodigious energy is reflected in his manner. Medium-tall, handsome, with regular features, Hubbard, at 55, seems remarkably youthful despite his bulk. He reinforces this image by sporting jaunty polka-dot bow ties and fashionably tailored clothes. He could pass as an older brother of his four sons and daughter who range in age from 15 to 29.

Hubbard held down jobs as cement worker, auto worker and stenographer, and served in the Marines until 1925. Two years later, he wed the former Fay Cameron. The following year he made the most crucial move of his life.

Boldly strolling into the Detroit College of Law, he handed the Admissions Committee pleas, arguments and affidavits from friends declaring their belief that he would make a good lawyer. He had everything with him except evidence that he had ever graduated from high school. But the college took a chance on him. So did the *Wall Street Journal* which, at the same time, gave him a job as financial reporter in its Detroit bureau.

Before he was graduated, Hubbard repaid a tuition loan from his father-in-law. How he did it provides a key to his character.

As a promotion stunt, a Detroit department store offered two automobiles to the customers making the best estimates of the number of times the cars' wheels revolved in a day. To gain extra guesses, Hubbard bought a costly gas range on credit. Then he and a few friends took turns watching the spinning valve cap on one of the car's wheels, literally counting the turns with a stop watch and averaging their estimates. With this kind of staff work Hubbard's best estimate came within six revolutions of the exact count.

Giving his father-in-law the car, Hubbard canceled his debt, and, in 1929, moved from Detroit to Dearborn, where he hung out his shingle and immediately entered politics.

He experienced ten long years of political defeats. This would have permanently squashed the ego of a milder man. Instead, it made Hubbard a polished politician. After failing to get nominated for mayor three times, state senator three times, and congressman once, he finally, in 1941, won both nomination and election as Dearborn's mayor. The voters knew him by then.

HUBBARD had offered himself as an "unbossed mayor." And his new broom swept clean, freeing Dearborn from police-protected racketeering and prostitution. To add a little drama, the Mayor wore a gun until things settled down.

Within a year, Hubbard had the voters approve a "strong mayor" charter that gave him the power to appoint and remove key officials without the consent of the city council. He could now replace the boards which previously ran the departments with his own appointees and greatly reduce the number of elected posts. In short, both the power and the responsibility for good government were placed in the sole hands of the Mayor.

By 1945, Hubbard's ideas of direct democracy—going to the voters on every occasion with placards, proclamations, parades, and meetings hoked up with professional entertainers—had reduced the councilmen to frustration. They passed an ordinance forbidding the Mayor to talk to the voters, either in person or by telephone. Mayor Hubbard, making sure that news photographers were present, had himself arrested violating the gag law. It earned him nationwide publicity. Then he brought suit and had the law declared unconstitutional.

Again in April 1950 his unflagging vocal chords provoked a legal counterblow. An attorney, John J. Fish, secured a libel judgment of $7,500 against Hubbard for campaign remarks.

Fish invoked a weird Michigan law that permitted the jailing of a debtor, providing the creditor pays the board bill at the jailhouse. The cost of such board in Wayne County was $25 a week. Fish put down $100, saying he would be out of town for a month. But when the sheriff came to put the pinch on Little Orvie, the Mayor had vanished. And the elected head of Dearborn's law and order led the sheriff and state troopers a merry chase.

The headlines during early August of 1950 reported him in a tent just across the county line, in Atlantic City, in transit on an inspection tour of the U.S. Finally, on August 19, the fantastic affair reached a climax when the Mayor turned up, in person, across the Canadian boundary in Windsor, Ontario, where he printed stationery for use by his "government-in-exile."

Then, suddenly, new stationery was printed, giving the Wayne

County Jail as the address of the Dearborn City Government. Finally, the Mayor returned to Dearborn after friends posted a $5,000 bond guaranteeing he would not leave the county until the libel judgment was paid off. It wasn't—until 1957 when 3,500 Dearborn admirers contributed $10,101 (the judgment plus accumulated interest) as a "Freedom Fund for Mayor Hubbard." In November of the same year he was reelected.

William L. Mills, then publisher of the *Dearborn Independent,* one of the three weekly newspapers in town, ran against Hubbard. He was defeated by 25,169 to 14,721. But not before he got in a few licks in his newspaper.

A nice guy turned "power-mad," "an advocate of the Big Lie" are a couple of the tags Mills tried to pin on Little Orvie. He termed the Mayor's sheriff-dodging in the Fish case "disgusting," pointing out that the Mayor was the chief law-enforcing officer of Dearborn during this period. Of all Mills' charges, probably the most effective was that Hubbard wrecked the 1948 plans of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company to build high-class rental facilities in Dearborn by conducting a whispering campaign that it would open the city to Negroes.

It has been a chief plank in Hubbard's policy to keep Dearborn the almost entirely homeowner town that it is.

As for Hubbard being a Michigan Mussolini, flamboyant fox might be a better description.

Recently, Donald Calkins, a civics teacher at Fordson High School, brought members of his class down to City Hall to interview the Mayor. The Mayor thought it was a fine idea, too—until he noticed that Mr. Calkins was plugging in a tape-recorder microphone.

There ensued a scuffle in the course of which the recorder was conveniently damaged.

On another occasion, the Mayor is accused of having seized the microphone himself at an opposition political meeting. He retorts now that the affair was billed as an open meeting and that everyone had spoken his piece but him.

Occasionally, the voters figuratively spank the Mayor. Hubbard is still smarting from his rebuff a year ago on his Florida retirement scheme. Nevertheless he managed to retain in the city's 1959 budget an appropriation involving plans for the most advanced type of retirement villages. These will be built in Dearborn for old folks who wish to live separately from their families but still remain in their old familiar neighborhoods.

In the last analysis it is his imaginative provision of services that has made Hubbard invulnerable in Dearborn.

Snow shoveling in the Michigan winter is no small chore. Little Orvie has 700 miles of sidewalks in front of 35,000 Dearborn homes shoveled by tractor, for nothing. "Tractors," he asserted in one of his pithier apothems, "do not have heart attacks."

Is there a hole or rut in your street? A dead cat? A fallen tree limb? Call the Dearborn Service Department or Orville Hubbard directly. It will be taken care of during the hour.

Do you have a yen for recreation? The city operates ice-skating and hockey rinks, baseball diamonds, swimming pools and "tot lots" in every subdivision.

But the apple of the Mayor's eye is Camp Dearborn, 35 miles from the heart of town, "a private country club for the residents of Dearborn and their guests." Here, for practically no charge, whole families take advantage of extensive facilities that include unsinkable metal rowboats, archery ranges, tennis courts, fishing and a 2,500-foot beach. And this summer, for a small cost, residents will be able to camp out for a week or a month in screened tents equipped with electric stove-refrigerators and outdoor 24-inch TV sets.

Camp Dearborn is Hubbard's bid for immortality. "This," he says in a surprising display of emotion, "will outlive me."

Explanations Extraordinary

WHEN SARAH BERNHARDT, the celebrated French actress, had grown old, she lived in an apartment high above the streets of Paris. One evening she was visited by an old admirer who knocked at her door all out of breath from the long climb.

"Madame," he exclaimed, "why is it that you live so high up?"

"Dear friend," replied the actress, "it is the only way I can still make the hearts of men beat faster."

—MILT WEISS

VISITING FRIENDS in Amarillo, Texas, I asked about the high wind which seemingly never stopped blowing.

"It *is* a bit breezy," my host admitted, "but you soon learn how to handle it."

He went on to tell me of a lifelong resident of Amarillo who had taken his first vacation away from the Panhandle—a train trip to New Orleans. When he stepped from the train, he suddenly pitched forward to his knees, and was helped to his feet. He thanked his rescuers, took two more steps, and once again fell prostrate.

"You're ill!" a woman exclaimed. "Hadn't we better call an ambulance?"

Looking up sheepishly, the Texan said, "I feel fine, ma'am. You see, I'm from Amarillo and we always bend to the wind when we walk. I reckon I'm just leanin' out a little too far for New Orleans."

—JACK MACDONALD

OUR EIGHT-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER was having difficulty doing simple arithmetic without the use of her fingers. I thought that possibly conjuring up an imaginary blackboard in her head and doing the problem on it would encourage her to do her arithmetic mentally.

"Close your eyes and picture a blackboard in your head," I told her. "Do you see your blackboard?"

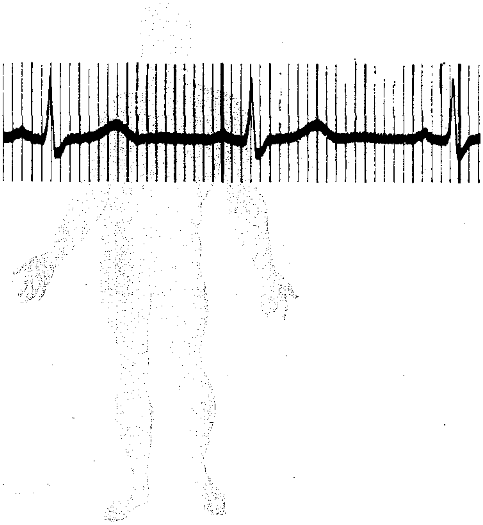
"Yes," she answered.

"Well, write your problem on it. Now, do you have that down?"

"Not yet, Mama," she replied. "I can't find the chalk."

—GERALDINE PALLONE

THE PHYSICAL CHECKUP



Medicine's most potent lifesaver

by Evan M. Wylie

FIFTY YEARS AGO, a famous Midwest medical school professor kept a cross-eyed cow's head mounted on the wall of his lecture room.

"You have ahead of you," he would tell his class of doctors-to-be, "many long years of exhausting study and little sleep learning to care for the ailing human race. To avoid disillusionment later on, let my barnyard trophy be a reminder to you that your average patient will worry much more about his cow than his own health."

In the intervening half century, medicine and surgery have made tremendous advances. Yet, fantastic as it seems, Americans each year still spend more time and money on their cows, motorcars and golf lessons than they do safeguarding their health.

Experts in the field of preventative medicine warn that you should see your doctor at least once a year, even though you feel fine and have not a single symptom of illness. Nearly 75,000 Americans, for example, die annually of cancer that was curable in its early stages but not seen soon enough.

Although many parents now understand the importance of having a doctor supervise their baby's development during the first year, the majority seem to assume that thereafter it is not particularly necessary. Yet when a child's height, weight, vision, muscular coordination and manner of speech are followed closely, the physician is given a chance to spot defects which might be missed by parents for years.

Such disturbances as pituitary gland irregularities which bring about abnormalities in growth must be corrected early. A faulty pancreas may lead to the lack of insulin that causes diabetes.

Teenagers seldom see any doctor

save the school physician, yet the drastic changes which come about in body chemistry at this time may introduce lifetime problems.

"Adolescence," warns Dr. Harold Jacobziner of New York City's Health Department, "is a critical period associated with many emotional conflicts, social pressures, difficulties and adjustments. Children's self-consciousness about their sexual development may result in feelings of awkwardness, inadequacy and in strange misconceptions about their bodies.

"Most teenage children, because of a newly developed sense of privacy and shyness, will not usually confide these problems to their parents. A doctor who has their confidence can quickly clear up doubts and fears . . . while checking their health status."

In early adulthood there is much to be gained by regular medical conferences. "It would be difficult to estimate," says one internationally known marriage counselor, "how much divorce and infidelity could be avoided if newlyweds maintained regular contact with an enlightened physician."

For most people, the ages between 30 and the mid-40s impose the greatest physical stress and mental strain of their entire lives. Today it is known that these pressures can contribute to illnesses which are as real and crippling as pneumonia or appendicitis.

Alert family physicians spot these emotion-based ailments early, trace them quickly to harmful living patterns and move swiftly with prescriptions and firm advice to clear them up before they become serious.

Today many of the diseases of aging are being controlled; and available too are a whole new armament of drugs that combat fatigue, lethargy and depression and restore to an older person a sense of vigor and optimism and a life free from pain.

What your doctor looks for during an annual checkup depends a good deal upon your sex and age. What he can do about his findings, in contrast to his limitations 20 years ago, is a dramatic reminder of the fast-moving pace of modern medicine. Examples of the box score in disease cures and controls:

Diabetes—*Then*: Up to 66 percent of all diabetics required daily hypodermic doses of insulin and rigidly restricted diet needed to prevent fatal coma. *Now*: Some diabetics need swallow several pills daily in order to remain in excellent health. Diet, while still restricted, is more liberal.

Cancer—*Then*: Only one patient out of seven saved. *Now*: One patient in three is being cured by early detection and treatment with radiation and new techniques of surgery.

In routine examinations, for instance, physicians now can detect pre-cancerous conditions of the rectum at a stage when they may be completely eradicated with a minor operation. Cancer of the cervix, a most common kind of cancer in women, can often be detected *five to ten years before it becomes dangerous.*

TB—*Then*: Specific treatment frequently used: Artificial Pneumothorax—used to collapse the lung. Long enforced sanatorial bed rest.

Majority of cases fatal. *Now*: Specific new wonder drugs bring return to normal living usually within a year. Death rate low and still dropping.

Venereal infections—*Then*: Extremely difficult to cure. Often caused chronic or fatal complications. *Now*: If treated immediately, they are completely cured within 48 hours to ten days by antibiotics.

Menopause and menstrual problems—*Then*: Painful physical and emotional symptoms suffered with little relief. *Now*: Premenstrual tension, menopausal upsets and vaginal infections easily eliminated with drugs that did not exist even a decade ago.

Your *family doctor* is the key figure in medical checkups. He makes the original diagnosis, anticipates trouble, takes steps to remedy it or refers you to a surgeon or specialist if he thinks it necessary.

In this era of electronics we sometimes forget that a well-trained general practitioner's eyes, ears and hands still are highly skilled diagnostic instruments. Seemingly casual conversation, keen observation, a finger pressed here and there and the instruments that any physician has in his office may tell him a wealth about your emotional state and physical condition.

The simple reflection of a mirror in your eye, for example, may disclose tip-offs to diseases ranging from high blood pressure to diabetes and arteriosclerosis. A glance at the tongue may disclose the early presence of pernicious anemia, which was once a fatal disease and is now completely controllable. Imperfections in the skin at certain sites in the body may point to serious vitamin deficiencies.

If the doctor is seeing you for the first time, he will want to take down what he calls a "history," which is a complete record of all your past illnesses, operations and the state of your health. He will also want to know what personal problems you have, details about your eating, sleeping and recreation habits. The more he knows about your background the easier it will be for him to understand and treat disorders that may arise later on. No more valuable personal document exists, and if you should subsequently move away, you should make a point of having it forwarded to your new physician.

Part II of any general medical checkup is the physical examination, which is literally a head-to-toe inspection. In most cases there is no pain; you merely relax, answer the doctor's questions and let him do the work.

He inspects your skin, head and neck, chest and spine, abdomen and extremities. By observation, by gentle pressure here and there, by using a stethoscope and blood pressure cuff, he checks your circulatory and digestive systems and gauges the state of your internal and external organs.

Special tests exist for both sexes. In women, breast and pelvic examinations are called for. In men, special attention is paid to the prostate gland which may become enlarged later in life.

For both sexes, a rectal examination is usually included. It is a quick, easy means of detecting a common kind of cancer when it is still 70 percent curable.

Laboratory tests usually include a urinalysis, blood tests and, in women, a sample of vaginal fluid. This is for the Papanicolaou test in which the cells stained under a microscope reveal whether or not cancer of the uterus exists in a stage that is years away from being dangerous.

Because cancer of the lung is now the most common cause of death from cancer among men, and still increasing, most doctors now believe that all adults, particularly men over 40, should have a set of chest X rays taken once a year. An electrocardiogram, which provides a check on the heart, is necessary only about once every five years after 40.

A good many people still shy away from annual medical examinations because they fear the costs. Yet most physicians' fees for the most thorough checkup, aside from X rays, usually run from $10 to $35. Chest X rays, which usually call for a separate appointment with a specialist, average around $15.

Two other common excuses for avoiding checkups are (1) a fear the doctor will find cancer, and (2) "X rays are dangerous."

In rebuttal, Dr. W. Kenneth Clark of the American Cancer Society comments, "In 99 out of every 100 people who undergo regular health examinations, no cancer will be found. If early disease is present in your body, it is most unlikely to go away just because you don't permit your doctor to find it. Chances are, the longer it remains untreated the greater the discomfort and expense involved in having it treated. As for X rays, if the machine is properly safeguarded and the doctor competent, radiologists say we can undergo thousands of chest X rays without being exposed to a dangerous degree of radiation."

Since your health and very possibly your life depend upon your doctor's interest, judgment and skill, it is wise to seek out a physician whose approach to medicine is up-to-date and with whom you and the other members of your family can build a trusting, candid relationship. If your doctor scoffs at requests for an annual checkup, or if he does not seem to have the time or inclination to discuss your emotional and sexual problems frankly, he should be replaced.

The least serious consequences of failing to obtain an annual medical examination may be prolonged ill health, expensive surgery, or cancellation of a long-awaited holiday. The most serious, of course, is your untimely departure into the next world.

With the medical knowledge and tools available to your doctor today, you are cheating yourself and your family out of a longer life, and the vigor to enjoy it, if you don't find time for your health as well as for hi-fi sets and hairdressers.

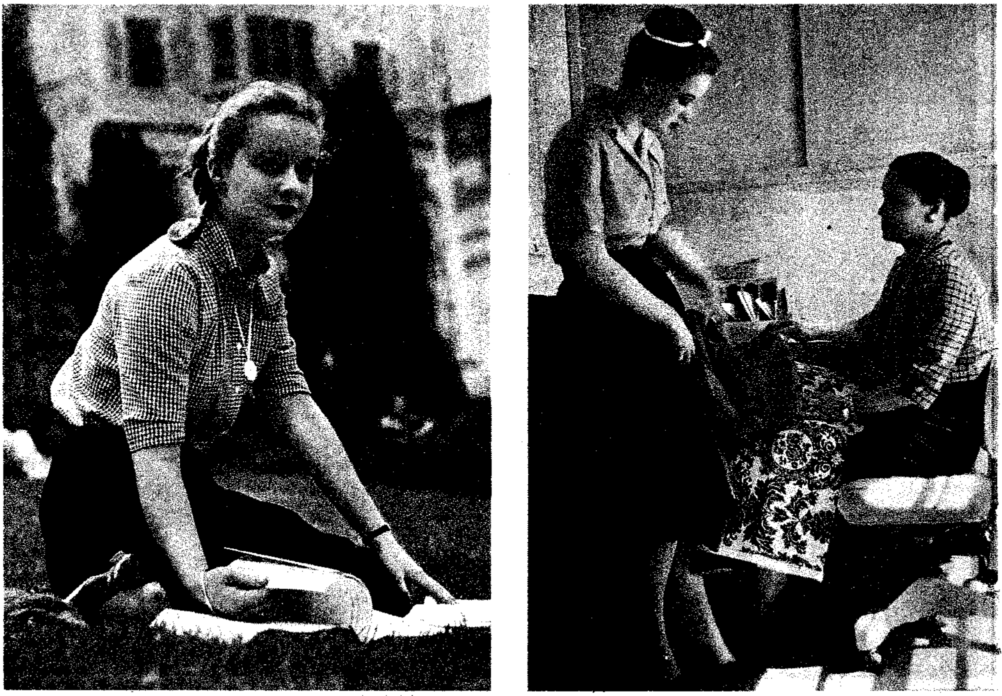
A COMPETITION HELD in Barnes Green, England, to select the most useful domestic gadget, was won by the woman whose entry was her husband.
—*Brushware*

6 girls in search of success

COST-CONSCIOUS Hollywood today refuses to waste time and money on young unknowns who have glamour—and little else. A young actress must be willing to train and work hard. To teach acting fundamentals to these hopefuls, 20th Century-Fox recently opened a New Talent School, and typical of the students are the six girls grouped above: *front*—Barbara English, Mary-Robin Redd, Sue Browne; *rear:* Sandra Payne, Linda Hutchings, Arlene Farrell. Each hopes to become a star. But as a crutch against possible failure, they're all continuing with other careers while they study acting, as pictures on the following pages reveal.

Text by Mark Nichols **Photographs by David Sutton**

Mary-Robin Redd



Energetic and ambitious, Mary-Robin scurries between college classes (left) and her job as apprentice to interior decorator Jeanne Ludwig (far right).

STUDENTS AT THE New Talent School receive no contracts or salary. Those who show promise during the 13-week, twice-weekly night classes will be screen-tested for regular jobs. Mary-Robin Redd, 19, was introduced to school director Ben Bard by a friend on the lot. Bard liked her looks: blue eyes, light-brown hair, and a well-proportioned figure (34-23½-35, 5′5″ and 118 pounds). "How would you like to study here?" he asked. "I'd like nothing better," she replied. Meanwhile, during the daytime, Mary-Robin

Screaming in anguish, Mary-Robin "recites" in an acting class. Dramatic scenes worry her, despite her experience on television shows like "Target".

is majoring in drama at UCLA, studying history at Marymount College, learning interior decorating as a part-time assistant, and taking singing lessons. The daughter of a Los Angeles advertising executive, Mary Gabrielle Domoni Robin Redd adopted Mary-Robin because "it's a more distinctive name. I think I'm best suited for musical comedy parts," she says. "But eventually I'd like to write for the movies and theatre. Even if I never act in anything, the course and training at the New Talent School will be a big help."

LOS ANGELES-born Linda Hutchings — CORONET's cover girl this month — leads an equally busy but different life from Mary-Robin. At 21, Linda has been married five years, cares for her two children, raises poodles and flies the family plane whenever she gets the chance. A resourceful girl, this comely brunette—5′6½″, 120 pounds, 35-24-35—found time, between caring for "Big" Mike, 3½, and "Little" Jon, 2, to model in fashion shows. A talent agent

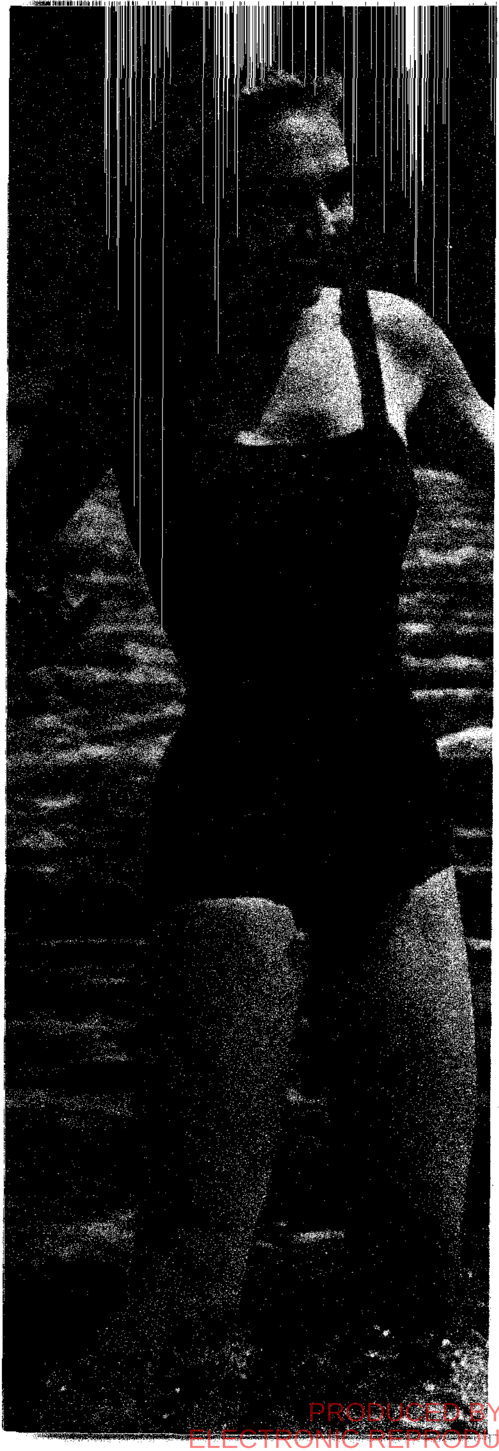
Linda Hutchings

This poodle pup, Mitzi, takes bathing calmly, lightening Linda's chores.

spotted her there and brought her to 20th's attention. Linda's husband Gene, who owns a "used-plane lot," encouraged her to take the studio drama course. "I have a great craving to express myself," she says. Raising purebred poodles is a profitable avocation for brown-eyed Linda. The $150 she receives per pup augments the family income. On weekends, the four Hutchings roll out their G-model, stagger-wing Beechcraft and take off for remote camping areas.

Page Slattery and Linda burst into laughter when she misses a cue in tender love scene during drama class.

Getting ready for weekend flight in their Beechcraft, Linda and her husband Gene discuss last-minute plans.



Barbara English

BLONDE, BLUE-EYED Barbara English, 22, is pleased if her figure — 5′7″, 120 pounds, 36-23-35 — attracts attention. "But," she says, "it's what's in your heart that really counts." This student of philosophy and religion feels acting will give her a chance to spread good will and help charitable causes. Denver-born Barbara Wolf (she became "English" professionally because of "too many Wolfs around") headed for New York soon after she finished high school. She modeled, appeared on TV, studied modern dancing and acted in summer stock. And in New York two years ago, she met and was married to actor-writer Stanley Wagner. The Wagners moved to California last year, and Barbara joined an actors' workshop. Her ability led to an interview at the New Talent School. Barbara's hobby, sculpture, has gone so well that she plans to offer her work for sale soon. As for her acting ambitions: "A good actress can fill any role — and that's what I aim to be," says Barbara.

Barbara is a self-taught sculptress
She takes pride in anatomical detail

In an improvised scene at the School
Barbara portrays tormented mother

At work in studio drama class, Arlene looks like a brunette June Allyson.

Arlene Farrell

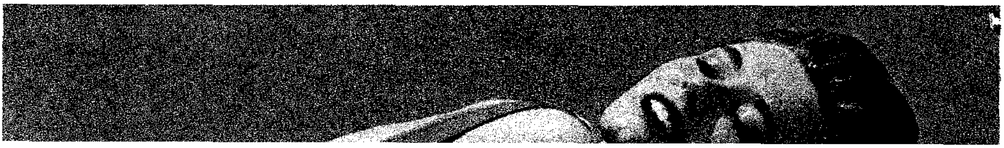
"I'VE GOT A LOT of pull and no talent," quips Arlene Farrell. But school officials disagree. The daughter of composer Emil Newman, 18-year-old Arlene has two uncles, Alfred and Lionel Newman, on 20th's music staff. She uses the name "Farrell" to emphasize her independence. About all the strings her family pulled in her behalf was persuading Ben Bard to watch Arlene on a TV beauty contest. Her pulchritude—5'4", 110 pounds, 37-24-35, dark-brown hair, green eyes—and lively personality did the rest. California-born Arlene drives herself hard. Living in Santa Monica, she majors in drama at S. M. City College, models occasionally, and during school vacations works part-time as a department store salesgirl, supermarket cashier and movie-house usherette. Surrounded by the movie business all her life, Arlene isn't dazzled by the glamour sometimes attributed to acting. "Aside from composing," she says simply, "this is a way of life that was almost a logical choice for me."

An expert equestrienne, Arlene has won several trophies for her skill.

Arlene is intrigued by the people she meets on her job in supermarket.

LIKE ARLENE FARRELL, Sandra Payne, 20, was born in Los Angeles, and show business has been an important part of her growing-up years. She first faced an audience at three, in a children's dance troupe, and from 6 to 18 she also played in an accordion band. Her parents, onetime fox-trot champions in the Harvest Ballroom contest, sent Sandra to dancing school soon after she learned to walk. She says this early training has helped in her present job as a coat model for a California manufacturer (salary: $80 a week). "Dancing teaches you to move gracefully, and that helps in both modeling and acting," Sandra points out. Her dark, sultry beauty

Sandra Payne



— reminiscent of Italy's Sophia Loren — impressed New Talent School officials when she appeared for an interview. Sandra applied for training at the suggestion of a family friend who saw her picture on her father's office desk. Mr. Payne manufactures auto waxes and polishes, and Sandra often helped out at the factory after high school classes. Because of her dancing and musical ability, Sandra prefers musical comedy, and thinks she is right for "sweet-young-thing" roles. As sweet young things are reckoned in movies, the sum total — blue eyes, dark-brown hair, 5′6″, 120 pounds, 35-23-35 — is all in her favor. Nevertheless, she practices the accordion daily.

Training for a film career requires many skills, from playing love scenes (left) with fellow student Page Slattery to playing the accordion (right).

Sue Browne

She and husband Jerry Browne coax daughter Cindy, 3, to drink her milk.

DICK POWELL helped fashion model Sue Browne to become a student at the New Talent School. Working on the 20th Century studio lot as director of *The Hunters,* he saw a photograph of Sue in a newspaper—and called her "Lauren Bacall looks" to Ben Bard's attention. Her slim figure (5′6½″, 110 pounds, 34-22-34), dark-blonde hair and blue eyes have made Indiana-born Susanne one of the most sought-after models *(left)* on the West Coast. Her rate: $30 an hour. Married to an advertising executive and the mother of a three-year-old daughter, she shortened her first name for professional purposes. "Modeling is impersonal work," says Sue. "I want to make good as an actress because that would give me a chance to express my inward self." She thinks of herself as "the young debutante type, to-the-manor-born," and looks forward to "juicy, emotional roles." Bernie Wiesen, assistant to Bard, feels Sue, 21, has an unusual ability as well as beauty. In the hope that she may develop into another Suzy Parker, 20th talent officials have already given Sue a screen test *(opposite).*

She was "awfully tense" before screen test, despite modeling experience.

BEANS ACROSS THE BORDER

by *Hart Stilwell*

Try cooking them cowboy style if you have a yen for adventure in food

AMERICANS HAVE NEVER learned to love the bean as do the people of Mexico. In that land it ranks alongside the tortilla and the tamale as a cherished national institution.

The only beans in this nation to approach a similar status are Boston Baked Beans. But they are sweetened, a sort of specialty dish. And cooking Boston Baked is a task for a craftsman, whereas cooking beans Mexican style can be a leisurely, intriguing game within the reach of all. For cooking is *building,* and you build a pot of Mexican beans. Furthermore, the process is not complex—it's fun.

I have long wondered why Americans generally treat the bean with such casual indifference, cooking it so that the end product is juiceless, rather flat in taste, and often hard. It deserves a better fate.

That better fate is, I believe, just around the corner. For on a recent visit to my old homeland on the Rio Grande I came upon something that promises to raise the bean to its proper place in our pattern of living. That is Border Beans—a fine blending of the best in bean cookery in our two great cultures.

Border Beans can be traced back to the campfire of the cowhands as they drove their cattle herds up the old trails, and to the Mexican Indian squatting beside a little charcoal fire high in the mountains. Modern Americans should know about Border Beans, and I am glad to help spread the word.

All the ingredients for Border

Beans are available now in most of the U.S. And so is the tall, narrow, earthenware pot (the Mexicans call it a *jarron*) in which they are cooked.

You can cook beans in any pot, of course, but this one is designed for beans. In it the beans nestle close together and "pack" while cooking. And it seems that the heat seeps gently through the *jarron,* as it should in cooking beans.

So if you want to make a real production of this old-new venture into cookery, get such a pot. They are not expensive. I bought mine in Mexico for 26 cents. You should be able to get one here for a dollar or so.

There is a basic "formula" for cooking Border Beans. I'll explain it, then you can expand and experiment from there on to eternity.

In order that the beans will pack right, you should use enough to almost fill the pot when they swell, never less than two pounds. Get the Mexican pinto beans, the kind that calls for plenty of relaxed, intriguing cooking. Wash the beans, put them in the pot, and fill the pot about half full of water. (Never soak pinto beans. It causes them to get mushy in cooking.)

Using a medium flame, bring the water to a boil. It's a good idea to do a little stirring occasionally during this stage, for any bean that sticks to the bottom while the flame is high may burn. When the water boils, cut the fire as low as you can. You want the water to barely simmer—it's best if you can see only a bubble oozing out now and then.

The *jarron* is, in some ways, a deceptive cooking utensil. You can touch it near the top while the beans are simmering and you'll think there is no cooking going on at all. But the heat seeps through. Mexicans leave a pot of beans on the campfire all day—on the coals and ashes.

Throughout the cooking process, keep the water level barely high enough to cover the beans. That keeps them close together, makes them pack. And any time you add water, be sure it is boiling. Otherwise you chill the beans and they tend to harden.

After an hour of cooking, add several chunks of salt pork. This is the American contribution to Border Beans—seldom is salt pork used in cooking beans in the hinterlands of Mexico. About this stage in the game you begin to get an added pleasure from the fine aromas drifting out of the pot, varying and becoming richer in each stage of the cooking.

Some people put a lid on the bean pot, but I do not. It chokes off those fine odors, and sometimes it causes the juice to boil over. You don't need it anyway. It serves mainly to hold you fast to the bean pot and it makes a chore out of what should be a pleasure.

At the end of the second hour, cut in garlic. More fine blending of odors. I use six pods, cut fine. You can vary this to fit your taste. Then at the end of another hour, which makes a total of three, add two teaspoons of orégano and eight or nine chilipequins, mashed up. Talk about a blending of delightful aromas!

Chilipequins, which grow wild in the border country and in much of Mexico, have not been available to most Americans in the past. But they are now. So you have no excuse for not cooking Border Beans.

Some people use *jalapenos,* also available now in the U.S. But true Border Beans call for the fiery little chilipequin, which has a delightful perfume and taste (tamed down, of course) like no other pepper in the world.

You may think the beans need more pepper when you taste them. But go easy. The chilipequin has a way of gradually creeping up on you, and if you get too many they'll set you on fire.

Cook your beans for another hour. All this timing need not be precise. After all, the finest beans in the world are cooked by people who may not even own a timepiece. Relax and quit watching the clock. Concentrate rather on the beautiful blending of the perfumes.

At the end of four hours or so of cooking, add salt. I use a level tablespoon for each pound of beans. You may want more, or less.

The beans can be served soon after salting. They're cooked. But I like to let them simmer another hour, making a total of five.

For during that last hour quite a few beans break open, and the juice is thus thickened to a fine consistency.

The juice is the key to the triumph or failure of your production. It has the richest blending of flavors. Because of that, you never serve Border Beans on a plate with other food. Serve them separately in a little bowl. Eat them with a spoon, not a fork.

And so you have Border Beans, which get better with age. Just keep them in the refrigerator and take them out and heat them any time you want some more *real* eating.

Inconsistent Instances

HEALTH INSPECTORS in Doncaster, England, noted that the biggest smoke nuisance in town was the local factory producing smokeless fuel.

A BERLIN food distributor imported frozen schnitzels from the United States.

A HOSPITAL PATIENT in Scranton, Pennsylvania, about to undergo surgery, made out his will on the back of a get-well card sent by a friend.

THE HAMPSHIRE COUNTY Temperance League of Portsmouth, England, requested license to serve drinks after hours at its annual dinner dance.

A VISITOR to the Illinois State Museum's herbarium reported that its more than 48,000 specimens of plants did not include a single herb. —W. E. FARBSTEIN (*The New York Times Magazine*)

the cowboy they couldn't stop

by Norman Carlisle

AT A RODEO IN PHOENIX, ARIZONA, in 1930, Bob Crosby was fighting it out with a bucking horse when the horse fell with him. They carried the King of the Cowboys off the field, one knee torn loose from its socket. "No more riding this year," doctors said. But Wild Horse Bob smiled.

He was nearly 33, old for a man who had behind him a ten-year body-pounding career. Yet, a month later, the King of the Cowboys rode out of the chutes at a Tucson rodeo in a steer-dogging contest. His game leg slowed him up and the enraged steer gored his thigh.

Crosby hobbled off the field, snatched up a lantern and poured its kerosene into the wound. "Stops the bleedin'," he said laconically.

Next day, to the crowd's amazement, the first rider out of the pens was Wild Horse Bob. And with both legs injured, he won first money.

Sometime afterward, while working out with a steer, he was hurled to the ground and a hoof smashed into his face. Doctors used 17 stitches in one eyelid and four in the eyeball itself. Crosby couldn't see with it, of course, and soon he lost the sight in his other eye, also.

But in two months, sight returned to both eyes. Four days later he came out of the chutes on a killer horse. He rode it almost to the limit, then went spinning to the ground with a broken leg.

Gangrene set in. The leg would have to be amputated. Crosby shook his head and returned to his ranch in New Mexico, where he found a doctor who would treat it his way. With Wild Horse Bob himself helping, they scraped the bone with a penknife dipped in alcohol.

Word spread that Crosby was hopelessly crippled. But spectators at the 1930 season's last rodeo saw a man on crutches fight his way painfully into the saddle. It was Wild Horse Bob.

The steers raced from their pens. Boldly, one leg standing out stiffly in its cast, Crosby drove his horse into the herd, skillfully separating the steer he had selected from the others. It was a magnificent performance, and when the announcement came that Crosby had won the steer-cutting contest, the cheering audience rose in tribute to his last great effort.

But Crosby once more fooled everybody by riding to victory again and again in the years that followed. He seemed to be indestructible. And he was—in the violent action of the rodeo ring. But, ironically, his luck finally ran out—outside the ring—and Wild Horse Bob was killed, in 1947, not by a bucking bronco but in the smashup of a jeep.

by Theodore Irwin

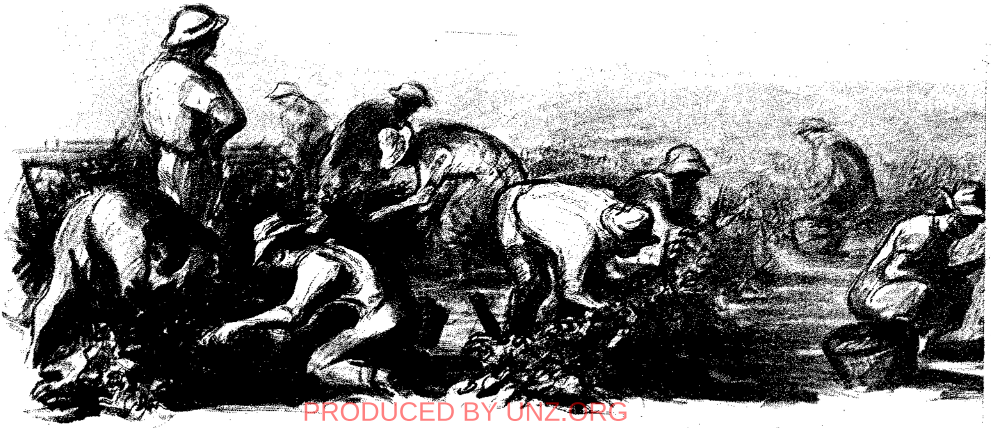
Our miserable million

SOME TWO MILLION men, women and children—tragic victims of what has been called a "20th-century slave trade"—move restlessly over the face of our land today. They are citizens, but they do not enjoy many of the rights of citizenship. Though vitally needed, they are outcasts in most communities.

These wretched "marginal people" are the migrant farm workers who come up mainly from the Southeastern states, Texas and California each summer to hand-gather our multimillion-dollar "stoop crops." Along the Atlantic Seaboard particularly, the quarters provided them by many farm owners, and the conditions under which they live and work, are miserable beyond belief.

One day early last fall, I drove to Maple Lawn Farms, six miles east of Sunbury, Pennsylvania, where potatoes, tomatoes and beans are grown. Like most migrant camps, the one there was hidden at the end of a dirt road, out of sight from the main highway. (Others are stuck away in swamps, behind warehouses or close to dumping grounds.)

Underpaid, miserably fed and housed, many who harvest our "stoop



About 40 migrants, with 12 children, were living at the Maple Lawn Camp. Three large families were crammed into a converted chicken coop. The rest shared an unheated barn partitioned into tiny cubicles. One of the cubicles held five cots and an open kerosene stove. Mattress bags were stuffed with straw. Burlap was used for sheets and blankets.

Outside, ragged children played in a garbage heap. A former cowstall equipped only with a rickety table and a Coke dispenser served as a "recreation hall." Doorless latrines with stopped-up plumbing fouled the air.

At the chicken coop, I talked to a frail, sad-eyed young woman with an infant in her arms who had come up the preceding July from Gardenville, Florida.

"We've got no lights here," she said tonelessly. "Electricity is off. We've got no water in the washroom. We all use a pump in the yard. . . . Why don't we move? Mister, we haven't any money to go nowhere."

I asked a gaunt man in faded blue jeans from Perry, Georgia, what the migrants earned.

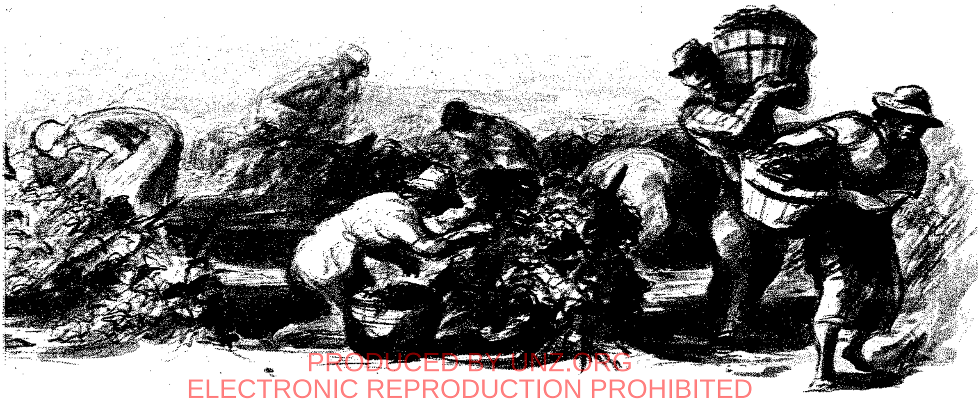
"We get 7¢ for picking a bushel potatoes, 10¢ for tomatoes," he told me. "Today I had 74 bushels potatoes, that means $5.18. Days it rains, we get nothin'. I'm way deep in debt to our crew boss."

At Buckhorn Camp near Bloomsburg, 28 miles from Sunbury, I found about 30 migrants living in what had been a large pigpen. In the beanfields, workers were crouched low or kneeling in the black soil, pushing along their baskets. Among them were three children who could not have been more than seven or eight years old.

Migrant camps in New Jersey and New York were often no better. And elsewhere throughout the nation, investigators have reported that survival for migrants is something of an achievement. In California, for example, families have been found living in actual hunger while waiting hopefully to be called to work.

This new brand of bondage, widely tolerated or ignored in our de-

crops" are still cruelly exploited. Here is a possible solution



mocracy, is often capitalized on by a number of unscrupulous crew leaders who round up the migrants and haul them north to fulfill contracts with farmers, canneries, farm cooperatives and associations. Many of these crew bosses combine roles of travel agent, landlord, storekeeper, moneylender, gambling operator, liquor salesman and pimp. Some of them drive Cadillacs and Lincolns.

Many of them start in the South, promising migrants pie in the sky—"plenty of work, a hundred dollars a week, you'll live in a hotel." Generally in late spring or early summer, the caravans of dilapidated trucks begin their trek northward from Florida, Georgia, Arkansas and Texas. The trucks, sometimes covered with canvas, have hard pine planks or orange crates for seats.

The trip along the East Coast takes two or three days. About a year ago, a truck packed with 41 migrants crashed in flames near Fayetteville, North Carolina, killing 20 people.

"Our crew boss," one migrant told me in New Jersey, "said he'd give us all our meals on the trip here. All he handed me was $1.25—for me, my wife and three kids—for the whole three days. We ate hardly nothin'. It was terrible, terrible."

Greedy crew bosses often deliver their "heads" to farmers several weeks before crops ripen. By the time work starts, the migrants are in debt to the boss for transportation, rent and food. (The crew leader frequently runs the camp commissary, where prices are extortionate.) Books are not kept by the crew leader, and thus many migrants are cheated on their earnings. The crew boss may operate a dice or card game, or even a row of slot machines (from which he takes a cut); and many bring in cases of liquor or jugs of wine (called "Sneaky Pete" or "Lovely Lucy") and set up bar.

Payday at certain camps sees an influx of prostitutes—known as "transient beds"—often brought in by the crew boss to keep the single men happy. It also keeps the migrants off the streets of neighboring towns. (In some places, police are instructed to pick up any migrants they see in town and return them to the camps in squad cars.)

THERE is no minimum wage for seasonal agricultural workers. Many cannot benefit from social welfare and labor laws. Also, farm unions are rare and, where they do exist, weak.

At a camp in upstate New York, a tall, emaciated man from Georgia showed me his pay slip for the previous week. He had earned $16.20 picking beans. But $14.40 had been deducted for groceries, rent and transportation, leaving him a net of $1.80.

"There's just not enough work for us," he said bitterly.

A man-and-wife team, the best in the group, had together earned $23.15, after deductions. But the previous week they had drawn nothing. Federal statistics show that the average earnings of a migrant are about $1,400 a year. Some return home with nothing at all after six or seven months' work.

In most states, farm work is completely exempt from child labor laws outside of school hours. So hundreds of thousands of these children of misfortune toil in the fields, falling far behind in their studies. A recent survey done by Dr. Frank A. Mann at Penn State University revealed that migrant children who should be in the sixth grade were capable of doing only second grade work. As they grow up, they also are apt to become migrants, perpetuating a vicious circle.

What do farmers in the North think about the migrants?

"They're scum," a Potter County farmer says. "Why build better quarters for them? They'd get drunk on Saturday night and bust everything up."

On the other hand, there are farmers and crew bosses who give their men a fair deal. In fact, some of the farmers themselves barely squeeze a living from their acreage.

"It's unfortunate, but we just can't afford to pay them more," one told me. "We'd go broke. Some of us have built concrete-block housing and been criticized by other farmers for putting them in a bad light. So, you see, we're caught in between."

At Cutchogue, Long Island, a farm cooperative built a "model" camp. "But how can you keep it neat," said the president of the co-op, "if people refuse to use a broom? They clean fish and leave heads and bones in the sink for five days. There's hot water 24 hours a day, but they don't use it. I'm not blaming anybody. Those are the facts."

On the other hand, outside Berwick, Pennsylvania, one farmer put up attractive cabins with private bedrooms, hardwood floors and flush toilets. His migrants keep the place spotless. One crew has been coming back to the farm for seven summers.

Who are these uprooted people? In the East, the largest percentage are Negroes. In the Midwest, most of them—largely from Texas—are Mexican-Americans and whites. On the West Coast, Mexican nationals are pushing out the native Americans.

According to Herbert Hill, national labor secretary of the NAACP, a large number of Southern migrants are former tenant farmers, dispossessed when cotton began to shift to the West and Southwest in the 1940s and mechanization was applied to the cotton crop. They became day haul workers for citrus growers and what was left of cotton. Many of the white men went into industry, but few of the Negroes could get jobs in factories.

Thus, many of these nomads are not migrants by choice. There is not enough work for them in the South the year round, so they must keep moving. Many have been migrants so long that drifting has become a habit.

The migratory phenomenon thus has two roots: the system of farm production which demands a large number of harvest hands for short periods; and the existence of an unskilled, demoralized people who must keep moving because they have no other choice.

What is the solution? Not local harvest hands. Three years ago, the State Employment Department in Pennsylvania asked farmers to use unemployed manpower in the area. But, after half a day at the backbreaking stoop labor at low wages, they quit.

Clearly, a sound program of legislation is needed. As outlined to me by Mr. Hill, these are the major essential measures:

1. State laws requiring employers to guarantee each migratory worker 160 hours of work in each four-week period.
2. State contractual forms and payroll records to indicate conditions of employment and deductions, to prevent crew bosses from withholding wages unfairly.
3. Establishment of day-care centers for migrants' children.
4. Development of a uniform migratory labor camp system, utilizing public housing resources. Uniform camp sites built and operated jointly by farmers and the states.
5. Labor contractors to be licensed by every state.
6. Rigid enforcement of sanitation and other health standards.

Thus far, only patchwork legislation protects the migrant. The President's Committee on Migratory Labor, which is doing a difficult and commendable job in stimulating reforms, has come up with dozens of recommendations. Gradually more and more of these are being adopted by the states. But the fact remains that many of these second-class citizens do not stay long enough in a place to have a vote, and farm blocs control most of our state legislatures.

Nevertheless, some heartening progress has been made in recent years. At Oak Center, Wisconsin; Wiggins, Colorado; Bay County, Michigan; and Des Plaines, Illinois, special summer schools have been set up for children of migrants.

Large processors in Maryland and New Jersey have donated money and buildings for child-care centers. Nineteen states now have some form of committee or commission attempting to mobilize constructive programs for migrants.

Last November, the Interstate Commerce Commission, after many tragic accidents had occurred, finally put into effect specific safety regulations covering transportation of migrants. New York requires camps to be approved by the State Health Department and crew bosses to be registered with the Labor Department. At Sterling, the D. E. Curtis migrant camp today has a clean nursery school for 65 youngsters, where they get nourishing food and learn elementary hygiene—a good example of what can be done. The owners pay 30 percent of the upkeep, the state the rest.

Near Rochester, two pilot summer schools for migrant children are being conducted by the State Department of Education. Farmers with vision at King Ferry, near Utica, and at Cutchogue, Long Island, have attempted to build at their own expense large "model" labor camps and day-care centers.

Pennsylvania, which has a law licensing camps, has closed down some of the worst. A new law requires safety devices, such as tailgates, on trucks transporting migrants. The state's first child-care center has opened at Ulysses.

Nevertheless, these scattered efforts to recognize the plight of migrants are far from adequate. Despite a revised housing code in Pennsylvania, there are still migrant camps consisting of dilapidated huts stuck together with tarpaper, cardboard and tin.

In New York, despite its recently enacted laws, Herbert Hill visited ten camps last summer and found only two displaying health department certificates and only three crew bosses registered. In a so-called "good camp" upstate, composed of cinderblock multiple dwellings with windows and showers, large families ate and slept in one tiny room, while gambling, vice and other law infractions were rampant.

"A force of 75,000 inspectors would be needed just for child labor violations," says Mr. Hill.

In Monmouth County, New Jersey, a health officer remarked: "I could find a violation in every camp. But by the time the courts and county officials get through with a case, there's a small fine, which is no deterrent."

Our migrant problem is much too complex for easy answers. New laws—and tough enforcement—are imperative. But we must also crack the shell of unconcern that keeps our farmers from aiding those very people on whom much of their own prosperity must rest.

The Federal Government, too, has a clear responsibility. Ironically, we appropriate some $6,500,000 each year to maintain a service for migratory birds. There is only a very small provision for migratory humans. It's time we brought civilization to this vast army of dispossessed Americans.

Life's Little Ironies

WHEN A JUKE BOX got jammed at a Rochester, New York, night spot, a man volunteered to fix the machine and got his hand caught in the mechanism. While he waited to be released, the machine kept playing over and over: "The Magic Touch."

A JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, postman agreed to pose for photographers to illustrate the dog hazard faced by carriers. The dog bit him.

"I WISH I'D FALL and break my leg so I could catch up with paper work," a Minneapolis doctor sighed. The next day he fell and broke his leg.

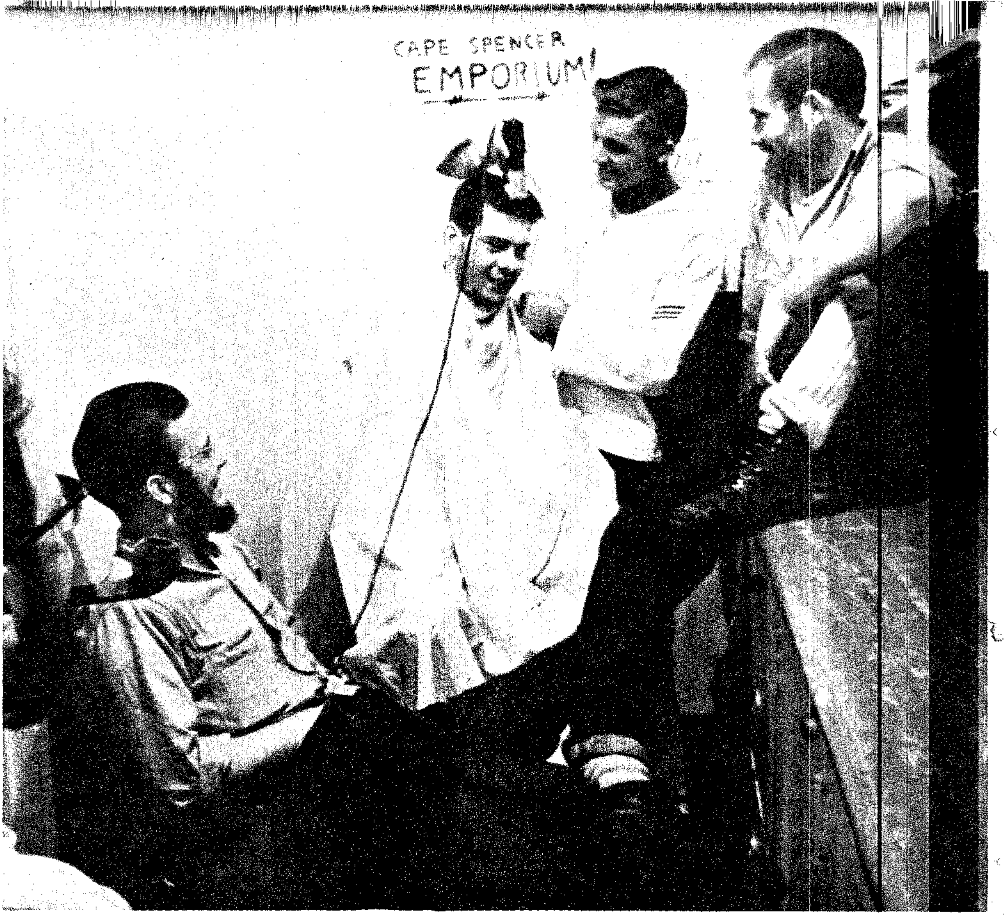
AFTER A MONTH of carefully watching the chimneys in Portland, Maine, an advisory board on smoke control appointed by the city decided that just about the worst offender against smoke regulations was the City Hall.

—HAROLD HELFER

Text by Richard Kaplan   Photographs by Robert Goodman

Keepers of the light

On a storm-hammered, 450-by-175-foot rock two miles off the Alaskan coast stands the U.S. Coast Guard's Cape Spencer Lighthouse. Cooped up on this barren island for a year without relief, five men keep a lonely, vital vigil. Around the clock, they tend the 200,000-candlepower beacon (right), operate its huge foghorn, monitor the air waves for distress signals from ships and planes, and send out 24 vital weather reports a day. As the pictures on the following pages show, life for the lighthouse-keepers is an unending war against sea, sound and boredom.

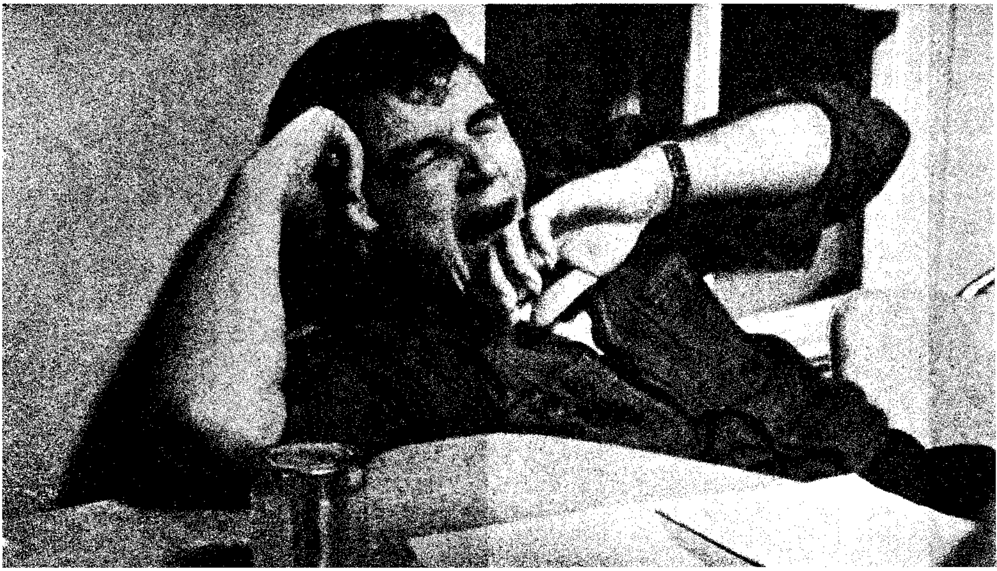


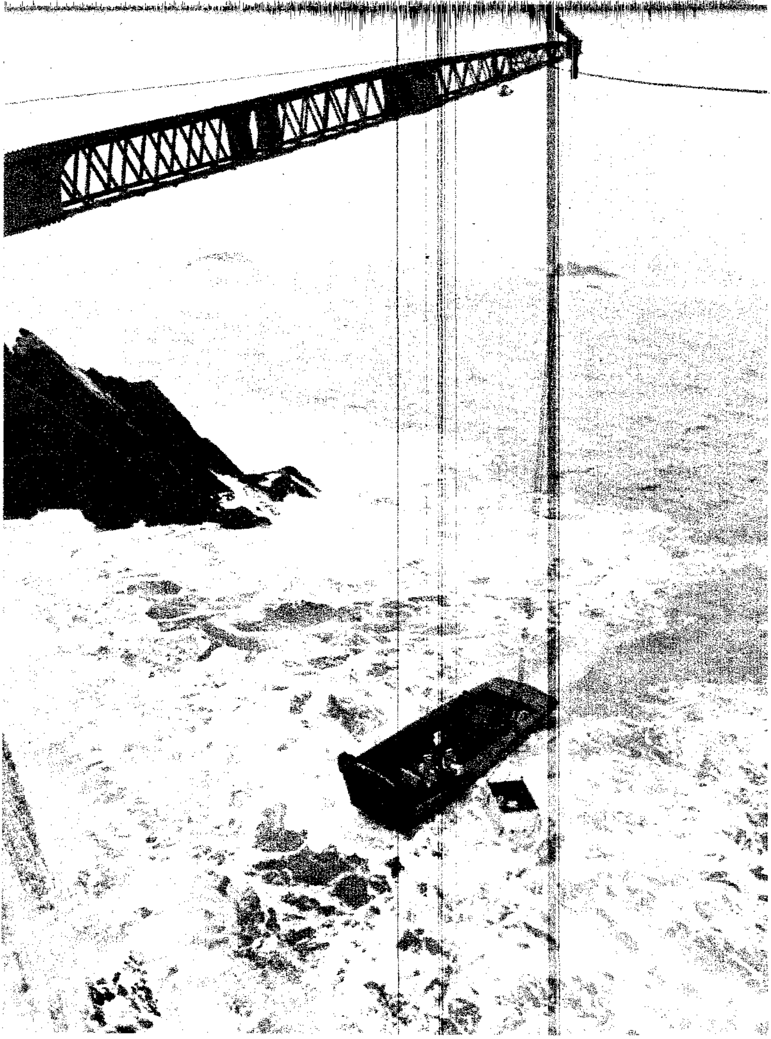
Cowart gives Donachy weird haircut as (from left to right) Turner, McCauley and Offord kibitz. "In six months," they say, "you don't care how you look."

TIME CRAWLS BY for Cape Spencer's five sentinels: Chief Bosun's Mate Lewis E. Offord, 32; Engineman Lloyd McCauley, 28; Electronics Technician Alton E. Turner, 24; Fireman George Donachy, 24; and Seaman Bob Cowart, 21. On duty, each works a busy six-hour shift. But off duty, the Coast Guardsmen have little to do. Their hi-fi phonograph is worn beyond repair. So for recreation they hammer an old punching bag, play "Monopoly" and write letters. And night and day, a devil's chorus of noise assaults their ears; they find their muscles involuntarily twitching to the four-beeps-a-second sound of the aircraft radio-beacon transmitter, the moan of the foghorn and the full-volume static of the radio sender. In addition, the men must shut out the glare of the Spencer beacon, which sweeps the dark Alaskan sky one second out of every 15.

McCauley, the station's Mr. Fix-it, braves high wind to check radio antenna.

Yawning crewman writes home. Men answer mail-order ads just to get letters.





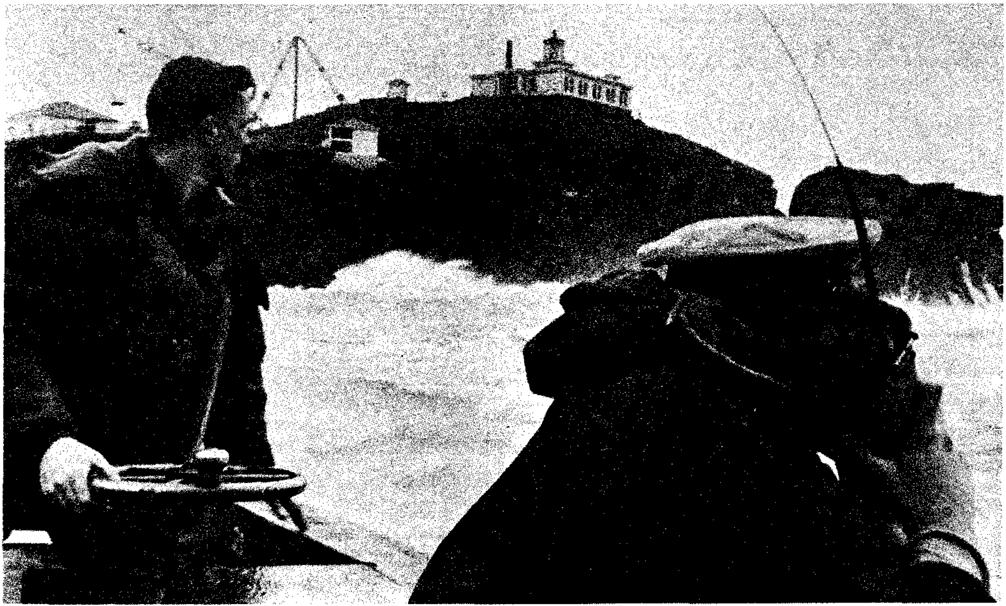
Using giant crane, lighthouse crew receives supplies by lowering a box to boat bobbing in wicked surf at bottom of an 82-foot cliff.

"THERE AREN'T 15 good days a year on Spencer," says lighthouseman Alton Turner. In winter the average temperature is 16 above zero; in summer, a drizzly 50 to 70. Food, mail and medicine are ferried in from the nearest city, Juneau, 150 miles away. But transferring them from ship to island is perilous because of the violent surf. Once the men had to go seven weeks without fresh supplies. For such emergencies, Chief Offord—whose word is law on the rock—always keeps $750 worth of foodstuffs in the commissary.

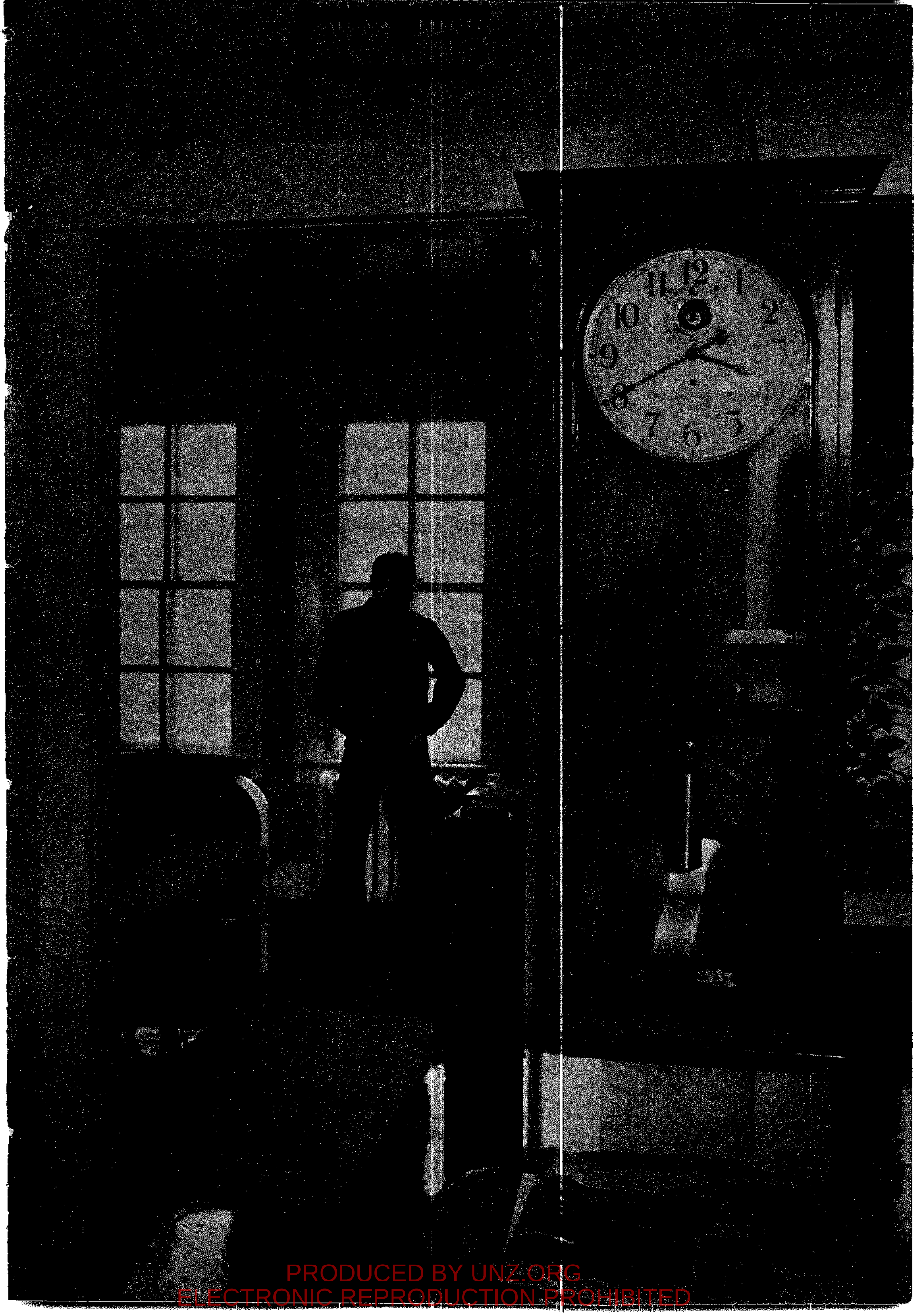
With precious mail sack, Turner (right) and mates climb uphill to lighthouse.

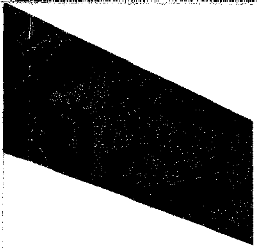
Bearded Donachy stares dully at a meter. Monotonous life saps crew's energy.

ALL FIVE Coast Guardsmen on Cape Spencer requested this desolate duty. Some chose it to save money; on the lonely Cape, a man can put away what he earns. To others, lighthouse service is just another Coast Guard job—tough, thankless, but important. Although the men have two motor skiffs, they never leave "the big rock" until the day they go home. For all of them, that day can't come soon enough. Lloyd McCauley's wife, for example, has lost her last three babies in childbirth. Now she's expecting another. When McCauley gets his bimonthly mail, he anxiously opens the last letter first. Each man has his own description of life on the island. Says Alton Turner: "With so much time to think, you begin to wonder who you are." Says George Donachy: "I don't know what man's instincts are, but living alone isn't one of them." Says Lewis Offord: "If I live to be 69, I'll consider myself 68. This year doesn't count."



Maintaining walkie-talkie radio contact with lighthouse (above), supply boat chugs off as homesick crewman with time on hands watches from window (right).





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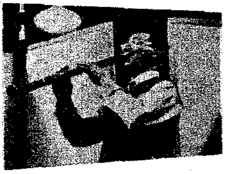

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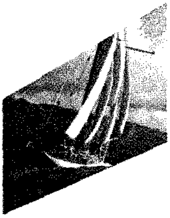

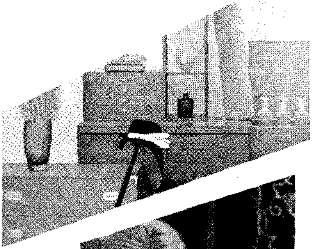

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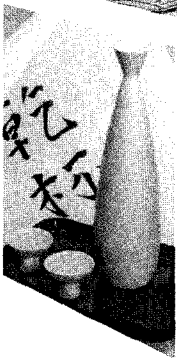

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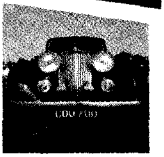

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BOULDER, COLO.

ANGEL OF ANTS' TOWN

Her courage helped Tokyo's ragpickers rebuild their barren lives.

by WALTER J. SHELDON

BESIDE TOKYO'S SLUGGISH Sumida River, not far from a great Buddhist temple dedicated to Kannon, goddess of mercy, is a one-room shack containing a small Christian shrine complete with a plaster Virgin. On the wall next to it is pasted a strip of paper inscribed with six Japanese characters that stand for the sum of 25,000,000 yen (about $70,000 American). They were written by a young woman named Reiko Kitahara, who gave up her comfortable life as a professor's daughter to devote herself full time to 500 outcast ragpickers in a community known as "Ants' Town."

When Reiko Kitahara first came there in 1949, the people of Ants' Town lived in crates, struggled to survive each day, and, for their general unsavoriness, were hounded by outsiders from city officials to gangster bosses. Today they hold their heads high.

"Without Reiko Kitahara," says Vice-Mayor Toru Matsui, "it never would have happened."

Matsui remembers very well the circumstances that brought her to Ants' Town. A Polish Franciscan monk named Brother Zeno had been on his way that morning to the ragpickers' village where, someone had told him, there were a great many needy people. On his way, he happened to strike up a conversation with Reiko, a recent convert to Catholicism. She felt it not quite right to let Brother Zeno do good work alone, and so she followed him to Ants' Town.

Vice-Mayor Matsui saw this slim, attractive girl in an expensive kimono and asked, a little brusquely, what she was doing there.

"I'm not sure," she said, looking at the shivering children running unattended among the packing-crate houses. "I want to help."

"We don't need help," said Matsui, who had been a playwright and an amateur philosopher before the war. It was his ambition to organize the colony so that its members would prosper. The name Ari-no-machi, or "Ants' Town," suggesting the diligence of ants, had been his idea.

"Those children," said Reiko, pointing, "they need somebody to take care of them while their mothers are out ragpicking." And before Matsui could object, she had the children around her, listening wide-eyed to a story.

When she showed up again the next day he told her bluntly she wasn't welcome.

The fact was, the police had been watching the village suspiciously lately. Matsui was sure they meant to throw everybody out—and then how would the villagers live?

Two days later, when Matsui saw Reiko approaching the village in the company of a policeman, he feared the worst. But he stood his ground.

"They have to take a routine census," the girl explained, smiling, "but they were a little cautious about coming near the village. That's why they were watching first."

Matsui grudgingly thanked her for straightening out the matter and after this allowed her to come each day to care for the children. She began arriving as early as five in the morning and staying sometimes until midnight.

At this point, Brother Zeno decided on his own that a little favorable publicity might help the community. He telephoned the *Asahi* newspapers and told them that a rich man's daughter was working in the ragpicker village.

The message was garbled somehow, and the reporter who showed up was not quite sure why he was there. Matsui, who intercepted him, could not imagine why either. Then he remembered vaguely that one day Brother Zeno had said there ought to be a chapel in Ants' Town.

"That must be it," he said half-joking. "Zeno's going to build us a chapel."

When the story was printed, the Archbishop of Tokyo saw it and his reaction was not favorable. Nobody was supposed to build chapels without authority from the Church. Certain city officials also saw the story and were not pleased.

Brother Zeno came to Reiko, bewildered. "I really don't know what I did that was wrong," he said.

Reiko smiled and told him not to worry. She went directly to the Archbishop, explained everything, and after that *he* smiled.

"Very well," he said, "why not have a chapel?"

Reiko had become a fixture in Ants' Town by now. She had been teaching the children herself, and seeing to it that they had proper schooling otherwise. In her spare time—what there was of it—she worked on a book about the children and the town.

Ants' Town is on a riverbank not far from the notorious Yoshiwara Red Light District of Tokyo, which at that time operated actively and openly. A certain boss of Yoshiwara, one Nishi-san (which is not his real name), decided he would like to expand and open up some houses of entertainment with a view of the river. Ants' Town was in the way.

Nishi-san had connections. Before

long, a young ragpicker of Ants' Town was arrested for stealing storage batteries from a nearby public transportation terminal. Oddly enough, he was the same good-looking fellow the reporter had photographed as a poor but honest ragpicker for his previous story about Ants' Town.

The young man's picture was published again, this time as a thief. And people began to ask why didn't the city do something to get rid of these breeding places of crime?

The police had a strong case against the young ragpicker. He had been seen trespassing, and later the missing batteries had been found under a bridge where he sometimes deposited his collection.

Reiko asked Matsui to describe the batteries. They were huge, heavy and very expensive. How heavy? Oh, it would take two or three men to lift one.

"Then ask the police," said Reiko, "how the young man managed to lift one to steal it?"

This simple logic destroyed their case and the ragpicker was released. The clamor to get rid of the village died down—at least temporarily.

Reiko decided now to *really* become an Ants' Towner. When her father heard of this new madness he stared at his daughter for a long moment—almost as though saying good-by.

"All right," he said. "Do as you must." And having given this equivalent of his blessing, he went to the Shinto shrine to inform his ancestors.

Reiko Kitahara moved to a tiny room in Ants' Town. Her book had been published by now and she helped the village with the proceeds. With Matsui she worked out more businesslike methods of operation and set up a central fund for the community, which had now become a sort of combined corporation and guild.

"Ants' Town" is boldly inscribed on the lapels of Vice-Mayor Matsui's coat. At first he rejected Reiko, then became her staunchest ally.

But Nishi, the red-light district boss, was not through. He lobbied vigorously and in devious ways and eventually managed to arrange things so that one of the municipal bureaus made a new regulation: all ragpickers who squatted in *parks* would be refused permits to scavenge. The site along the banks of the Sumida was the area of a projected park.

Matsui visited all sorts of offices and tried to counter-lobby, but with no success.

"What do we do now?" he asked Reiko.

"Pray," she said, and did.

Shortly afterward, the chief of public health, a man named Yosano, appeared at the village with a party of friends. Matsui upbraided him bitterly because of the new regulation.

Yosano was surprised. He had never heard of it. He had come to Ants' Town because he had read Reiko's book about the children and was curious. As for the regulation—well, it wasn't in his department—but he agreed it was senseless and he would see what he could do.

In a short time the regulation was withdrawn. But eventually the day came when the Tokyo Metropolitan Government, in its postwar rebuilding program, found it necessary to clear all squatters' villages from all parks.

Matsui, remembering how Reiko's book had helped before, took it to the commissioner of parks, who was impressed and in turn pleaded with Governor Seichi Yasui: "These people are not beggars or thieves, but hard-working citizens."

The city finally agreed to sell the Ants' Guild a special plot of land—they couldn't donate it, or they'd have to do the same for everyone, but they made the price quite reasonable. Even so, land and projected building was still much too expensive for the treasury of Ants' Town. The total came to 25,000,000 yen.

"Go ahead with the plans," said Reiko. "We'll make it somehow. Maybe they won't need the money all at once."

This was when she wrote the figures—25,000,000 yen—on a strip of paper and pasted it beside her statue of Our Lady. And she began to pray. But she prayed from her bed this time, for she was ill with nephritis.

Matsui returned all smiles from the last meeting with the Tokyo officials and reported: "It's unheard of—never been permitted before—but some of them knew about your work and agreed to let us pay for the land and house in yearly installments!"

Construction has begun on the new site of Ants' Town, but Reiko Kitahara's one-room shack still stands in the old Ari-no-machi. Her shrine is as she left it, the strip of paper—25,000,000 yen—still on the wall. Vice-Mayor Toru Matsui, a recent convert, often prays silently before it and remembers how, two days after hearing the final good news, Reiko died. He is certain her last moments were happy.

Deft Definitions

SMALL TOWN: a place where the street lights dim when you plug in your electric razor. —JOE CREASON, *Louisville Courier Journal*

AGRICULTURIST: a farmer whose son has been to the state college. —HAROLD COFFIN

CATWALK: the path from the door of one gossip to another. —KENNETH J. SHIVELY

RAVING BEAUTY: beauty-contest loser. —JACK HERBERT

CALLAS:

by RICHARD GEHMAN

TRADITION AT New York's Metropolitan Opera dictates that no featured singer, however talented or illustrious, be given billing over any other, and that none can receive more than the maximum fee of $1,000 for a performance. Even the most famous prima donnas bow to these rules. But not so Maria Meneghini Callas.

When, in 1955, Madame Callas was approached by the Met, she remembered that in 1945, although she had won acclaim in Europe, the Met had not been able to find a part for her. Following that bitter experience, so the story goes, Callas decided that some day she would make the Met come to her—and that she would be the highest-paid singer in history. She held out until the Met agreed to pay her $1,001, or one dollar more than any other singer was getting. Only then did she sign her contract.

Callas greets this story with a laugh and a, "See—they know Callas is a fighter." Rudolf Bing, Met impresario, will neither confirm nor deny it. Bing will not speak about Callas for publication.

In this he is unique, for people who know her, and even people who merely have seen her, are pantingly eager to express an opinion of her, usually in the most intemperate superlatives. Callas is unquestionably the most extravagantly flamboyant and uncontrollably tempestuous opera singer of this generation.

WHETHER THIS prima donna, who resembles the fiery divas of old rather than the bland, studious larks of today, is the best singer—or even a very good singer—is a matter of hot dispute among critics and audiences. Her interpretation of Violetta in *La Traviata* at the Met in February failed to please music critic Paul Henry Lang, who commented sharply on the timbre of her voice and her handling of the arias. But the equally distinguished Winthrop Sargeant called her rendition the greatest he had ever heard.

The queenly Callas, large-eyed, straight-nosed and, at 34, beautiful in the manner of the ancient Greek goddesses of her ancestors, provokes similar differences of opinion wherever she goes and whenever she sings. In Milan last year, for instance, five men were arrested for street brawling; one, swathed in bandages, explained to the magistrate that they had been having a friendly discussion of Callas' voice.

To mention her name to Tullio Serafin is to send that venerable conductor into a septuagenarian rage. He was Callas' coach for years, and it is his view that he made her what she is, but they parted company when he used another soprano for a recording of *Traviata*.

"She is like a devil," Serafin says.

His friends assert that Callas' fury has caused other singers to cease making records with Serafin. "They don't dare cross her," one explains. "If they happen to sing with her in the future, she will kill them on stage."

More frequently than any of her contemporaries, Callas causes riots simply by *not* singing. Last January 21, for example, opening Rome's Teatro Dell' Opera with Bellini's demanding, difficult *Norma,* she sang one act and then walked out on Italy's President Giovanni Gronchi, four cabinet ministers and nearly 2,000 vociferous patrons.

Fights broke out among her supporters and critics. Women screamed and ran out of the theater; weaker ones fainted.

"It was a stupid, idiotic cold," Callas insists, "which chose a bad evening to become troublesome. They did not think of having a substitute ready, although I had told them to. They would not take responsibilities—and so I was blamed.

I sang what I could, and could not go on. So *I* was blamed. I offered to sing again, and they said, 'No.' "

Still, the Roman incident was not the first. In Milan, in 1952, she cancelled a *Norma* she was to have sung before *another* Italian president, Luigi Einaudi. She did the same in Venice in 1952, pleading a sore throat. In December, 1956, she stood up a Met audience waiting to hear her do *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Callas justifies her ambulatory habits by saying she will not sing when she cannot sing her best. "I hate it when art is treated badly," she insists, "and when I am forced to treat it badly, I hate myself even more."

Some critics say this is a pose. They say her voice is beginning to go—that she has driven herself so hard her physical powers simply are not equal to the demands she imposes.

Others believe she has not yet used her talent to its fullest extent; that her voice is just approaching its peak, and that some day she may be recognized as the greatest singer in history. The reason for this is that her mastery enables her to go with ease from soprano to mezzo-soprano to contralto.

"I think I've done the hardest, most taxing roles—they are my, what do you say, *spécialité*," Madame says. "Of course, there are a few I keep away from; some, I'm just too young to . . . uh . . . bang it out."

She now commands about 40 roles, some in operas like *Medea* and *Sicilian Vespers* that had not been done by singers for decades because they were considered too difficult.

Whatever history's verdict may be concerning Callas' voice, it is certain that she will make a place for herself for two qualities. The first is her acting ability. Where most divas are limited to five or six wooden, stilted gestures, Callas passionately attacks her roles.

Callas says she learned to act from older performers when she was studying in Greece—what to do with the eyes, the movements, how to let the inner feelings come out.

"It's instinct, this acting," she says, "a matter of seeing things your own way, and having courage enough to do them your own way. It takes a lot of yourself—you must *give*."

Even those who scoff at her voice admit that no one gives as Callas does. In *Norma* she cries real tears. In *Fedora*, most singers die so gracelessly it is as though rigor mortis has set in before the heart has stopped.

Callas' *Fedora* is a gripping and unforgettable sight. In Italy, this performance takes almost as much out of the audience as it does out of Callas. After each, she has to go and lie down for an hour, and so do many of her admirers.

The second thing that will be remembered is her ferocious temper. At first meeting, it is hard to believe that she has any temper at all. Although she has a voice that is rather commanding (but still very feminine), she seems almost shy. She is beautifully groomed, cultivated, and smiles readily.

All in all, she is a captivating woman—until she is crossed in her work, or feels that she is being betrayed. Then she breaks loose. She sobs, flings herself on beds, screams at the

Maria fell in love with husband above, "at first sight." He helped her rise as singer.

Leaving La Scala, Callas, who inspires violent partisanship, is met by her adoring fans.

top of her well-developed lungs. Despite her tantrums, on stage she is *magic*.

Many regard her fierce dedication to her art as other-worldly. The dedication, the unrelenting work—"She is the hardest-working singer in opera today," says one baritone—have made her appear cold and distant to outsiders. Others have found that when she is treated warmly, she responds warmly.

One singer who has worked with Callas believes that her temperament was conditioned partly by the nature of the personalities with whom she has worked throughout her creative life.

"Don't forget," says this man, "she matured in the opera world of Italy, where they are stupidly competitive about unimportant things—who takes how many bows, who gets the best dressing rooms, etc. She had to claw her way to the summit in that atmosphere, and it's hard for her to realize that not everybody is like her early rivals."

Callas always has been a fair match for anyone who attacked her. In 1942, in Athens, she was asked on 24-hour notice to substitute in *Tosca* when the regular singer fell ill. As she was about to go on, she heard a male voice say, "That fat so-and-so can't do it."

Screaming curses, Madame threw herself upon the man, punched him in the nose and tore off his shirt. He gave her a black eye; she went on anyhow; the audience gave her a tremendous ovation.

"Criticism spurs me to greater effort," she says, "and insult makes me determined to be as perfect as I can be—but of course, in art no one ever achieves perfection."

By now, Callas has become such a legend that she seems almost timeless; it is hard to credit the fact that she was born to a Greek immigrant family four months after they had arrived in this country.

Madame was born on December 4, 1923, and named Maria Anna Sofia Cecilia Calogeropoulos. "Callas," she says, "is a short cut for the real long name—my father took it soon after he came to the United States."

Her childhood was marked by lack of food and lack of love. Although her father had been a well-to-do druggist in Greece, he could not repeat his success in America. He and his wife did not get along very well, and it often seemed that when they were not quarreling they were moving into a new apartment.

Little Maria's poor eyes forced her to wear thick glasses as soon as she was old enough to go to school. Also, she was a compulsive eater, when she could get food, presumably because her home life offered her no love.

A friend says, "Her mother always preferred her prettier sister Jackie. Maria discovered when she was eight that she had a wonderful voice, and determined to use it to make the world—and her mother—take notice of her."

She immediately began to save money to take lessons and buy opera librettos. She sang in school whenever she could—and found out that by singing she could gain some of the love she craved.

When Callas was about 13, her mother took her and her sister on a visit to Athens where they were trapped by the outbreak of World War II. Maria gained admission to the National Conservatory and continued her musical education. She was monstrous now, weighing over 200 pounds. But she did not care; she was learning opera roles.

After eight years in Greece she returned to the U.S. for two frustrating years. She studied and practiced and continued to improve, but she could not get a part anywhere. (It was during this time that the Met turned her down.) She decided to go to Italy.

"It was destiny," she says. Callas is a strong believer in what she calls "destiny"—she feels that all things are fated.

Immediately after Callas arrived in Verona, where she had been promised a job (at $75 per performance) with the local opera company, she met Giovanni Battista Meneghini (called "Titta" by his friends). He was a wealthy building contractor, nearly twice the young singer's age, but she was drawn to him at once.

"I met him June 30, 1947," she says, "and it was love at first sight. We were married April 21, 1949."

Callas once told a friend that if her husband should ask her to give up singing, she would do it at once. Meneghini did no such thing. He encouraged his bride as no one ever had, hiring the eminent Tullio Serafin to work with her.

During the next four years she served an arduous apprenticeship in companies all over Italy, improving all the time.

Finally La Scala asked her to appear as a guest. She accepted, and scored a triumph as *Aida*. She was asked to do another, but refused. If they would not take her for the entire season, she said, they would not get her. Popular demand was immense; the opera company gave in. She opened the 1951 season to almost unprecedented acclaim.

It was soon after that, Callas says, that destiny again took a hand. She began to lose weight. She says, "I cured myself. Do not ask me how . . . I was *supposed* to lose weight, and I did." (She went from 200 to 135 pounds.)

Callas made her American debut in Chicago in 1954, but it was two years before she deigned to appear at the Met. When she finally did, the critics were not unanimous in their praise.

The mythological Madame Callas is a very different woman from Madame Meneghini, the mistress of a household. She has a typical prima donna's taste for clothing (she owns 40 furs, 350 hats, over 200 pairs of shoes) and jewelry (her gems are worth more than $500,000, a friend estimates).

But she actually lives quite simply with her husband, with only a servant or two to look after their needs. She loves to cook; she especially loves to cook for Battista. Their relationship is a genuine love match. They seldom go nightclubbing and are seen only occasionally in the smart restaurants. They prefer to entertain close friends at home.

Meneghini understands his wife perfectly. He is at her side just before she goes on stage, but he has the sense not to intrude upon her on the long day that leads up to it. During that time, Callas prefers solitude.

Callas intends to go on learning new roles at the rate of one or two a year. She has mastered Wagnerian opera in Italian, and plans some day to learn it in German. Also, she looks forward to doing those roles which she feels she is still too young to do.

Recently, she hinted that she hopes some day she will be regarded and accepted not as "a haughty freak" (her phrase) but as the serious artist she has worked so long and hard to be.

"I believe," she says, "I am here only to sing and perform art. What I do must be true in respect to my art . . . in my life, my destiny is to do things honestly and to trust my own judgment. I feel this way about life: so long as you can take what you have to take, time shows up the truth . . . time shows up everything."

The Right Answer

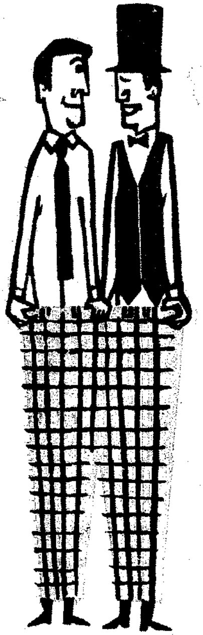
THE OFFICIOUS WOMAN bounced into an art gallery and made a superficial tour of the exhibits.

"Are these the masterpieces I have heard so much about?" she asked, in a scornful tone. "I don't see anything in them."

Quietly, the curator said, "Madam, don't you wish you could?"

—*Quote*

Grin and Share It



PRODUCER Lee Shubert was watching an actor during rehearsal. "I," declaimed the actor, "am Omar Khayyám!"

"No, no," interrupted Shubert. "You should say, 'I am Omar *of* Khayyám!'" Later, the director, a hardy soul, apprised Mr. Shubert of his error, and next day when the obedient actor shouted, "I am Omar of Khayyám," the producer again interrupted him.

"Better leave out that 'of'," he advised. "The scene is too long, anyway."

—HERBERT HUGHES

IN A LITTLE Scottish town, the congregation had built a new church but lacked funds for a bell and decided to solicit non-members in the parish. Calling on one of them, the pastor gave a glowing account of the new building, with its fine steam-heating plant, and its only lack—a bell for the tower.

"Ye say th' kirk is all steam-heated?" asked the prospect.

"Aye."

"Well, then. Ye dinna need a bell. Why do ye no furnish it wi' a bonny loud whistle?"

—*NRTA Journal*

"WHAT DO YOU mean, you have nothing to live for?" a wife asked her despondent husband. "The house isn't paid for, the car isn't paid for, the TV isn't paid for. . . ."

—SHELLY STARR

WHEN A YOUNG mother found her six-year-old son busily putting a bandage around his thumb, she said sympathetically, "You poor child, what happened?"

"I hit it with a hammer and it hurts," he replied.

"But I didn't hear you cry," she said.

He looked up and answered frankly: "I didn't cry. I thought you were out."

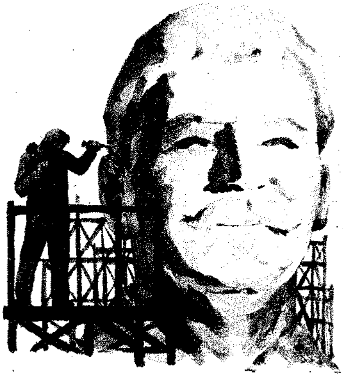
—*Nassau*

THIS ELECTION-YEAR session of Congress promises to be full of political fights. Representative Brooks Hays of Arkansas says the pending situation reminds him of an argument in a church congregation back home when he was a boy. He asked one man which side of the controversy he was on.

"I haven't decided yet," was the reply, "but I can tell you this: whichever side I take, I'm going to be bitter!"

—LES & LIZ CARPENTER *(Quote)*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



OTAKAR ŠVEC'S CURSED STATUE

by George Weller

His scheme to outwit the Communists trapped this Czech sculptor. But Nature relentlessly moves to avenge him

ON A GREEN BLUFF of the Vltava River overlooking Prague stands a massive statue of Stalin. Tall, gray and formidable, it is a glorified icon of the icy little giant who once ruled all the Russians. It is also the last heroic statue of Stalin anywhere in the world. This Stalin survives because he is too big to destroy and because the Czechs are too small for the job.

When planes fly over the twisted brown Vltava, it is this sombre figure, towering 54 feet above its base, that brings the passengers to the windows. Stalin is a marker for Prague, like the Statue of Liberty for New York. "Well, there he is," people say.

Ask who was the sculptor of Stalin's statue and the Communist Party "activist" looks at you with bland, measuring eyes. "The statue," he says with a deep breath, "is a collective effort to honor our friendship with the Soviet Union and our gratitude to one of her leaders." Another deep breath. "A Czech work brigade built it: stonecutters, truckmen, engineers. A socialist team."

"And the sculptor?"

"Possibly one individual may have contributed more to the collective design than the others. This is unimportant. With our artists it is the collective effort that matters. The rest is forgotten."

Yet it is not as easy as that to forget Otakar Svec. He was the last Czech to die for Stalin. Unlike Stalin's more obscure victims in Prague, Svec did not die in prison. Nor was he hanged like the erring Communist members of the "Titoist" conspiracy when Stalin's anti-Semitic purge swept the party.

The story of the long dying of Otakar Svec began with the competition for the statue. The new national society of sculptors—Communist-controlled—announced to its members that the government was offering a competition for a single large statue of Stalin. Not to compete would be like sabotage in an engineer, espionage in a soldier, waste in a worker, "defeatism" in a citizen.

Otakar Svec was a sculptor to whom others looked for leadership. Though nearly 60, he looked 20 years younger. He was tall and straight-backed, with dark hair. He was married to Vlasta, a sweet though strong-minded woman half his age. In the courtship months, when he thought her timid, he called her *Baj*—from the word *bazant* meaning "pheasant."

"Don't enter the competition," Vlasta warned him. "Stay out of this one. Follow your heart."

Svec thought he had a better idea. "I'll enter," he said, "but I'll see to it that I lose. Then they can't say that I snubbed the competition, or influenced others to stay out."

SVEC's political position was such that he needed a short tack to the left. His bust of Eisenhower for the city of Pilsen, in honor of the American troops first freeing western Bohemia, was a mark against his record. Eisenhower's bust had been torn down by the newly red-starred Czech army after the Communist takeover, two and a half years after World War II.

At the time, to stay in right, Svec should have made some humble public statement. Instead, he said nothing. Friends, inside the party and out, had warned him that by merely being silent, he deviated.

After collecting photographs of Stalin, Otakar set to work. He managed a preliminary drawing. Then he called in Baj.

"They might like it," she said doubtfully.

He snatched up the rules. "How could they? Look at the conditions. They say that it's got to be a single massive statue, standing free. I've done a group. I've added a Czech peasant, soldier, factory worker, intellectuals. I've made Stalin heavy and ugly, all overcoat, like Napoleon. It's a satire, really. Some of the judges are bound to get it, though they won't dare say so."

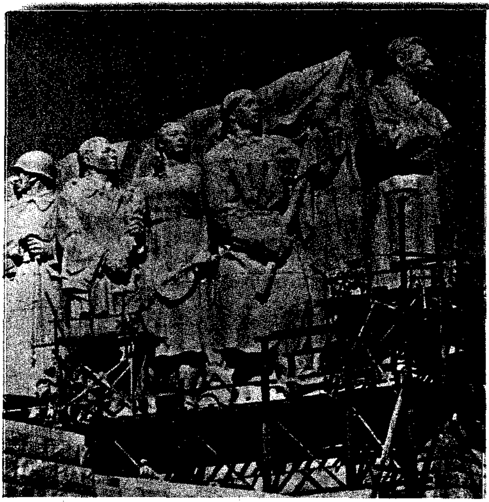
Drawings and models were turned in unsigned, identified only by number. Svec's went in with the rest.

Walking around Svec's model, the judges felt its challenge. Nine figures where only one had been asked. Eight Czechs and only one Stalin. By breaking their rules, the sculptor had implicitly criticized them.

There was only one sculptor powerful enough to take such risks: a fanatically loyal party member named Pokorny. The only thing they could do was to surrender the award to Pokorny, though they would be flouting their own rules.

So they voted the Stalin-with-eight-Czechs the winner. But to their horror, the winner was not Porkorny, the party pet. It was Otakar Svec, the tainted sculptor of Eisenhower.

When the word came, Baj asked her husband, hands on her hips,



Svec tried to sabotage the statue by adding figures to it and by erecting it on unsafe soil.

"Now what? Nobody is fooled. Everybody knows how you despise the comrades. So now we are faced with your wasting two years carving a group you hate. You can't pretend that long. If you do, people will call you a coward. And what am I supposed to tell them? What lie will last us two years?"

"Be patient, Baj," said Otakar. "I'll find a way out."

Now that the judges had broken their own rules and chosen the wrong winner, they threw themselves into erasing their errors by boldness. They decided Stalin must be taller. Five meters more? Not enough. Ten?

Svec, playing for time, showed them the teeth of his temperament. "No, you must take my Stalin as he is," he insisted stubbornly. Finally, the judges yielded.

A week after their consent, they visited his studio. "I have been reflecting on the question of size," said Svec. "I have come around to agree with you. Stalin must be big. But not simply big as you want him. Stalin must be bigger than Christ of the Andes. He must be colossal."

Svec's sudden mania for magnitude had a special purpose. He had discovered that the earth of the bluff overhanging the Vltava was none too solid. He doubted that it could hold up the colossus he was trying to get them to accept.

Engineers poked their plungers into the brown flank of the Vltava's bluff. "Too soft," they told the judges. They were too prudent, naturally, to demand that Stalin's size be reduced. "We'll put enough supports under the hill to carry Stalin and all his friends."

Heavy stakes now hung on Svec's statue. Photographs of his drawings had been published. Moscow was interested, Prague was committed.

In the icy, lonely studio, shunned by the only friends he respected, Svec grew smaller and older as his Stalin grew larger and younger.

When the torso's blocks were finished, long trailer trucks came to get them. The Svecs prayed for an accident, but the engineers were too competent.

Overlooking the river, the vast blocks of underpinning were sunk into place. No rope broke; no tackle collapsed. Tall curtains of sacking were hoisted on the scaffolding for Svec to work behind.

One day, riding home in a taxi, his driver turned and said to the sculptor: "God, I'd like to get my hands on that Svec and tell him he's a traitor. He surrenders *publicly*. He takes the heart out of the rest of us."

When Svec repeated this to Vlasta, she cried, "I told you so. I told you months ago. Now it is too late. Whatever we do, we must be ashamed for the rest of our lives."

Slowly their married life went to pieces. At first the silences lasted only minutes. Then they became hours. They were unnaturally polite. There was no hatred in it, but their common resistance had gone. Each was fighting separately, unable to help the other.

It was a year when meat was scarce. Someone peeped under the sacking and saw that Stalin was smiling. That was when the "meat queue" gag was born. It went like this: "Stalin smiles knowingly in Svec's statue, being at the head of the line. He knows he is going to get beef, while the Czechs in line behind him will get only sausage."

Svec began to drink.

One night he came home after midnight, a little drunk as usual. He opened the door to find Baj sprawled on the floor. She had swallowed poison. But she had had time to take only half of the pills before the poison finished her.

She did not leave a note. Having tortured him with silence in their last hours, she left him wordlessly.

Something made him hide the rest of the pills.

Hating the whispering cafés and the turned heads, Svec got into the habit of visiting the park by night. Every time he told the old watchman guarding the statue: "I am Svec, the sculptor of Stalin."

"I know you; everybody knows you," said the watchman reassuringly.

A crack appeared in the earthworks under the heavy pedestal. The cliff, despite its buttressing, was giving way.

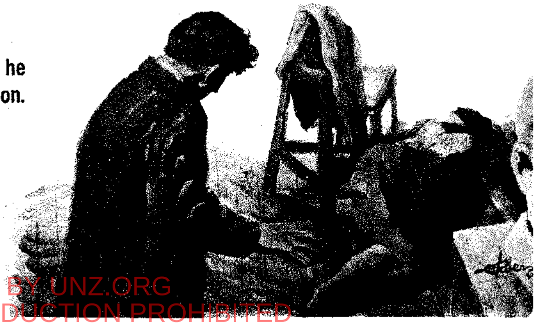
Then the Soviet ambassador asked a simple and wholly natural question, the same question that was on the lips of every person in Prague: When will the statue of Stalin be unveiled?

A vapid smile, uncannily like that which he had imprinted on Stalin's lips, stole across Svec's lips. That night when he returned to the studio he forced his shaky fingers to write a note: "Pheasant, darling, you were right all the time."

Then he got the rest of the pills she had used. She had left him plenty. He swallowed them all.

The neighbors noticed, of course, that Svec did not come in and out anymore. But by now he was known as a queer man. Days went by. Finally someone called the police. They pried open the door and found Otakar Svec. They read, and confiscated, his note. But not before its words reached a neighbor who gave

When the tormented sculptor came home, he found his wife had taken her life with poison.



them, in a whisper, to all of Prague.

Thirty people came to the grave; 27 of them were detectives to check names and faces. There were only three mourners.

Before the unveiling could be arranged—stressing the "collective effort," omitting Otakar Svec—Stalin died.

As the first leaks of the denigration of Stalin came in, the doubts deepened. What should be done about the statue? The question was bucked all the way up to the Czech embassy in Moscow. What did Mr. Malenkov want?

The answer came back: "Yes, unveil it, but hurry."

Today, except for the smiling Stalin, there is little left in Czechoslovakia to remember Otakar Svec by. Stalin's smile, being hardened in stone, survives the frailer flesh of his maker. But the grassy bank of the Vltava is soft as human flesh. It cannot support Stalin forever.

Famous Foibles

WHEN MARIE CURIE, the scientist, was busy with her research, nothing could distract her.

One day, when she was in the middle of an experiment, a distraught assistant burst into the lab.

"Madame, madame," she cried, "I just swallowed a pin. What shall I do?"

"There, there, don't fret," murmured the scientist, her eyes peeled on her microscope. "I'll get you another."

—E. E. EDGAR

H. G. WELLS had such a large head that he had trouble acquiring hats that fitted properly. Once, on a visit to Harvard, he found a hat that fitted very nicely on his head. It happened to belong to the then Mayor of Cambridge, Mass. No matter: Mr. Wells simply put it on his head and walked off with it.

Back in England, Mr. Wells wrote the mayor this letter: "I took your hat. I like your hat. I shall keep your hat. Whenever I look inside I shall think of you and your excellent sherry. I take off your hat to you."

—*English Digest*

ALTHOUGH THE ELDER HENRY FORD spent millions with a free hand on his business, he spent practically nothing on himself.

When he left his house in the morning, he didn't even bother to take any money with him. Knowing this, his secretary would have an envelope containing $200 waiting for him when he arrived at his office. He would pick it up, put it in his pocket, then forget all about it. At night, when he emptied his pockets before going to bed, he would come upon the envelope still unopened, and toss it into a drawer. After his death, several drawers filled with these envelopes were found.

—E. E. EDGAR

Louisiana's fairy-tale wedding

by **GENE BYLINSKY**

ONE OF THE WORLD'S most fantastic weddings took place beneath golden spider webs strung above a mile-long corridor of trees in the picturesque Bayou Teche country of Louisiana. It was staged by millionaire Charles Durande, who made it a habit of stunning his neighbors with spectacular feats.

M. Durande had arrived in St. Martinville, Louisiana, from France around 1820, gathered slaves, cleared land, built a great sugar mill, planted a mile-long alley of pines and Spanish oaks and erected a palacelike mansion at its end.

The plantation prospered and Durande amused himself by driving about the countryside in a carriage upholstered with cloth of gold and drawn by horses harnessed in gilded leather. Daily, he bathed in slightly diluted cologne, and showered expensive gifts on his wife and their 12 children.

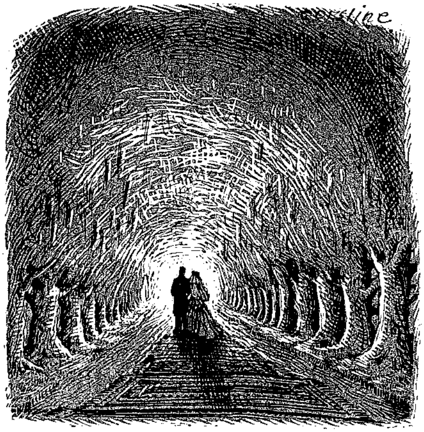
Shortly before the Civil War, Durande announced the engagement of two of his daughters to young scions of rich families. For their double wedding, he laid plans so elaborate that it became more like a fairy tale than a reality.

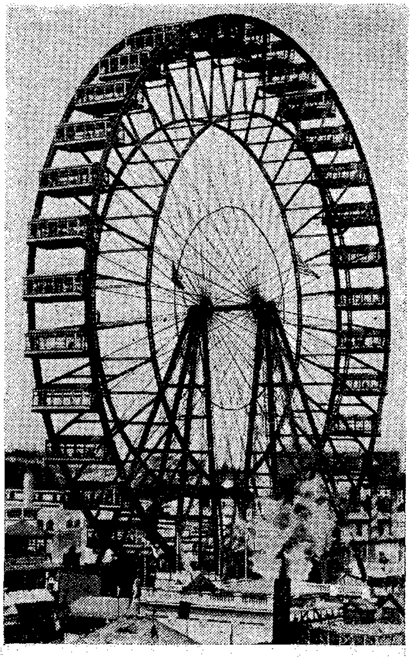
He imported a cargo of huge spiders and let them loose in the magnificent corridor of towering pines and moss-laden oaks that now formed a shadowy tunnel leading to the mansion. For days the spiders laced their intricate network of giant webs between the branches, while Durande's slaves constructed a grandiose altar in front of the great house.

Early on the day of the wedding, servants spread soft velvet carpets on the roadway under the trees. Then, armed with huge bellows, they blew gold and silver dust upon the spider webs, transforming them into a glittering canopy for the bridal procession.

Along the sides of this dazzling aisle to the altar, bands played. Buffets, presided over by retinues of slaves, bulged with exotic foods and rare wines for the 2,000 guests from near and far, many of whom remained at the reception for days.

Now only the majestic corridor of pines and Spanish oaks remains to mark the site of Durande's fabulous fairy-tale wedding. ♛ ♛ ♛





by Charles Boswell and Lewis Thompson

When the 1893 World's Fair needed a lift, up bobbed George Ferris with his vertical merry-go-round

For a time, it looked as though the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 would be a failure even before it opened. The exposition (better known as the Chicago World's Fair), was to celebrate—several months late, to be sure—the quadricentennial of Columbus' discovery of America; and America's vaunted inventive genius had apparently let both the fair and Columbus down.

At the Paris Exposition of 1889, the Eiffel Tower, an engineering wonder, had proved an enormous attraction; yet up until six months before opening day on May 1, the Chicago Fair had nothing even in the drawing board stage to rival it.

"What's wrong with you scientists?" Daniel Burnham, Director of Works of the Fair, demanded at an engineering convention. "Haven't you any sense of the unique, of the off-beat on a grandiose scale? We must have something, *anything*, that will make a publicity splash all over the world."

One of the listening engineers was George Washington Gale Ferris, a slight intense man of 33 with dark hair and moody eyes. Ferris, who headed his own firm in Pittsburgh, was primarily a bridge and tunnel builder, but eventually, *the idea* hit him.

Ferris' idea was a distant cousin of the merry-go-round. Not a small horizontal merry-go-round, but an enormous, *perpendicular* merry-go-round carrying people in coaches as big as streetcars.

It would have a double-rimmed steel wheel 250 feet in diameter. The axle would turn on bearings at the top of two facing pyramidal towers 140 feet high. At intervals along the perimeter of the wheel, 36 glass-windowed coaches, each to carry 40 people, would hang free between the rims, so as to remain always upright as the wheel revolved. Motive power would be supplied by two 1,000-horsepower steam engines, communicating their drive to the cogged exterior surface of the wheel's twin rims.

As projected on his drawing board, the wheel appeared fragile, and yet it was meant to carry not only its own tremendous weight, but that of 1,440 human beings as well.

In November, 1892, Ferris took his drawings to Daniel Burnham. The director shook his head.

"Your wheel is so flimsy it would collapse, and even if it didn't, the public would be afraid to ride in it."

Ferris began rolling up his drawings.

"You are an architect, sir, I am an engineer. And my wheel represents strictly an engineering problem. The spokes may seem flimsy, but they're more than strong enough." Ferris halted, then added: "I feel that no man should prejudge another man's idea unless he knows what he's talking about."

Burnham offered his hand in admission that he had been deservedly rebuked. "Let me have your drawings, Mr. Ferris," he said, smiling. "I'll present them to the Board and do my best to get a concession for your wheel."

The concession came through, and Ferris' wheel had been given the most prominent position on the Fair's Midway Plaisance, right next to the "Streets of Cairo," where Little Egypt would dance the original Hootchy-Kootchy. Unfortunately, however, it was now mid-December, and only four and a half months remained before the opening of the Fair.

Ferris had to work fast. He had to raise the more than $350,000 he figured the wheel would cost, have the steel for it fabricated and shipped to the Fair grounds, and then erect his revolving monster.

He was laughed out of a succession of banks. A wheel 250 feet in diameter? Impossible! A smarty in one bank happened to know that the largest wheel in history was a water wheel on the Isle of Man, and that it was only 72′ 6″ in diameter.

Ferris nevertheless went right ahead placing orders for his steel, which had to be forged to exacting specifications, on his own credit. No one steel plant could handle the entire job, thus his credit was spread around and no one credit manager knew how deep in the red Ferris was.

The Bethlehem Iron Company, for example, made only the axle. It was a job without parallel, however, for the axle was 45′ 6″ long, 33″ in diameter, weighed 46.5 tons, and was the largest single piece of steel ever forged in America up to that time.

In late March, the thousands of parts for the wheel reached the Fair grounds aboard five freight trains of 30 cars each. The axle, together with its hubs and its journal boxes holding its bearings, took up two flatcars.

Meanwhile, Ferris had battled the money ogre by forming a stock company and selling shares. This went slowly until, after much persuasion, two prominent Chicagoans agreed to serve as officers of the company and invest in it. Once these two had risked their reputations and their cash in support of Ferris, the balance of the money poured in.

Even before the arrival of either steel or money, Ferris had begun the construction of the footings for the towers which would support the wheel. Each tower was to have four 20′ x 20′ concrete pads, reinforced with steel, and sunk down to bedrock.

When Ferris began excavating, the ground was frozen. His men arduously chopped their way to a point somewhat below the frost line —and struck quicksand.

The sand was gingerly bucketed out; but as soon as the first ton was removed, another seeped in. Eventually, in order to inch each of his excavations down, Ferris had to sink a protective caisson ahead of it.

Yet once he had reached bedrock, at a depth of 35 feet, and had begun pouring concrete, his troubles were not over. The temperature dropped nearly to zero and the concrete froze before it hardened.

Ferris brought a boiler and steam pipes into play, sunk the heated pipes as he poured the concrete, and finally got solid footings.

Construction of the 140-foot towers was comparatively simple. Then, groaning under the strain, long-boomed derricks raised the huge axle and eased it into its journal boxes atop the towers. From its hubs, Ferris strung down the first few pairs of spidery spokes and joined them to the No. 1 panel of the massive trusses. Then the wheel was built up, panel by panel, until finally it was completed. The engines were next installed in the pit beneath.

By now, the May 1 opening date of the Fair had long since passed, and Ferris' investors were growing jittery. They feared that the Fair, which would close on October 30, would do so before the wheel had operated long enough to earn them back their money.

Ferris ran his wheel experimentally with a number of daredevils among his steelworkers clinging to the struts of the trusses; then, on June 18, he began attaching the 36 cars. They were each 24′ long, 13′ wide, 10′ high. Rods 6½″ in diameter, piercing their roofs, supported them as they hung between the rims.

The cars weighed 13 tons each and were of steel covered with wood veneer. Each had 38 chairs, swiveled so that riders could look out the windows on both sides, and doors at either end, one for passengers entering and the other for those exiting. A uniformed guard was assigned to each car, to keep order and lock and unlock the doors.

Once the cars were hung, new doubts arose in the public mind concerning the wheel's safety. Ferris had named June 21 as the official starting date and invited 2,000 guests for free rides. But so far he had received only a handful of acceptances.

At that point, a press release stated that the wheel could withstand a 110 mph-wind, and newspapers lauded it as a monument of solid strength; and when June 21 arrived, nearly all of Ferris' guests were on hand, among them the mayor, the entire city council, and Mrs. Potter Palmer, Chicago's *grande dame* social arbiter.

Ferris and his wife took the first ride, along with guests and a 40-piece band.

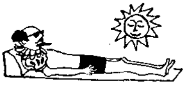
From the moment the wheel was open to the public, crowds stood in line to buy tickets. In an era when merry-go-rounds charged an exorbitant 5¢, the wheel got 50¢ for a ride of 20 minutes. It operated from 8 in the morning until 11 at night and, during the 19 weeks it ran, carried 1,453,611 paying customers. Its gross take was $726,805.50.

From this, the cost of the wheel and its operating expenses were deducted, Ferris was paid a fat fee, and then the Ferris Wheel Company split the balance with the Fair management. Ferris' investors got their money back—plus a sizeable dividend.

The wheel ran without accident and, when the Fair closed, was dismantled and re-erected at another site in Chicago, where it operated at a profit for ten years. Then it was moved to St. Louis for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and again it proved a successful attraction.

But the cost of taking it down, shipping it and setting it up had come to $265,000; and, after the closing of the exposition, since no other large fair was scheduled for the near future, the wheel was dynamited and sold for scrap.

All over the world—at fairs, carnivals and in amusement parks—Ferris Wheels have continued to give pleasure, although none has created the sensation nor achieved the grandeur of its famous Chicago original.



Shakespeare on the Beach

HERE is my space. —*Antony and Cleopatra*

THE sun doth burn my face; I must remove. —*Venus and Adonis*

THE common people swarm like summer flies . . . —*Henry VI*

BESEECH you, tenderly apply to her Some remedies . . . —*The Winter's Tale*

I should blush To see you so attired. —*The Winter's Tale*

O, the difference of man and man! —*The Tragedy of King Lear*

The experts answer

20 questions most often asked about sex

by Phyllis W. Goldman

DESPITE ALL THAT has been written and said, there is still widespread misinformation and ignorance about sex. Marriage counselors declare up to 40 percent of all divorces are caused by sexual incompatibility, and educators have criticized our school systems for failing to provide more courses in sex and marriage adjustment.

To answer the question, "What do Americans *really* want to know about sex?" CORONET consulted Dr. Mary Steichen Calderone and Dr. Abraham Stone—both of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America—Dr. Abner I. Weisman, a founder of the International Fertility Association, experts at the Child Study Association and leading marriage counselors. In addition, thousands of letters received by the Planned Parenthood Federation were sifted to find which questions were the most frequently asked.

Here are the questions and answers, based upon the CORONET survey and latest scientific findings:

Q. We've been married five years and are childless. Could the fault be with my husband?

A. Perhaps, but some authorities say twice as many cases of infertility are attributable to the wife. She may have physical or emotional problems preventing conception, or she may be incapable of carrying a baby for the normal nine months. Relatively few men are truly sterile, studies show. If a man has poor quality sperm, or is incapable of having normal relations because of an emotional problem, treatment can usually help.

Q. How often should we have sexual relations and will frequent intercourse weaken the sperm, lessening chances of conception?

A. Frequency of intercourse varies with different couples. Studies show that a general average is about once or twice a week. But after the first baby, this average may decline somewhat. The reason: many new mothers fear a second "quick" pregnancy—especially when they are just beginning to learn how to care for their first child. The wide variation in frequency of intercourse among couples can be attributed—at least in part—to the fact that some couples are emotionally passive about sex, while others feel emotionally incomplete without it.

Frequency of intercourse has very little to do with "sperm strength." Normal sperm remains capable of uniting with the egg regardless of the frequency of relations.

Q. Is there such a thing as a contraceptive pill?

A. Yes, there are several now undergoing extensive tests to determine if they are safe and effective. Some doctors question whether pills will prove more effective than presently used contraceptive measures. And several years of testing will be necessary to discover if the pills alter the normal physical reactions of women and whether they produce harmful side effects.

Q. Are medical birth control methods harmful?

A. No. The use of such devices as diaphragms, condoms and contraceptive jellies is approved by doctors. One birth control method, withdrawal, is not recommended, because it leaves both husband and wife unfulfilled.

Q. How reliable is the "rhythm method" of birth control?

A. The rhythm method simply means that a woman abstains from intercourse during her "fertile days." This method is effective if the woman's menstrual cycle is extremely regular over a period of years. However, even among such regular women, the cycle can be upset by emotional strain, trauma (such as an auto accident) or even a change of environment and climate. Thus, the rhythm method is less reliable than the medical birth control techniques just described. One study shows rhythm to be 86 percent effective as compared to 94 to 98 percent with the best medical methods.

Q. What are a woman's fertile days?

A. When menstruation occurs regularly at about 28, 30, 35 days or even longer, the fertile time is 14 days before the onset of a woman's next period—with a 6-day variation either way. The variation takes into account the fact that the male sperm may live about 24 hours in the uterus. Thus, if intercourse is carried out on the 15th day before the next period, and the woman ovulates on the 14th day, she may conceive.

Q. What is impotence?

A. Impotence is the inability of a man to have sex relations. The cause may be linked to injury of the genitals, such as those sustained in war. Genetic factors are also thought to be involved. More and more, doctors are citing emotional problems as the cause of impotence and psychiatrists are continually reporting more instances of successful treatment of impotence through psychotherapy.

Q. My husband complains that I am frigid. Who can help me?

A. True frigidity means that a

woman has a deep distaste for intercourse, and perhaps even fondling. Such cases are rare. Far more common is the woman whose rigid, restrictive upbringing temporarily freezes her emotions. She acquires a sense of guilt about sex. Consult a doctor, psychiatrist, marriage counselor, or a clergyman with marriage counseling experience. Remember, too, when husbands and wives can talk freely about sex problems, the problems tend to solve themselves. Frequently, a woman considered frigid will change when she accepts the following: 1) that sex is not "dirty"; 2) that it need not be painful; 3) that it is not an expression of lust, but rather of love.

Q. How early can you detect homosexual tendencies in a child and what can be done about it?

A. If by age eight a child plays only with members of the opposite sex, discuss this with your doctor. It may indicate that the boy is seeking the "coloration" of a girl. Normally, at this age, children seek friends of the same sex. As a rule, boys think it's "sissy" to play with girls at this time of life. Later, in the teens, boys and girls normally seek friends of the opposite sex. At times, homosexual tendencies can be seen as early as age five, but treatment will not produce results at that age. A happily married mother and father are the best safeguards against homosexuality. They make youngsters feel secure and seek the friendships essential to growing up. The relation of father to son is very important. If the son can emulate a strong, virile father who shows real affection for the mother, there is little likelihood that the son will become effeminate.

Q. When and how should I tell my children about sex?

A. Sex curiosity begins at about age one and a half. This is when the average child discovers his genitals and wants to touch them. This is normal. Mother's calm acceptance of it helps set the tone for good sex attitudes. At about age three, children start asking about their organs. Answer each question clearly and frankly. At age five or six, your child is liable to ask: "How does a baby get inside the mother?" Sometimes you can explain simply that "Daddy starts it growing." If you are pressed further, you can say, "fluid from Daddy joins an egg cell (which you need not define) in Mommy to start the growth of the baby."

Q. Is masturbation harmful?

A. In moderate amounts, it is normal at all ages and in both sexes. The most harmful aspect involves the guilt felt by the individual who masturbates. Years ago, it was wrongly thought that masturbation caused skin blemishes, eye trouble, insanity or impotence. Children who masturbate so much that it interferes with normal activities and friendships should receive medical help.

Q. Why do some people who've never been able to have a baby adopt one and then discover that they can have their own?

A. There is one theory that the mounting tension of *not* having a child prevents a woman from conceiving. If she adopts a child, the tension subsides as she expresses mother-love. Then she may conceive. There is another theory that the experience of mothering releases hormones which make it possible to conceive. No one really knows the exact reasons.

Q. What is menopause and why do women fear it so?

A. Menopause is the normal cessation of ovulation and menstruation in the female. Accompanying this, there are glandular changes that may cause sudden sweats, "hot flashes," dizziness, a feeling of weakness. Menopause does not mean the end of sex activity. On the contrary, many women enjoy a fuller sex life after it, for there is no longer the fear of unwanted pregnancy.

Q. How can I overcome the fear of childbirth?

A. Develop a mature philosophy. You should understand that 1) maternal death rates in the U.S. are less than one half of one percent; 2) hospitals are reporting 15,000 and more consecutive births without a single maternal death; 3) a certain amount of fear is normal and expected by your doctor. Actually, women fear death, a deformed or "still" child and personal physical change, in about that order. Don't suppress these fears. Talk them out with your husband and doctor. And remember, more than 4,200,000 babies are born in the U.S. each year. Those other prospective mothers have about the same anxieties as you do.

Q. To what age do sexual desire and ability remain in the average man and woman?

A. The variations are great. One prominent artist had a mistress until he was 79. No doubt genetic and hereditary factors are important in determining the duration of sex ability. Also, there are reports that indicate that the happier the early married sex life, the longer the desire for sex lasts. Experts point out, too, that a person of 60, 70 or older is just as capable of falling deeply in love as a much younger person.

Q. Does heavy smoking decrease sexual desire or performance?

A. There is no evidence that it does.

Q. Does alcohol increase sexual desire?

A. Not really. And it may actually impair performance. Alcohol in small quantities stimulates the nervous system. This leads to a decrease in inhibitions. As a result, an individual who has had a drink or two may become more aggressive. However, the sexual desire was there all the time; it was just waiting for stimulation. More than a few drinks depresses the nervous system, causing drowsiness and lack of coordination. Obviously, sex capability is not enhanced when the individual is in this state.

Q. Does sexual activity bring on heart attacks?

A. Because the heartbeat becomes more rapid when an individual is excited, many men who have suffered coronary attacks are advised against having intercourse. Or they are permitted limited intercourse. There are cases in which coronary attacks have occurred during coitus. But whether the sex act itself triggered the heart attack is open to question.

Q. After bearing a child, does the

woman's figure change for the worse?

A. Not always. As a rule, the woman's breasts become fuller, and her hips may become more rounded. Generally speaking, if the woman eats sanely during pregnancy, continues to do so after childbirth and performs recommended exercises to "tighten up" stomach muscles, her figure will usually come back to normal in time. Many doctors recommend that women gain no more than 20 pounds during the full pregnancy. The reasons for this limit are based on considerations of maximum health of the mother, ease of delivery and health of the baby. Interestingly, some women who have gained 30 or more pounds during pregnancy bounce right back to their pre-pregnancy figures. There is little truth in the widespread notion that a woman's genital organs change so much in childbirth that neither she nor her husband will be able to enjoy intercourse thereafter.

Q. Can a woman become pregnant without having intercourse?

A. Usually conception can occur only after intercourse. However, there are cases of virgins becoming pregnant. A virgin is a woman whose hymen has not been broken. The hymen is a thin layer of skin which *partially* closes the entrance to the uterus. However, since the menstrual flow passes *out* through the hymen, it is also possible for the sperm to pass *in*. Therefore, sperm could conceivably pass through the hymen and unite with the egg—resulting in pregnancy.

There are also "test-tube" babies. They are conceived without intercourse, by means of artificial insemination. This merely means that the woman is mechanically impregnated with live sperm which may or may not be her husband's. Before this is done, the physician makes absolutely certain that the woman cannot conceive by natural means.

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Plagued by wildness, Rex Barney sank from baseball hero to has-been. Now he's back in the game he loves

"Control is 17 inches wide"

by Roger Kahn

IN 1948, a husky Nebraskan named Rex Barney stood on the threshold of baseball greatness. Just 23 years old, he pitched an historic no-hit game for the Brooklyn Dodgers against the New York Giants.

Five years later, Rex Barney stood at the brink of failure. He was out of baseball, and doing manual labor in a brewery. "Rex can throw every pitch but a strike," shrugged one Dodger executive. "I never saw a man with more potential ability—and less control. But, let's face it, he's washed up."

Today, at 33, still younger than some of baseball's best active pitchers, Barney is back on top in the game he loves. After a grim emotional ordeal, he has made a remarkable comeback. Not as a pitcher, but as a highly successful baseball broadcaster. This past summer, when games of the Philadelphia Phils were telecast by WOR-TV to a vast audience in New York, Rex Barney was on hand doing the play-by-play commentary—and working with more poise, control and assurance than he had ever displayed on the pitching mound.

To look at Barney, it is hard to believe that he underwent a trial by failure. His face, under his light brown hair, is still boyish, despite the beginnings of jowls. His six-foot three-inch frame is still solid. He grins and laughs readily. The wonder is not so much that Barney can smile and joke about baseball; the wonder is that he can still talk baseball at all.

Barney always wanted to be an athlete. As a boy in Omaha, Nebraska, he was so active that his father, a general foreman for the Union Pacific Railroad, once offered him a dime if he could sit in the same place for three minutes. "It was the hardest money I've ever earned," Barney says.

At Creighton Prep, a Jesuit high school in Omaha, Barney's fast ball was so spectacular that by the time he graduated in

1943, four major league clubs offered to sign him. In May he chose the Dodgers for a $5,000 bonus and by late summer he was a major league pitcher. That year one casual question foreshadowed his entire future.

"What's the best pitch in baseball?" Rex, who was 18, ingenuously asked Whitlow Wyatt, ace of the Dodger pitching staff.

"That's easy, son," Wyatt said. "The best pitch is a strike."

THAT FALL, Rex went into the Army. When he came back to Brooklyn in 1946, Branch Rickey, the shrewd vice-president and general manager of the Dodgers, announced: "This young man can throw harder than anyone else in the league, although he has no conception of what constitutes the strike zone."

Any pitch that crosses the 17-inch width of home plate between a batter's knees and armpits is a strike. Throwing from 60′ 6″ away, most major league pitchers not only try for strikes, but aim for a corner—high inside, low outside—and come an inch or two within the zone, making it tougher for the batter.

For two years Barney struggled. He won only seven games and he lost seven, although his phenomenal speed made opposing batters blink. In 1947 Rex was married, and he and his wife made expansive plans. "The usual stuff when you figure you'll make big money," Barney says. "We talked about a big house, a nice car and clothes."

Occasionally, Barney felt that success was close. In the 1947 World Series, Rex loaded the bases in the first inning of the fifth game. Then he struck out Joe DiMaggio. "The fastest pitcher I've ever seen," DiMaggio said later.

The next year Barney arrived. One rainy September night, he pitched his no-hitter against the Giants. "You think about it for a couple of weeks and all of a sudden it hits home," Barney remembers. "You've pitched a no-hitter. You're in the record books. It's frightening, but it's a wonderful way to be scared."

On the final day of the 1948 season, Barney broke a small bone near his left ankle during a routine play at second base. The leg had to be in a cast for four months. When he tried to pitch in 1949, his old problem was back—no control of the ball. He won nine games and lost eight.

He still was wild in the spring of 1950; and as the Dodgers left their training camp at Vero Beach, Florida, he was ordered to stay behind. Early one morning, Branch Rickey and two of his top advisors—Fresco Thompson, a former star infielder, and George Sisler, who once hit .420 for the St. Louis Browns—took Barney out to a field bordered by palmetto trees and swampland. "At eight o'clock every morning you are to report here," Rickey said. "We still believe you can be a great pitcher, but only if you'll let us teach you control."

A target of strings, outlining the strike zone, was set up, and Barney tried to throw his pitches between the strings.

"I don't think that he's following through enough," Sisler said.

"He's taking his eye off the target," Thompson said.

"Rex," Branch Rickey said, "I'm not worried about your fast ball. It's the other pitches you throw. For the next three days I want you to pitch against our minor leaguers. Throw all the curves and change-ups you like. But you are not to throw a single fast ball."

Robbed of his best weapon, Barney was hit hard. Some nights before he fell asleep, he found himself in tears. On opening day, Barney rejoined the Dodgers in Brooklyn, but when the squad left on its first Western trip, he was kept home.

The Dodger coaches had come up with a fresh explanation for his lack of accuracy. "He's not watching home plate," they said. "Either that or there's something wrong with his vision."

Rickey set up a post on either side of home plate at Ebbets Field and connected the posts with a string. From this string dangled a small ball. Rickey handed Barney an eye patch and a baseball. "Cover your right eye and throw at that little ball," he ordered. Barney obeyed.

"Now cover your left eye and pitch."

Barney did.

"Now pitch with both eyes covered."

"I can't," protested Barney.

Rickey walked away. And thus ended the experiment with Barney's vision.

A few weeks later, Burt Shotton, the Dodger manager, called Barney into his office. "Mr. Rickey and I feel you ought to see a psychiatrist about your wildness," he said.

"The Dodgers sent me to a psychiatrist. But what he told me didn't make sense."

Desperately, Barney agreed. "I guess," he says, "they figured I was too tense. I went to the psychiatrist a couple of times a week for a month and a half. Finally, he told me to ease up. He said I ought to stop fiddling with my cap on the mound and take less time between pitches. It didn't make sense. I'd fiddled with my cap and taken time between pitches the night I had the no-hitter."

Newspapermen started calling Barney "The Wild Man of Baseball," and before long fans joined in. "Make your catcher wear a red glove," one man advised scornfully. "That will give you a clearer target."

The few times that summer when

Barney tried to pitch, the words of coaches kept echoing through his brain: "Make sure you bring your arm back smoothly. Make sure you stride properly. Make sure you imagine a target. Make sure you know why you're throwing this particular pitch. And—most important—make sure there's nothing on your mind."

Barney managed to win two games out of three. But the coaching seemed to have changed his pitching style. He lost speed, but did not gain control. "For Rex," said one baseball expert, "control is 17 inches wide"—the width of home plate.

The following spring, Rickey had left and the new Brooklyn management threatened to fine anyone caught giving Barney advice.

In Asheville, North Carolina, Rex pleaded for a chance to pitch against a team of Class B minor leaguers. In the first inning, he walked eight batters and 26 of his 36 pitches were wild. Again and again, his powerful right arm whipped the ball toward home plate —and again and again he saw it sail high over the catcher's head or into the dirt in front of the batter.

"God, can this be me?" Rex recalls thinking. "I once pitched a no-hitter. I struck out DiMaggio. Now I'm getting beaten by bush league kids like this."

In the second inning, he served up nine consecutive bad pitches. "Get that bum out of there," one spectator bellowed. "What do you think this is, a circus?"

After two and a third innings, Manager Dressen slowly walked to the mound and took the ball away from Barney. Rex had passed 11 men and given up seven runs on only one hit. Head bowed with humiliation, he slumped off the field. "I never felt so small in my life," he remembers.

That was the last time Barney pitched for a major league team. Later, he was sent down to the Dodgers' Fort Worth farm club. In his first game, he walked 16 men, a Texas League record.

Rather than sink deeper into the minor leagues, he quit organized baseball and agreed to pitch for a semi-professional team near Omaha.

"See the wild man," the advertising posters proclaimed. "How many is Wild Man Barney going to kill?" Rex pitched for $100 a game.

Then he took a job in a St. Paul brewery for $75 a week. He loaded beer kegs, tossed sacks of dried malt and even swabbed floors. To add to his misery, his marriage broke up. "It looked like the end of everything," he recalls. "Until one day I met Carol. She saved me."

Carol Lowe, whom Barney married in 1954, was a popular pianist in St. Paul when she met Rex. "What do you think you'd like to do?" she asked shortly after they became engaged.

"I want to pitch," Barney said. Then he broke down and wept.

"But maybe you can't pitch," Carol said, gently. "You'll have to face it, Rex. Maybe you should try to become a radio sports broadcaster. That would keep you near baseball."

The following spring, they went

to Vero Beach so that Rex could have a final try at pitching. "I couldn't throw a single good one," he says.

Barney sold foreign cars and worked nights as a bartender. Then in 1954, Vero Beach opened its first radio station—WTTB—and he applied for a job as an announcer. An official listened to Barney's voice. "You'll *never* be an announcer," he said.

Subsequently Barney learned that another station, WNTM, was to be opened and he asked for a job. He was hired as general manager—in charge of programming and selling time. When the station started transmitting, he also worked as a disc jockey and news commentator.

That summer, whenever he could, Barney drove to Daytona Beach and, sitting in the grandstand, "broadcast" minor league games into a tape recorder.

Then he brought the tapes home, where he and Carol listened and criticized.

A year later, Barney heard that station WCAW in Charleston, West Virginia, needed a sportscaster to handle local minor-league games at $200 a week. He telephoned the station and was told to send tapes of a live baseball broadcast.

Since Barney had never done a live broadcast, he checked his scrapbook for clippings on one game he had pitched in the 1949 World Series. Relying on factual details from the clippings and on his memory for color, he "broadcast" a half inning. WCAW hired him.

In Charleston, Rex telephoned Dr. James Wilson, a professor of speech at Morris Harvey College, and asked for help.

For the next few months, the college professor and the washed-up pitcher met two or three nights a week. Barney's improvement was startling; and the next year, the Mutual Broadcasting System hired him to do its nationally telecast "Game of the Day."

This past season, Al Helfer, Barney's broadcasting partner, occasionally turned to Rex and said jovially, "Come on in, Scatter-arm." Some viewers, remembering Barney's baseball ordeal, expected him to flinch. But the memory no longer tortures him, although he is still vague about why he was so wild. "Maybe it was because I jumped right into the majors without getting any seasoning in the minor leagues," he says. "And that broken leg didn't help."

But when Barney discusses his old bugaboo, one thing still amuses him. "Whenever I meet a ball fan," he says, "he blurts out, 'Rex Barney? Aren't you the guy who was so wild?' "

"Just once," Rex goes on, "I'd like to hear somebody say, 'Aren't you the guy who pitched that no-hitter?' " Then Barney breaks into a broad grin, and it's clear that even if it never happens, he really doesn't care too much. ♛♛♛

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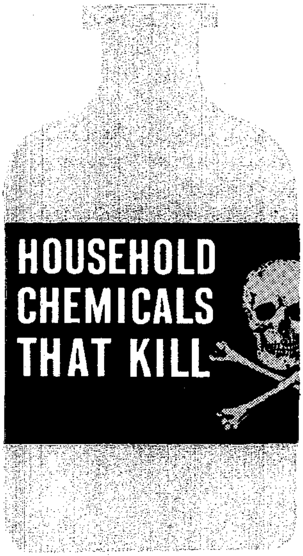


HOUSEHOLD CHEMICALS THAT KILL

Lax laws, carelessness and inadequate labels allow potential poisons to endanger your family

by BEATRICE SCHAPPER

On returning home recently from a supermarket, a young mother put away her purchases, taking special care to place a bottle of cleaning fluid on a high shelf of the kitchen closet.

Less than a mile away, across the state line, another young mother was similarly engaged. But she put her bottle of the same stuff in the "cleaning corner" under the kitchen sink. In two days, her three-year-old son was dead from drinking it while she was busy in another room.

The first woman was alerted by the word *"poison"* on the bottle—required by her state for this potentially dangerous chemical. The second mother had no such warning, because neither the laws of her state nor her city require it on a label.

Rapid scientific progress in the last few years has placed a vastly increased number of new drugs, household and hobby preparations into homes across the nation. Yet thousands of them carry no warning words to guide you about possible dangers if mishandled.

As the number of products increases, so do accidental poisonings. Annually, there are now over 1,400 deaths, and the number of nonfatal poisonings, sometimes with enduring pain, runs around 200,000. These are typical cases:

Died. An infant who drank rat poison from a bait cup in the cellar.

Died. A baby whose mother accidentally mixed into his formula boric acid powder stored with food.

Died. A little girl playing in the yard who licked some crystals on a discarded bottle cap.

For every child killed by poisons,

many more recover but may be crippled for life by liver or kidney damage, scarring and closing of the esophagus, brain injury, or lung complications with subsequent attacks of respiratory troubles.

Our laws are a great deal to blame, for they are not protecting consumers as they should. One important national law, for instance, has not been brought up to date in over a quarter of a century. State rulings are a hodgepodge; sometimes they even contradict themselves.

For example, no nationwide law exists requiring precautionary statements on the labels of household chemicals and poisons. Only four states have such a law: New York, Indiana, Connecticut and Kansas. Only New York State has up-to-date legislation covering the seven major classes of potentially hazardous chemicals. With the exception of New Jersey, all other states are deficient in two or more categories. Towns and cities have still different laws.

A great number of common household products can be poisonous if not handled properly. And because laws generally do not require it, many containers fail to give any suggestions for first aid in an emergency, when split seconds can count. Often the child or parent cannot tell what has been swallowed. Sometimes the empty container is at hand, but its label tells nothing useful to the doctor. All too often, the symptoms develop too late, or the laboratory report comes too late, for some widely used chemicals can cause death in 30 minutes.

The kitchen, surprisingly, is the most hazardous place in the house. Its chief menaces are furniture and silver polishes, insecticides, disinfectants, bleaches and lye. The bathroom comes next with its medicine cabinet harboring dangerous drugs, depilatories, hair dyes, etc.

Chief dangers in the bedroom are sleeping pills and headache remedies left on night tables or in easily pulled out drawers. Next come the garage, basement workroom and do-it-yourself hobby center with a great variety of possibly hazardous chemicals.

Accidental poisoning usually happens with lightning rapidity, and when there is no adult supervision. Oddly, grandma more often than mother is unthinkingly responsible, because grandma had to be on guard against only a handful of products when her children were little. And also because grandma has a tendency to leave her handbag in the crib or buggy, or within easy reach on a table. In it she carries a variety of attractive things like barbiturates, weight-reducing tablets, aspirin, maybe digitalis. In large amounts, these useful drugs can become deadly poisons to baby.

And it is generally grandma who has an old habit of using part of some clear household liquid like boric acid, bleach or cleaning fluid; and then transferring what's left to a soft-drink bottle, saucer, drinking glass, empty mayonnaise jar or milk bottle and putting it on a low shelf where little ones can get hold of it. This dangerous practice is amazingly common.

Encouraged by the American

Academy of Pediatrics, Drs. Edward Press and George M. Wheatley dreamed up and activated a completely new way to reduce the deaths and injuries from accidental poisonings. That was in Chicago in 1953, and they called it a poison control center. There are now 120 in 40 states and territories, with another 70 being developed.

Basically, a poison control center is a medical detective bureau with the dangerous ingredient in a given product the villain being sought. A minister's wife, for example, found her three-year-old daughter delightedly sloshing in a slippery pool of home permanent wave solution on the bathroom floor. Bubbles drooled down her chin.

The mother guessed the child had swallowed some. Was it dangerous? The bottle did not indicate. She called the doctor. He immediately contacted the nearest poison control center where another doctor flipped through a card file for the product.

Fortunately, there was a card on it, with notes on the ingredients, how dangerous, and proper treatment in case of ingestion. Within seconds, the family doctor knew the proper countermeasures and saved the girl's life.

These centers have files on several thousand products, and books detailing thousands of others. But poison control officials agree that *important as these centers are in emergencies, more important is prevention.* And here every citizen can contribute in a major way to reducing accidental poisoning by endorsing uniform laws on labeling.

Fortunately, a model uniform law has been prepared by Dr. Bernard E. Conley's American Medical Association Committee on Toxicology. It is intended to help make the public aware of possibly harmful products commonly found in the home. Fundamentally, the law will require the informative labeling of hazardous chemicals, including the listing of possibly harmful ingredients, their potentialities for harm, directions for proper use, and emergency first-aid instructions.

FOR YEARS, the Manufacturing Chemists' Association, Inc., has been urging all manufacturers of potentially hazardous products to indicate degree of severity by one of these signal words—in the order of risk—danger, warning, caution. For instance, the label on products containing methanol should read, "Danger! Flammable, vapor harmful, may be fatal if swallowed, cannot be made nonpoisonous," with directions for first-aid treatment.

Some manufacturers, however, are reluctant to label their product "poison" when it is poisonous only when used improperly. Others buck a grisly skull-and-crossbones on their label because they believe it will lower sales. Some won't indicate a harmful ingredient for fear of giving away their particular trade secret in revealing their formula.

Some producers, aware of the dangers, have taken the initiative by putting on their label, "may be fatal if inhaled or swallowed," but too many of these are in the tiniest type possible, and thus are seldom read by the consumer.

The new AMA model law has

been combed over by experts, and should receive your support when it is introduced in Congress. You should also project plans to get the same regulations adopted by your state legislature. This is important because a federal uniform law cannot apply to products circulated only within the single state where made. It is important to plug this loophole. Concurrently, efforts should be made to get your town to adopt the uniform legislation.

Meanwhile, you can protect yourself and your children by making your own home a poison control center. Begin by reading labels and heeding those that already give warnings.

Officials note a direct relationship between accessibility to dangerous products and poisoning cases. Therefore, put your canned fruits and vegetables in the cabinet under the sink, and cleaning agents of all kinds on the high shelf where you now keep the canned goods.

It is natural for a small child to pick up objects. The next thing he does is put them in his mouth. "Crawlers" (one- and two-year-olds) are prey to chemicals stored on the floor or on low shelves.

Next, set all prescriptions and medicines on the highest possible shelf of the medicine cabinet. If you can find a way to lock it, so much the better. This is because "climbers" (three- and four-year-olds) find their way to the high shelves in the medicine cabinet more often than anybody would believe possible.

Three more good general rules are: (1) Do not transfer small amounts of any chemical from its original container to pop bottles, drinking glasses, saucers, jelly jars and the like. (2) Do not store chemicals on the same shelf with such packaged foods as flour, baby formula, etc. (3) During and after use, always keep chemical preparations out of children's reach. Some experts believe that 95 percent of accidental poisoning could be prevented.

For information on more specific ways to protect adults and children in your home, write the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Division of Public Information, Food and Drug Administration, Washington 25, D. C., for a leaflet by Dr. Irvin Kerlan called "Protect Your Family Against Poisoning." The Department will supply single copies and up to 100 for educational group use as long as the supply lasts.

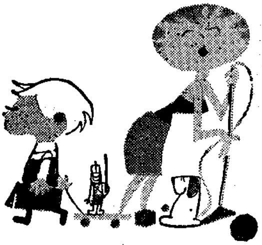
Says Who?

(Answers to Quiz on Page 51)

1. Shelley Winters; 2. Bishop Sheen; 3. Arnold Toynbee; 4. Walter Winchell; 5. Dwight D. Eisenhower; 6. Oscar Levant; 7. Homer Ferguson; 8. Henry Ford; 9. Judith Anderson; 10. John Philip Sousa; 11. Winston Churchill; 12. Napoleon; 13. Bruce Barton.

At home with "the Girls"

by Joseph N. Bell



I KNOW ALL ABOUT the Girls—the ones who stay home while you go to work, I mean. I've been working at home for three years now, and I've learned a great deal about the *inside* of suburban housewifery.

For example, everything that happens around home in the daytime is geared to the Girls. The other day I answered the phone and a slightly startled male voice said: "Mrs. Bell?"

"This is Mr. Bell," I told him.

"Oh, yes. Well, Mr. Bell, how would you like your house to be the style leader of your community?"

"I haven't thought much about it one way or the other," I admitted.

"Perhaps," said the voice, "I should call back when Mrs. Bell is at home." He hung up.

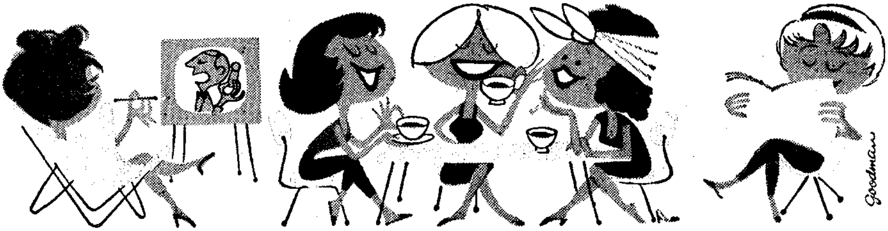
I've been perpetually amazed at the wonderfully effective ways the Girls have conned men into believing much of the stuff that's printed in the women's magazines. I sometimes think the Girls are beginning to believe it themselves.

Want to know how Her Day shapes up? Once the crisis of your departure has passed, everybody shifts gears into another world, a woman's world, full of phone calls, coffee klatches, solicitous salesmen, bellowing kids, and minor crises.

You think when kids go to school they just go to school? It's not that easy. They forget books and rush back after them just as Mother is sitting down to a cup of coffee; then they have to be driven to school. They wait on the front porch for their friend to pick them up and the friend doesn't show. They get as far as the corner and stand behind a tree until Mother goes out to see what's wrong. What's wrong is that they just remembered that two kids beat them up on the way to school a year ago last March and they're scared it's liable to happen again.

Eventually they do get off, and for a few minutes it's quiet. At this point, there are two very distinct schools of female thought—wholly incompatible with each other. The Early Worker type savagely attacks her housework as soon as the children are out from underfoot. By noon she is exhausted but triumphant, and ready for fraternizing in the afternoon. The Late Worker—or Incipient Slob—goes back to the breakfast table for a second cup of coffee and the morning paper. Then about the time she has digested the news, she is visited by other Late Workers.

This involves putting on another pot of coffee and threshing out



neighborhood problems. If there are no problems, the Late Workers create some. (More domestic difficulties have been dreamed up at these coffee klatches than in marital bedrooms.)

Occasionally, Late Workers will drop in on Early Workers in the morning. This invariably leads to temporary hard feelings. I've never been sure whether this is done deliberately. However, I suspect it is.

But when the Early Workers fraternize in the afternoon, they are usually well-received by the Incipient Slobs. Although the latter group hasn't yet done its work, they will usually rationalize it to another day or another hour.

Both groups share common problems at the noon hour if the children come home to eat. One of them usually shows up 15 minutes late. So his food's cold and there's a Crisis.

The big problem of late afternoon is preparing the evening meal for the master of the house. The Advanced Planners have their menus all figured out for a week or two ahead and nothing short of a death in the family can change these plans. This group specializes in oven meals —roasts, casseroles and the like.

The Last Minute Chefs, on the other hand, wait until the last minute, on the off-chance they might be invited out or the house may be hit by lightning. When it's apparent that neither of these things will happen, they show a positive genius for putting together a meal in nothing flat. This group is strong on steaks and backyard cookery.

Many times I've watched one of the neighborhood husbands clomp wearily up his front steps at the end of a working day, to be greeted at the door by a demure creature, clad fetchingly in a crisp apron, carefully lipsticked and immersed in the glorious odor of a broiling steak.

I've never had the courage to tell one of these fellows that ten minutes before he arrived home, his wife had burst in the front door from a neighborhood coffee session, shooed out seven kids who were watching "The Mickey Mouse Club" on television, patted a few pillows into shape, and hit the kitchen on a dead run.

It took only a minute to light the broiler and extract a steak from the freezer. Then there was just time for apron, lipstick, and a quick swing through the hair before the husband showed up at the front door—entranced by this jewel of loveliness so thoughtfully engaged in preparing his favorite meal.

Within the general framework of

Her Day at Home, all sorts of sidelights are constantly taking place. For one thing, salesmen seem to crawl out from under rocks in residential neighborhoods.

The Girls have an unwritten code of conduct for these encounters. The salesmen understand these rules and will accept rebuffs from the Girls that would send a good union man to the grievance committee screaming "Foul."

Typical was the salesman for a photographic studio who appeared at our front door shortly after our third child was born. He had a Proposition: he would have a photographer come in four times a year and take a number of poses of our new daughter. Proofs would then be shown to us, and we could order as many prints as we saw fit. For the package price (which was quite reasonable), the parents received one print and were not obligated to take any more.

The gimmick, of course, was the fact that few parents can resist sending prints to friends, relatives and even passing acquaintances, and the studio made its money off the extra prints ordered.

The first time the salesman called with proofs, my wife looked at them critically, and said: "We'll take this one."

"Good," said the salesman. "How many?"

"Just one," said the lady, firmly.

There was a great deal of conversation after that. Even if the company managed to stay afloat, wailed the salesman, he would undoubtedly be fired. And so on.

"One!" my wife repeated.

The man called three more times under the terms of the contract, and he sold one picture each time. After the second visit, I made it a point to be somewhere else. He suffered much too volubly for my tender sensibilities.

The standard clichés that are told about the Girls are either pure hot air or only half-truths. For example, they don't use the telephone as often as is generally supposed—only when you're trying to call them on an urgent matter from downtown. Relatively few of them listen to the radio or watch TV for any extended length of time during the working day. And marketing has been reduced to a one-day-a-week trip during which they stock up for a week or more ahead.

All in all, the Girls do a reasonably efficient job in a female sort of way. It's much easier for them to let you think as you like while they handle things their own way and slip you a mickey at the front door with the starched-apron routine.

I suppose some of the Girls will read this, and perhaps a few of them may be resentful. But it will wear off. In the meantime, it'll give the Girls something to talk about.

Inflation

Little dabs of this and that
On little bits of bread:
Such snacks, I've found, will very soon
Result in sandwich-spread. —Mary Alkus

Why The Catholic Church Says "INVESTIGATE!"

Probably not more than a handful of people hate the Catholic Church as it really is.

But many have heard anti-Catholic calumnies from sources they have been taught to respect, and have come to suspect and fear the Church as it has been falsely represented to them.

It is hardly reasonable to believe that 25 millions of Americans would remain in the Catholic Church if the rumors circulated against the Church are true. Nor would thousands of others become Catholics every year if they believed such things.

That is why the Catholic Church says again and again to people everywhere: "Investigate! Investigate!"

The Church makes this appeal not merely to settle an argument, nor primarily to win the good-will of the non-Catholic people, although this is a hoped-for result.

Its more important aim is to invite people to inquire into Christ's truth as taught and preserved by the Catholic Church down through the centuries. For no man, seeking the salvation of his own soul, can conscientiously discount the Catholic claim to be Christ's Church on the basis of mere rumor and slander when the truth is so readily at hand.

The *Catholic Church invites you to inquire* into its teaching and practices . . . to find out for yourself if what you believe about the Church is true or false.

Learn for yourself, for instance, if it is true that Catholics give divine worship to Mary, the Mother of Christ. If you have been led to believe that Catholics worship idols and statues . . . buy and sell the divine worship of the Mass . . . are opposed to religious freedom, then you have been deceived and misled.

If you have harbored these or any other false beliefs about the Catholic Church and its teachings . . . and if such misunderstanding has kept you from examining the Catholic claim to be the Church established by Christ Himself . . . you owe it to yourself in good conscience to seek the truth.

We shall be glad to send you free on request, a booklet dealing with these points and many others . . . including the attitude toward Birth Control . . . secret societies . . . the salvation of non-Catholics . . . the Inquisition, and the alleged goings-on behind convent walls. It will come to you in a plain wrapper—and nobody will call on you. Write today . . . ask for Pamphlet No. AC-7.

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THOSE AMAZING NEW Super-glues

by FARRELL CROSS

Now most anything—from railroad tracks to bombers—can be permanently bonded

LEAKY SEAMS in small boats once drove owners to distraction. No amount of calking was enough to cope with deck seams that opened when the boat was high and dry, and closed when it was in the water. Adhesives used for calking not only squeezed themselves into little ridges, but became brittle in cold weather, gooey in hot, and runny if anyone spilled gasoline on the deck.

But all this was before the adhesives industry perfected remarkably versatile compounds with as much as 500 percent "elongation in tension." This simply means the same amount of adhesive makes a flush, waterproof joint whether the seam is an eighth of an inch wide or five times that. Adhesives in this family—also used for automobiles, window joints and other common applications—retain their characteristics at 10 degrees below zero or 180 degrees above, and they are unaffected by most household solvents.

Most seagoing adhesives are answers to specialized problems. However, even around the house, many of the new miracle glues and cements are turning otherwise inept amateur handymen into craftsmen. The accomplishments of these products range all the way from better, and tastier, ways of applying postage stamps to super-glues like the one recently developed by the National Bureau of Standards. It is so strong it can resist a pull of more than 7,000 pounds per square inch.

Included in the rapidly expanding field of adhesives are *glues* (from animal and fish gelatins), *pastes* (made with vegetable starches), *mastics* (from gums and tars), *mucilages* (also from gums, but of a less viscous nature), and *cements* (synthetic compounds, usually of thin consistency).

Over 30 centuries ago, when

famed King Tut was buried in Egypt, the furniture entombed with him was held together with a casein (milk by-product) glue that was still intact when his crypt was opened in 1922. Old records show that the Chinese were familiar with pastes many centuries ago. But it was not until late in the 17th century that adhesives—mostly glues—were produced in commercial quantities in Holland; and not until the 1930s that they began to replace nails, screws and rivets to any great degree.

Developments in adhesives in the past two years have been spectacular. You can, for example, buy fast-setting cements that outmode clamps and avoid long setting periods; fabric adhesives that are as flexible as stitches and withstand repeated dry cleaning; mastics that never dry out and retain a cushiony effect for years; and contact cements that when dry are not even tacky to the touch but when pressed together form a permanent, inseparable bond.

Basically, for home use, you will find eight types to suit almost any need:

Casein, a powder that must be mixed with water before use, and is excellent for heavy woodworking where only moderate resistance to water is needed.

Resin (urea or plastic), a powder that must be mixed with water, and is ideal for fine cabinetwork where stain-free qualities and high moisture resistance are needed.

Animal (fish) glue, ready-to-use liquid that takes a long time to set but has great strength for wood and cardboard.

Polyvinyl, usually of a white, creamy consistency, quick-setting, and for all-purpose household uses where moisture and heat are not problems.

Resorcinol, powder, with a separate liquid catalyst mixed just before use. Absolutely waterproof, for outdoor furniture, boats, sporting equipment, and for oily woods.

Rubber-base adhesives, the gummy mastics used for floor tiles, linoleum, wall tiles, plywood. Usually applied from large tubes or by spreading with trowel.

Cements, of the rubber, household and contact types. Usually solvent-thinned, available in tubes ready to use, and good for a variety of do-it-yourself uses.

Pastes, made with vegetable starches, for use with paper and light cardboard.

Why do adhesives stick? Despite the diversity of types, the basic theory is that certain dissimilar molecules are attracted to each other like microscopic magnets, or vacuum suction cups. The molecules with the strongest attraction make up the so-called adhesives. Establishing a strong bond is difficult because even the most powerful glues and cements set up sufficient attraction only when applied to certain materials. This is the reason it takes special glues to do special jobs.

There are glues especially suited to the aircraft industry, for example. Convair's new super-bomber, the B-58 "Hustler," is almost entirely glued together. Engineers adopted this technique when tests proved adhesives to be far superior to rivets in resisting fatigue, that dangerous breakdown in metals, that is caused by vibration and shock.

The brakes on many of the new automobiles have greater "sticking power" because of a new adhesive developed by the B. F. Goodrich Company. Lining attached to brake shoes with this adhesive is five times as secure as when riveted, and has never been known to fail in any of the 175,000,000 installations thus far.

One important property of the new adhesives is that they permit bonding *dissimilar* materials that could never before be successfully glued together. As a result, you can get laminates made of wood and steel, aluminum and plastic, glass and fiber.

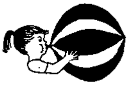
Even such an unlikely building material as paper is coming into its own with a recent architectural innovation, the "sandwich" panel. This is a lightweight, high-strength panel that is often sturdy enough to be used as a structural element despite the fact that it may be only two thin sheets of plastic glued together with a paper honeycomb between.

In Dallas, Texas, a bank building and an airport terminal utilized this "glued-together" construction.

A Long Island sports arena 240 feet long and housing a rink larger than Madison Square Garden's, a highway bridge in Canada and a 580-foot-long warehouse in New Mexico use arches or trusses made of thin strips of wood laminated together with a new miracle glue. The advantages of such laminates over steel are that they are lighter in weight, easier to ship and handle on the job and in most cases are less costly.

Glue distributes stress and strain more evenly than mechanical methods of binding. It also eliminates many of the internal noises caused by motion and has enough resilience to absorb sudden shock loads without loosening its grip the way bolts, screws and rivets so often do. The Delaware and Hudson Railroad has experimented successfully with an adhesive that joins steel rails together so smoothly that wheels passing along them do not echo the familiar "clickety-clack."

The day is not far off when people will live in glued-together homes, ride in glued cars across glued bridges and past towering buildings—and not be able to point out to their children a single nail, bolt or rivet holding components together.



Small Talk

NEWLY TURNED-FOUR Nancy brought her deflated beach ball for her Daddy to blow up. When asked why she wasn't able to to it herself, she replied, "Can't. All *my* breath is in a balloon over at Denny's house!"
—*Parents' Magazine*

A FRIEND OF OURS attended a meeting of his civic club recently, at which neighbors elected him representative of his block. But his kids have cut him down to size by telling people, "Daddy was elected block-head."
—ALLISON SANDERS *(Houston Chronicle)*

HUMAN COMEDY

In order to fill out the regimental boxing team, a GI was prevailed upon by his buddies to enter the divisional tournament. The GI had never been in a fight in his life and looked forward to his first bout with ill-concealed panic. When he came back to the barracks after the fight, he was in terrible shape; his head both bloody and bowed.

"You poor guy," said the GI in the next bunk.

"That's not the half of it," gasped the boxer. "I gotta fight again tomorrow night. I won!"

—*Wall Street Journal*

Out in Springfield, Missouri, a while back, Sheriff Glenn Hendrix found he had a murder mystery on his hands. He didn't have much to go on, except that a deputy had picked up a blood-stained knife apparently used in the slaying. The sheriff, sly fellow, broadcast in all available media that he intended to institute a search for the lethal weapon.

The trick worked. The killer returned to the scene of the crime to look for his knife and was promptly taken into custody. But Sheriff Hendrix modestly disclaimed personal credit. "I watch TV a lot," he explained. "Matt Dillon and the Sheriff of Cochise are always pulling stuff like that."

—*Television Age*

After several years of living in a house trailer, a woman became fed up with the lack of space.

"Look at that," she said enviously, as she and her husband drove past a sprawling ranch-type house.

"Wouldn't you love to have a house that big? Why I'll bet it's at least four lanes wide!"

—*P. G. & E. Progress*

A man phoned the local fire station one night and asked, "Is this the Fire Department?"

"Yes," he was told.

"Listen," said the man. "I've just moved here, and I've spent a lot on the garden. I engaged men to . . ."

"Where's the fire?" interrupted the officer at the station.

". . . dig out the old stuff and lay out new lawns and beds. The lawn alone set me back . . ."

"Is your house on fire?" yelled the officer.

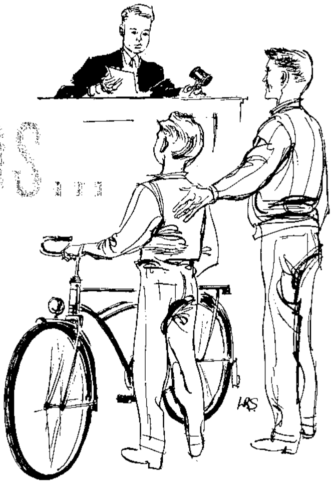
"No," the man said, "but the one next door is, and if anybody gets in touch with you about it, I don't want clodhoppin' firemen draggin' hoses all over my new garden, see?"

—*Sunshine*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

NO HANDS... NO BIKE

by
THEODORE
IRWIN



In Montpelier, Vermont, a unique teenage traffic court—and 20 kid cops—put the brakes on "hot-rod" bicycling and serious accidents

In Montpelier, Vermont, one afternoon recently, 11-year-old Johnny, riding his bicycle with his hands in his pockets instead of on the handlebars, went blithely through a red traffic light on Main Street and barely avoided being struck by a car. A moment later, another youngster, wearing a "Bicycle Patrol" badge, forced Johnny to dismount and handed him a traffic ticket.

The following week, Johnny appeared in Bicycle Court at City Hall. There, as in any other traffic court, two dignified young "judges"—a high school senior and a junior—listened gravely to the charges against Johnny. He pleaded guilty.

The sentence: Johnny's bike was to be impounded for two weeks, and before he could have it back he was to copy, ten times, the 460-word "Rules of the Road for Bicycle Riders." He has not broken the law since.

Last year, 30,000 bicycle accidents, including 480 deaths, occurred throughout the nation. In the five years since its Bicycle Court was set up, Montpelier (pop. 9,000) has had only two serious accidents.

Before the juvenile tribunal was created in 1953, police were swamped with complaints of citizens knocked down by kids tearing along sidewalks. Children navigated bikes six abreast, a danger to traffic.

To combat this, Mayor Edward F. Knapp had an ordinance enacted that all bicycles must be registered, in good mechanical condition and bear a license plate. Under the ordinance, it is "unlawful" to ride abreast, operate a bike on the sidewalk, violate other road rules. The Chief of Police is authorized to establish bicycle patrols, maintain a junior court for the trial of offenders, and revoke or suspend any bicycle registration.

As the ordinance has been interpreted by the city prosecutor and judge, any offender over 16 years old who persistently flouts a Bicycle Court summons or ignores a sentence can be brought into Municipal Court for breaking the city law. If he is under 16, the youngster can be arraigned as a juvenile delinquent. If he is convicted, he can be sent to the state correctional school. Those over 16 may be treated like any other lawbreaker and are subject to a maximum fine of $1,000.

A vigilant patrol, consisting of 20 boys and girls from the city's grade schools, enforces the ordinance. Presiding over the Bicycle Court are seven rotating judges, high school students recommended by the faculties. Sessions are held after school once or twice a week, as cases accumulate.

The young jurists are briefed on their responsibilities by Municipal Court Judge John Wackerman. "Temper justice with mercy," he suggests. "Remember, this is the defendant's first taste of the law and it leaves a lasting impression."

At a typical session the other day, everyone rose as the two judges—Edward Brynn, 16, and Don Bigglestone, 17—took their seats on the bench. Both were neatly dressed in dark suit, white shirt and tie. No one was permitted to smoke, chew gum or munch candy.

Judge Brynn rapped his gavel. "To the Montpelier Bicycle Court in the County of Washington comes . . ." he read loudly and clearly, "and . . . did then and there operate a bicycle along a sidewalk . . . against the peace and dignity of the city."

The defendant pleaded guilty. "Sidewalks are made for people to walk on, not for bikes," Judge Brynn admonished him.

The culprit was sentenced to write the rules five times. "No," said the judge in reply to a question, "carbon copies are *not* allowed."

A charge of "careless and negligent operation" was contested. As the defendant testified, some of his friends in the audience snickered. Judge Brynn banged his gavel and threatened to clear the courtroom. Everyone quieted down.

The defendant, a fat, smirking "wise guy," slouched over the railing. "Stand up and wipe that smile off your face," ordered Judge Brynn. The youth straightened up.

So it went, case after case, the judges self-possessed, sympathetic, tough when they had to be tough. Occasionally, an older brother served as "attorney" for the defense.

As in grown-up traffic courts, attempts are sometimes made to "reach" a judge. One boy was caught cycling after dark without a light. One of the judges was his sister's current boy friend. "I figured," the boy recalls, "that if he wanted to make points with my sister, he'd be nice to me. But they took my bike anyway, and I had to walk for two weeks."

Alibis, characteristic of all traffic courts, tend to be imaginative. One youngster, handed a ticket for racing a bike on a sidewalk, pleaded that he had done it "only a few hundred feet." A boy who rode through a red light claimed that "the brakes didn't work so good."

Flagrant violators get "the book" thrown at them. Not long ago, four youngsters were caught riding a single bike—one on the handlebars, another the seat, a third the crossbar, and the fourth the back-fender carrier. As a penalty, the owner had to walk one mile to and from school for a month.

In the severest sentence ever meted out, the culprit's bike was impounded for an entire year. The boy, a repeater named George, was up on four counts: riding on the wrong side of the road, no license plate, no horn, no reflector. After George was convicted, his father—a hulking, arrogant citizen—stormed into police headquarters and demanded his son's bicycle.

"They're just picking on my boy!" he shouted. "I won't let you keep his bike."

But Police Chief George Connor, the soft-voiced, grandfatherly guardian angel of the Bicycle Court, wasn't impressed. After he calmly reviewed the case, George's father exploded. "Why, that boy lied to me—he said he'd never been warned!" He went home to give George an old-fashioned paddling.

At first, Montpelier's parents did not take to the court. Many feared their offspring would have a "record." They were assured, however, that Bicycle Court convictions were not official. Some mothers insisted their daughters or sons could do no wrong; but witnessing the junior judicial process soon convinced them otherwise.

Last year, a 12-year-old girl was warned by a bicycle patrolman not to ride her bike after dark without a light. Furious, her mother got on the bike and defiantly pedaled it up and down the street. When word reached Chief Connor, he gently but firmly informed the lady that if she persisted in violating the ordinance he would have to summon her to Municipal Court where she could be subjected to a fine of $1,000. Next day, the bike had a brand new lamp.

No doubt of it, Bicycle Court has had a sobering effect on Montpelier's youth.

"These youngsters," says Chief Connor, "carry over a constructive attitude toward traffic safety when they graduate from riding bikes to driving cars. None of the teenage drivers who had ever been hailed into Bicycle Court has thus far appeared in Municipal Court for breaking a traffic law. They understand why we respect the rights of others. No single trait of citizenship is as important."

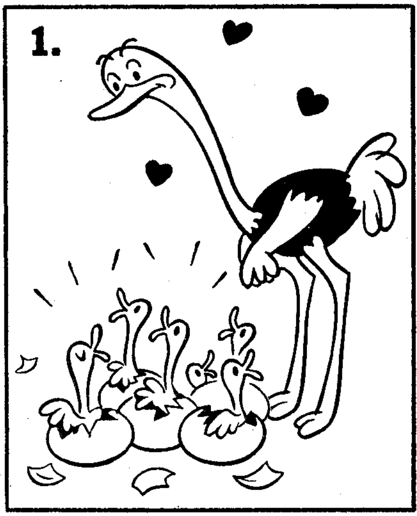
Montpelier's Bicycle Court is showing how to cut down the toll of bicycle accidents that bring tragedy into too many homes. ♛♛♛

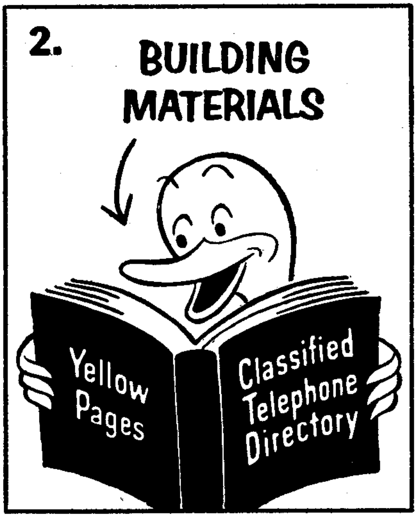
Super Service

IN OKLAHOMA CITY, Oklahoma, the children's menu of a local restaurant features: Spaceburger—made with meat from outer space.

—HERMAN E. KRIMMEL

LOOking for Something?

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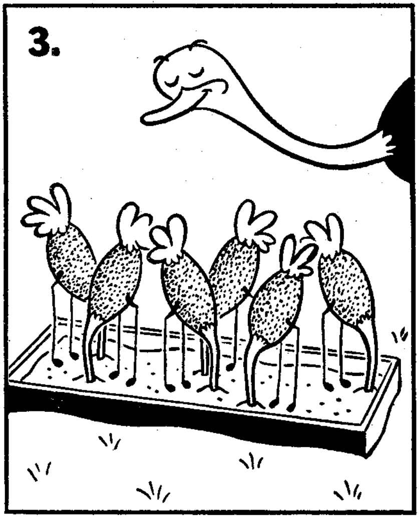

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The Film Center, Univ. of Washington, Seattle 5
WEST VIRGINIA
Kyle & Co., 331 W. Main St., Clarksburg
WISCONSIN
Tip Top Visual Service, 1403 Travis, La Crosse
Extension Division, U. of Wisconsin, Madison
CANADA
Div. of Visual Inst., U. of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta
*Sovereign Film Distributors, Ltd.
1200 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Quebec
277 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont.
2182 W. 12th Ave., Vancouver, British Columbia
291 Colony St., Winnipeg, Manitoba

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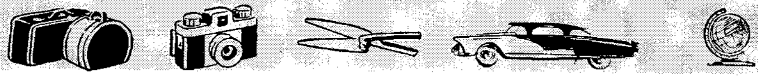
*Libraries having many or all Coronet films in a choice of color or black-and-white

CORONET FILMS

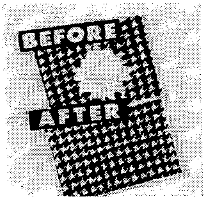
Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.



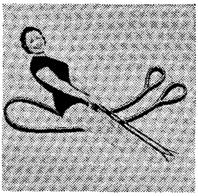
MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME



Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabricon, Dept. 399, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.

IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE, $1.98

Stretch your way to a trimmer You with new, sturdy rubber Stretch-a-Way. Make any room your private gym. Compl. with chart showing safe method of toning muscles. Improve tummy, thighs, hip & bust *measurements*. Keep fit, trim. Stores in any drawer. Guar. or money back! $1.98, pstg. pd. Order from Sunset House, 2504 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Cal.

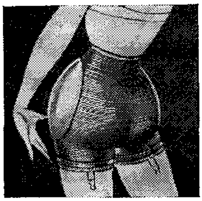


PUDGY BANK GROWS WITH SAVINGS

It's comical watching Pudgy Piggy grow as you stuff him with coins. He's made of colorful, soft, sturdy plastic which expands as the coins accumulate. About 7" high. $1. Postpaid. Write for free 4-color Christmas catalog of hundreds of toys, gifts, and gadgets. Adriane, Inc., 8-885 Finch Building, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

LADIES . . . . ENHANCE YOUR HIPS

Now! Solve too-slim hip problems. No need to be flat. Sensational new foam rubber padded panty girdle. It rounds you out to feminine loveliness, masks too-heavy lower thighs. 1-pc. crotch, removable garters. White. Sm., med., lg., only $10.95. Send 10¢ for 36 pg. catalog. Frederick's of Hollywood, Dept. 5609, 1430 N. Cahuenga, Hollywood 28, Cal.



MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27, tax incl. — 1/30 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beau. hand-cut & polished, amaz. Capra Gems acclaimed miracle of modern science. Priced within reach of all. Write for bklt. of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-98, P. O. 5145, Phila. 41.

FREE SHOE CATALOG—SIZES 1 TO 5 ONLY

Specializing in beautiful shoes to fit and flatter your little feet—famous catalog offers enormous variety of styles for all occasions—spikes, mid-ways, casuals, formals, flats, even bed-slippers. Shoe shown in tan, red or white glove-leather with ripple crepe sole, $10.95. Send for catalog—Cinderella of Boston, 85T South St., Boston 11, Mass.

OLD FUR COAT INTO NEW CAPE $22.95

Made by Morton's, World's largest, oldest one-price fur service and most praised by style magazines. If fur coat is worn-out or out-of-style, you'll be delighted with Morton's glamorous restyling. $22.95 incl. New Lining, Interlining, Monogram, cleaned, glazed. Write for Free 1958 style book. Morton's, Department 150-W, Washington, D. C.

TREASURES IN SOLID STERLING

Beautiful rings, cuff links, tie clasps handicrafted from blocks of Sterling Silver with initials or name to 5 letters. Greek letters, too! Rings & tie clasps $8 ea. Cuff links $12 pr. Money back guar. Send ring size (specify man or woman) & check or M.O. No C.O.D.'s Free catalog. Sterling Artists of America, Dept. 33, 1511 S. Madison, Tulsa 20, Okla.

Silver Linings

MY NINE-YEAR-OLD SON Robbie, blind since birth, was at last given hope of being able to see after complicated surgery.

The day they were to remove the bandages from his eyes, I paced the waiting room for what seemed the longest period of my life. At last one of the nurses floated in on her silent rubber soles and said, "You may go in now."

For one so anxious, my feet lagged strangely as I neared Robbie's room. Was the operation successful? Would he see?

I could see him through the half open door, sitting up in bed, a pair of dark glasses covering most of his face. I stopped and silently breathed a prayer for courage.

Robbie turned his face toward me and said brightly, "Hello, Mother."

A little later, on my knees beside his bed, I said, "Robbie, how did you know it was me? I didn't say anything, and you didn't know how I would look."

Robbie ran his hands thoughtful-

(*Continued on next page*)

WHAT TREASURES WILL YOU FIND?

Big cloth bag contains over 1,000 genuine foreign postage stamps from over 30 strange, far-away countries. Unpicked, unsorted—just as received from natives, banks, missionaries. Nobody knows what's inside! Guar. worth over $10 at Standard Catalog Prices. Money back if not delighted. Only $1 ppd. H. E. Harris & Co., 4645 Transit Bldg., Boston 17, Mass.

AMAZING SHOES MAKE YOU TALLER

It's true! You put on these amazing "Elevators" shoes and instantly you "grow" almost 2 inches taller! No one will know how it's done because "Elevators" look like any other smart shoes. They add not only to your height but to your poise and confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone-Tarlow, Dept. 2-98, Brockton 68, Mass.

CIGARS—TAMPA HAND ROLLED ONLY 8¢

Imported Havana wrapped Longfellows. You must try them at only $4 for box of 50 US post ppd. For samples send 10¢ for postage & handling, & this ad.—Connoisseurs—Hand Made all guar. Havanas—Long filler— spec. natural or gr. wrapper. 25 for $6.50, 50 for $12.75. Allow 2 weeks. Samples—25¢ & this ad. Mishler Products, Dept. C2, Box 3431, Miami 30, Fla.

216 SQ. FEET OF PLASTIC, ONLY $1.00

Two 9x12 ft. Plastic Cloths for $1.00! Make Aprons, Tablecloths, Cover appliances, bicycles, carriages, furniture, autos, rugs, walls, floors, etc. Excellent when painting, etc. Waterproof, greaseproof. Our price 2 for $1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling. Money-back guarantee. L & M Co., Dept. PL-12, Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.

PLASTIC LAMINATING KIT $1.00

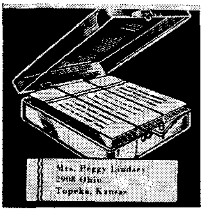
New instant-laminating plastic sheets. Snapshots, color photos, ID's, cards, papers, etc., won't crack, tear, discolor. Set in clear Plain-Vu. Lasting lamination, no mach., heat, glue! Saves to 75%. Order Now. Jr. Kit—10 sheets (3"x4") $1.00 p.p. Jumbo Kit—ten 3"x4", six 6"x8" & two 10"x12" sheets $4.50 pp. Trans America Gift Guild, Dept. G, Seaford, L. I., N. Y.

To advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 167

PERSONAL PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS

. . . make lasting impression. Measure 4½x5½, are deckle-edged & embossed. Your choice of sentiments. 25—$1.85, 100—$6, ppd., env. incl. Your name imprinted, 75¢ extra, any quantity. For Free sample, send your favorite snap. neg. of baby, family, home pet, etc. (or photo & 50¢). Neg. returned. Limit 1 sample to cust. Act now. Photo Mail, Box 216-CA, N.Y. 10.

500 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢

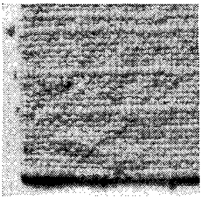


World's greatest Label offer! 500 Gummed Labels printed with Any name and address, 25¢ per set! 4 sets (same printing or all different) $1.00! Two-tone Jewel-type plastic gift boxes 10¢ extra, 4 for 25¢. Order as many sets and boxes as you want. Money-back Guarantee! Order Now! Western Stationery Company, Dept. 948, Topeka, Kansas.

YOUR OWN MAIL ORDER BIZ

No Inventory! Pretested mail-order cat. of unusual, fast-moving products, shipped ppd. directly to your customers. Full profits. Printed with your name & address. Co-op plan puts you in fabulous mail-order business. Operate anywhere, full or part time. Low cost. Proven profitable. Sample catalog & details free. Write Gaylords, North Adams 8, Mass.

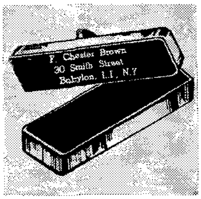
ONLY $2.98 A YARD AND 10 FEET WIDE!



California decorators "up-end" it to drape the widest window floor to ceiling without seams! Heavy "primitive" textures in 3 weaves, unfinished or preshrunk, to wash & fluff dry, never ironed. Natural, white or custom dyed. $2.98 to $4.98 yd. Avail. French-pleated. Send 25¢ for catalog. Homespun House, 291 So. Robertson, Beverly Hills 14, Calif.

DE LUXE RUBBER STAMP

Personalize all your stationery, envelopes, bills, checks, receipts, books, music—even clothing! Your name and address stamp, inking pad, in smart, unbreakable brown plastic 2½" case. Fits in purse or pocket. For home, office, school, gifts! Prevents loss, errors! Up to 4 lines of type. $2.00 ppd. St. Regis Workshop, Dept. C-9, Box 22, Babylon, N. Y.



Silver Linings continued

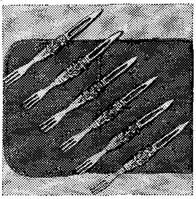
ly over my face as he had done so many times before in his darkness. "When it's his *Mother*," he said, "I guess a guy *just knows!*"

—MRS. ANN L. FISHER

OUR OLDEST SON, stationed with the armed forces in the Panama Canal Zone, was being married to one of the Canal Company secretaries. His father and I thought we had reconciled ourselves to the fact that we would not be present at his marriage. But, as preparations for the wedding were made and excited letters reached us, we began feeling a little sorry for ourselves.

Then, a few weeks before the big date arrived, we were called to the home of a local ham radio operator, who had found us in the telephone directory. Another young ham in the

THE HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTEST



Your guests will compliment you when they see delicately designed 6 piece Hors D'oeuvres Fork set, with carrying case. Will never tarnish or stain. Available in Gold or Silver finish. Gift packed in clear view box. Direct from manufacturer $2.50 each ppd. (2 for $4.75 ppd.) Money back guarantee. Personal Monogram Co., 2 East 23 St., N. Y. C.

NEW! HEAT VIBRATOR PILLOW

4-Way Thermassage foam rubber. Use heat & vibration in comb. or singly. Soothes tension, aches; helps reduce, aids circ. 10½"x3". Removable, washable corduroy cover in Red, Aqua, Turq., Gold, Toast, 5 yr. parts guar. $8.95 Ck. or M.O. add 35¢ hand'l. West of Miss. 50¢ add'l. Marlboro Co. Dept. CO. P.O. Box 31, Fullerton, Pa. (10 day money back guar.)

Zone, learning that we could not attend the wedding, had contacted this local man, and for three or four Sundays in a row we spent hours chatting with the Zone operator and his wife, our son, his bride-elect, her parents, and the florist who described the church decorations in detail.

The day after the wedding, the operator's wife gave us practically a minute-by-minute account of the wedding and reception, and two days later we received by air from this same thoughtful young woman, a piece of the bridal cake, the inscribed napkins, and a few white rosebuds from the bride's bouquet.

—MRS. HALLBERT BOLING

JUST BEFORE Christmas, I was shopping in a Roanoke, Virginia, five-and-ten-cent store. Standing near me were an obviously poor woman and her shabbily dressed little boy,

"PRINCE AND PRINCESS" SCROLLS

Beautify your room with these new, handsome, imported "Prince and Princess" Scrolls. Wonderfully decorative. Gay color brush art on heavy white rice paper. Complete, ebony wood scroll bars with gold metal trim, 26"x11". Only $4.95, ppd. per pr., $2.75 each, ppd. (specify design). House of Chinese Products, Inc., Dept. C9, 1604 Broadway, N.Y.

WORLD'S SMALLEST RADIO! ONLY $3.95

No Batteries—No Tubes—No Electricity. Can be carried in pocket or purse. Designed to last a lifetime—Nothing to wear out or replace. Use at home, work or sporting events. Personal ear speaker lets you listen in private. A world of entertainment is yours. Order yours Now! Send $3.95 to Galentine Novelty Co., 519 E. Jefferson St., So. Bend, Ind.

REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY $2.95

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home, students, tax work. Send name, address. $2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. ($3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. S-85, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

HOW TO WRITE STORIES, ARTICLES

Would you be willing to spend a few hours a week at home learning to make money writing stories, articles? Adam Aretz sold two stories for $255 before completing course. Learn how you, too, may succeed. Send for Free lesson and 40-page book. No obligation. Write Palmer Institute of Authorship, Desk CFS-98, 1080 N. Sycamore, Hollywood 28, Calif.

SPOOK HAND GETS LAUGHS—$1

Realistic, skin colored Spook Hand has red fingernails, bony knuckles. Picture fantastically real fake hand poking out from auto trunk, "opening" a door, clasping shoulder. Sticks anywhere. Adhesive tape incl. Use over & over. Weird! Astonishing! Great gag! Guar. or money back! Only $1, pp., Carol Beatty, 2501 Beatty Bldg., Culver City, Calif.

BE A MODEL*—OR LOOK LIKE ONE!

(*Fashionette) N.Y.'s oldest model school Grads enjoy top ratings in Fashion Showrms; Photography; T.V.; & Motion Pictures. Luxurious classrms....supervised dorms. Free placement. Day-eve classes. Low rates for teenagers. Lic'd by State Education Dept. Get book 9M. Grace Downs Model School, 477 First Ave., NYC 16; OR 9-6440.

QUICK, EASY EXTRA CASH

Men or women, club groups or church organizations easily earn $300 to $500, & bonuses—selling Process Xmas Cards: deluxe cards pay deluxe commissions. Personal & business designs, customer's name imprinted on cards & envs. Write for Album of sample cards & selling kit. Process Corp., Dept. 1, 1954 S. Troy, Chicago 23.

(Continued on next page)

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-RS, Lynn, Massachusetts.

FOR BIG MEN ONLY

We specialize in Large Sizes Only! Sizes 10 to 16; Widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, rubbers. Also dress and sport shirts in your exact extra-long sleeve length. Mail only, satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for Free Style Book Today! King-Size, 817 Brockton, Massachusetts.

1 CARAT BRILLIANT WHITE DIAMOND $395.

Double your appraiser's fee plus all your money back unless our diamonds appraise for at least 50% more than the purchase price. Full refund within 60 days regardless of reason. Ring mailed for inspection without payment if reference given. Diamond illus. enlarged. Free catalog. Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C. 1. Dept. 9 C.

$50—$250 EXTRA MONEY FOR YOU!

Make fast, easy cash in spare time for things you want. Show friends, neighbors new Christmas, All Occasion Greeting Cards, 50 for $1.50 up Personalized Christmas Cards. Profits to 100%. Write for Feature boxes on approval, Free Album of Personal Christmas Cards & Stationery. New England Art Publishers, North Abington 933, Mass.

DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE!

Draw any person, still life, map, photo, landscape without talent! Anything is automatically seen on paper thru Magic Art Reproducer. Reduces, Enlarges. Follow lines of "picture-image" with pencil for artistic drawing. $1.98 postpaid with order, or C.O.D. plus postage. Money back guar. after trial. Norton, Dept. 242, 296 Broadway, N. Y. 7.

Silver Linings continued

who looked to be about four years old.

Pointing to a nearby photo machine, the boy said, "Mama, let me have my picture took." His mother leaned over, brushed a curl back off his forehead and said, "No, Son, your clothes are too ragged."

The child was silent for a moment. Then he said, "But Mama, I would smile." —MRS. BEULAH RICHARDSON

MY EIGHT-YEAR-OLD son was about to leave for his Little League practice session. Swinging his baseball glove, he bounded into the kitchen where I was elbow-deep in dishwater.

"How about going down to the park to watch me practice, Mom?" he asked.

WRITE SHORTHAND IN 4 DAYS!

SHORTHAND
IN
4 DAYS

Because you use the regular alphabet in this shorthand system, it's easy as A-B-C to learn the complete method in 4 days. Perfect for school and business. Instruction and Practice Books only $2.98 ppd. 11th large printing. Order now from Publisher: Fineline Co. (Dept. 441) 303 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y., or write for Free Literature.

DONKEY ON ROCKERS

The Toy of the Year—The kiddies love this beautiful plush Donkey. Sturdy steel frame on hardwood rockers, colorful saddle & bridle. 27″ high x 22″ long x 10″ wide. Strong enough to hold adult. $8.95 (reg. $15) Donkey with music box $12.95. Check or M.O. No COD. Pay exp. shipping chg. on arrival. Guaranty Sales Co., Box 176, Dept. C9, Teaneck, N.J.

"I don't think so, Son," I replied uncertainly. "I'd be the only mother there, and you'd be embarrassed."

A big grin appeared on his handsome little face. "Heck, no!" he said. "If anybody'll be embarrassed it will be the other guys, because their mothers don't care enough to go!"

—L. F. ACKLEY

IN OUR mail-order business of shipping rose plants all over the world, we received many odd requests. None was more dear to us than the one from the little town of Chugwater, Wyoming. "Dear Lester Rose Gardens," a woman wrote, "I have had the pleasure of seeing your rose catalogue. Our garden club would like to plant a rose garden in our little churchyard, but we just haven't the money. I am, however, a very fine rug-maker. I wonder if you would consider trading some roses for a hand-woven rug. "Undoubtedly a little scatter-rug," my wife

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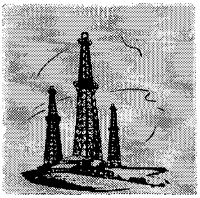
222
Family
Room
HOMES

Pick your dream home from big library of illustrated home plan book: "222 Family Room Homes," "260 New Trends in Selected Homes," and "225 Block Masonry Homes," $1 each. Send $2 for all 3. Master designed blueprints and materials lists at low, low cost. Home Building Plan Service, Studio 21, 2454 NE Sandy Blvd., Portland 12, Oregon.

U. S. GOV'T OIL AND GAS LEASES

Congress now gives citizens equal rights to obtain Government leases. Large profits plus oil income possible for you. You do no drilling. 80 acres—$200 (terms available). For free information and maps of booming area, write today. Licensed & bonded oil brokers, Western Lease & Land Co., 8681 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, California.



LOOK AND FEEL NORMAL AGAIN

after breast surgery . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast. Identical ® Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

RARE MEXICAN SHRIMP PLANT

Blooms indoors and outdoors almost all year! Exotic flower-like sheaths change color, from yellow to pink to rose to red-bronze and gold. Graceful spikes are tipped with white and purple flowers. Needs little care. Grows up to a cascade 18" tall. $1 each; 3-$2, 6-$3.75; 10-$6. Prepaid. Stern's, Department 140, Geneva, New York.

HEAR AGAIN WITH NOTHING IN EAR

New Free book, illustrated with photos that prove you may hear clearly again with nothing in either ear. No cords. Nothing shows; everything hidden inside attractive Beltone Hearing Glasses; ideal for conductive and many moderate losses. This free book sent in plain wrapper. Write: Dept. 4-776, Beltone Hearing Aid Co., 2900 W. 36 St., Chicago 32.

WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

Men-women! Qualify for hundreds fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts coast-to-coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. P119, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.

INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving year of birth, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L925M, 1 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

(*Continued on next page*)

PRINT YOUR OWN NAME & ADDRESS—$1

YOUR OWN NAME
ADDRESS
CITY - STATE

Print your name and address (or any 3 lines of wds) on any stationery, checks, books, photos. Printer and compact case with automatic inker, fits pocket or purse. Use at home, office—useful gift. Get one for every member of your family! Money-back guar.! Printer, only $1, post. pd., Sunset House, 2499 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

START TO PLAY IN 15 MINUTES

This proven successful short cut method teaches you to play songs with both hands in 15 minutes. No scales, exercises, or practice. Secret is the patented Automatic Chord Selector. Sample lesson, chord selection, note selector and 5 simple "play-at-once" songs for the price of the postage—10¢. Dean Ross, 45 W. 45, Dept. S-2151, New York 36.

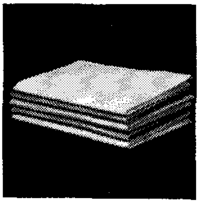
FREE 100 WORLD-WIDE STAMPS

Rush reply. 100 choice stamps Free. Just released—some not even cataloged. Antarctica, Siam, Israel, world-wide. All genuine, different, mint, used. Act now—may not be repeated. 1 packet to collector & Free "Collector's Guide," other offers for free inspection. Rush name, 10¢ for post., handling, to Garcelon Stamp Co., Dept. 9C RW, Calais, Maine.

CLEAN COMFORT FOR YOUR PET

Sling Bed, wash. vat-dyed, heavy canvas. Bl'k, Green, Red, White on Black wrought iron frame. Packs flat 18"x18"—$6.95*. 27"x-21"—$8.95* both ppd., 86"-x27"—$12.95*. 48"x32"—$16.95*, exp. coll. *Incl. Sling. Extra Slings $1.95, $2.95, $6.95, $7.95 ppd. Money-bk guar. No COD's Free catalog. Hitching Post, Dept. CT, 263 Glen Cove Ave., Sea Cliff, L. I., N. Y.

40 LARGE NEW TOWELS—2½¢



40 large, brand new unwoven cotton towels in beautiful colors & white, as shown in unretouched photo . . . only $1.00 plus 10¢ for postage and handling. We sell at world's lowest prices because we buy by millions . . . over 5,000,000 in 1957 alone! Money-back guarantee. 40-Towel Co., Department A-72, Box 881, St. Louis, Missouri.

Silver Linings *continued*

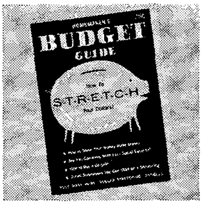
said. "I can always find a place for one." So, intrigued by the idea of exchanging roses for a rug, we wrote her to send the rug when completed and we'd ship what we considered its equivalent around May, the best time for planting.

In January we were overwhelmed on receiving a beautiful, perfectly executed, Moss-Rose design rug.

May must have seemed a long time coming, for, after we sent a generous shipment of our finest roses, this note arrived: "Dear People: Thank you, thank you for the rose plants. After I sent the rug, my friends said I'd never hear from you, but my faith was rewarded when the parcel came. If you ever come to Chugwater, please do drop in and see our lovely little churchyard garden."

—BYRON QUAYLE

STRETCH YOUR DOLLARS



"Homemaker's Budget Guide," an invaluable pocket-size book shows how you can buy more, save more, and secure your financial future all on your present income. Hundreds of money-saving ideas. Written by experts. "Homemaker's Budget Guide" on sale at all newsstands or send 35¢ to P. O. Box 402, Radio City Station, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

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THE
ESQUIRE CLUB'S
VEST-POCKET
GUIDE TO
FINE DINING
FROM COAST
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150-pg. pocketsize Guide lists 2500 of America's top restaurants. Gives complete "inside" information—cuisine, specialties, entertainment, etc., carefully prepared by editors of Esquire—foremost authority on gracious living. Send only 25¢ in coin for postage and handling to Esquire Club "Guide." Dept. CC98, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, New York 19, N. Y.

OUR NEIGHBOR recently sold his home. The other day, I was surprised to see him digging a large hole in his back yard. "What in the world are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm planting a pecan tree," he answered, as he kept on digging.

"But you've already sold your home and you'll be moving soon."

Then my neighbor laid down his shovel and smiled as he answered, "Sure, we're moving soon, but you don't plant a tree for yourself or for today—you plant a tree for others and all the tomorrows."

—MRS. E. B. KUEHNE

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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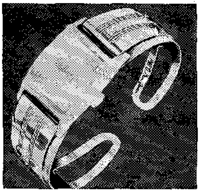

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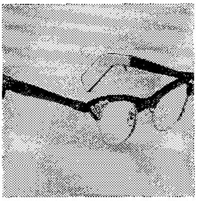

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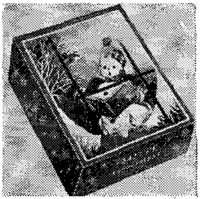

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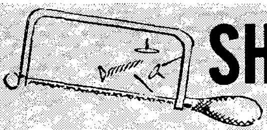
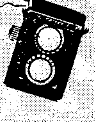
(*Continued on next page*)



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

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HOLD Cosmetic Parties. Earn $25 for 3 hours work. Make 60% profit. Hire others. Everything furnished. Send name for full details and free usable samples. Write Studio Girl Cosmetics, Party Div. 1889R, Glendale, California.

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FOR THE WOMEN

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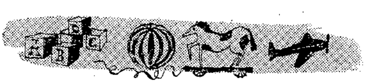

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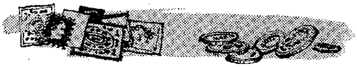

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(Continued on next page)

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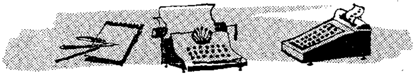

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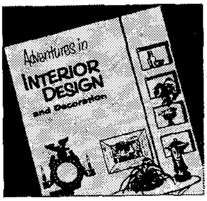

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THEY CALLED IT JUSTICE

by Will Bernard

LEGAL DOINGS often reflect national characteristics. In mystic India, for example, a native accused of murder freely admitted the slaying. However, he pleaded justification on the ground that the victim had murdered *him* in a prior life (and exhibited a huge scar to prove it).

IN ROMANTIC CUBA—During the rule of Spain, two young lovers were ready to get married when a rich and lustful count had the girl seized and carried off to his castle. The anguished youth rushed for help to the governor, who proceeded to marry the girl and the count. Next, he had the count taken into the courtyard and shot. Then he gallantly presented the girl to her sweetheart—along with the wealth she had just inherited as the count's widow.

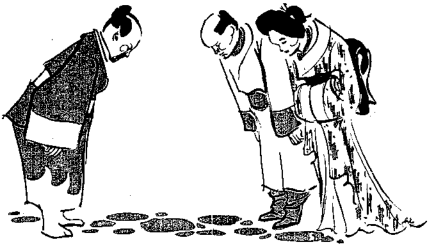
IN ABORIGINAL NEW ZEALAND—A Maori, claiming some disputed land, was asked on what he based his claim of title. Pointing at the rival claimant, he replied: "I ate his father."

IN BUSINESSLIKE SWITZERLAND—A certain canton charged jail inmates for room and board. When a wealthy burgher was sentenced to an eight-year term, prison officials made him pay the whole amount in advance. But he soon made his escape and remained at large for ten years, by which time his original offense had become unpunishable. Then he sued for a rebate on unused room and board—and collected.

IN SAGE OLD CHINA—A criminal code held it a greater crime to kill one's mother-in-law than one's wife.

IN POLITE JAPAN—A husband wrote to his wife's lover: "Sir: You have been guilty of improper flirtations with my wife Tsune. I have made various complaints against you for your offensive conduct, through our communal body, and you have sent me endless apologies. But as I find them unsatisfactory, I have, like a man, decided to get rid of my wife and I do herewith give and transfer her to you. . . ."

He received this reply: "Sir: It is indisputably true that I have been guilty of intimacy with your beloved wife, and on that account I have sent you apologies through the members of our communal body. You have, however, steadfastly refused to forgive and have instead forwarded your wife to me. As it is your will, I beg herewith to acknowledge receipt and transference of said wife. . . ."



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